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KEEPING UP WITH THE SMART SET IN LITERATURE

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I

BEFORE Tomlinson joined our Literary Society, it was a very quiet affair. We were only a company of friends who met together and read aloud from the literature of the day. We did n't interpret 'the day' too literally; indeed we were inclined to the Biblical idea that one day might be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. If any member came across a good thing, he brought it along and shared the pleasure with us. A trifle like a thousand years since the decease of an author did n't trouble us. We gradually drifted into the habit of reading poetry not because we thought it intrinsically better than prose, but because it was more condensed. Moreover it was particularly adapted for reading aloud. We got more pleasure through the ear than through the eye. We found we could enjoy many of our contemporary poets better that way. We found that their poems sounded better than they looked. In this way we were not confined to the old favorites, but were gradually becoming accustomed to new voices.

That was before Tomlinson joined the society. He came in with a bang. There was an urgency about him which was a little disconcerting to the older

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members, but we realized that we needed new blood. He gave us his views at the second meeting that he attended. We should look upon ourselves not as a society of antiquarians, but as a poetical current-events club. We should be on a sharp lookout for new genius, and we should aim to be ninety per cent efficient. We should let no gifted man escape. Poetic genius is like a fire: we never know where or when it's going to break out. We must rush to it at the first alarm, and not wait for the heavy critics who are never on the spot till the fire's out. He had noticed, he said, that some of the members had brought in old stuff, some of it published as much as a dozen years ago. We must cut that out. If we were to keep up with the march of literature, we must think no longer in centuries or decades, we must be up to the minute.

He warned us that we must beware of the obvious. Anything that is obviously agreeable is likely to be reactionary. Keats, who in some respects was in advance of his age, confessed as much. He said:—

‘A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases . . .’

That's why our most up-to-date critics are suspicious of a thing of

beauty. People stop to contemplate it and watch its beauty increase, and by so doing they obstruct the intellectual sidewalk. The progressive artist who wants to keep the crowd moving must make it painful for any to loiter too long before his work.

The purpose of poetry, according to Tomlinson, is to serve as an intelligence test. It would never do to have the same test repeated. You could never get at the intelligence quotient that way. If you find you can understand a bit of poetry, then you must try something harder. If we eliminate the easy pieces, he said, we will soon get rid of the dead wood. Those who can't stand the pace will drop out.

Tomlinson spoke in an easy, confident way. He had been taking a correspondence course in salesmanship that guaranteed that he could impose his ideas on others by sheer force of acquired personality. The rest of us had n't taken the course, so we yielded.

From that day our literary society changed its character. Those who proved unadaptable dropped out. Whenever we saw an old head we hit it. Whenever we heard of a new verse form, or an example of formlessness, we studied it. We had no tolerance for the things of yester-week. We had no longer any literary background and were glad of it. We had emerged from the shadow of great names and were in the open. Tomlinson began to talk of the New Humanism and assured us we were 'It.'

Those were great days for the club, when we could watch a succession of books of poetry emerge from the Unknown, like Pharaoh's fat and well favored kine presaging years of plenty. But Tomlinson was just as well pleased when they were followed by lean volumes whose meagerness grew on acquaintance.

'People used to *write* poetry,' he

would say. 'Some do now; but some of the smartest poets just throw a line or two upon the page, and let us do the rest. It saves their time and cultivates our imagination. Here's a specimen page of a book of poems. It's not much to look at, mostly margin. You have to read between the lines, and all around. The poet is a master of the hiatus. All his hiatuses are rich and revealing. You will notice that he begins as if he were going to say something, and then he does n't. That makes it exciting. It's like watching a man on skis at a winter tournament. He comes like a streak down the icy slide to the jumping-off place, and then shoots through the air for a hundred feet or so. The thrill comes when you see him going off through space, and you don't know whether he will land on his head or on his feet. We must get rid of the old pedestrian traditions and enter into the spirit of the poet Ezra Pound tells about.'

'My muse is eager to instruct me in a new gamut or gambetto.'

Up, up, my soul, from your lowly cantillations, put on a timely vigor.'

'What is a gambetto?' asked a timid new member.

'It's something the old poets did n't have,' said Tomlinson. 'The thing which this society needs to take to heart is that if we are to keep up with the march of mind, we must put a timely vigor on.'

'According to the Freudians a person is either an introvert, or an extrovert. An introvert is always turning his mind in on itself to see what it looks like. An extrovert sits up and takes notice of what is going on outside. Now that explains the different kinds of poetry. An extrovert will look out of doors and describe a rain storm, the drops of water falling on the umbrella, and that sort of thing. An introvert is not interested in a rain storm, but he can

make poetry out of his own brain storms. He gives you an instantaneous view of his mind when it is struck by an emotional blizzard.

'We want to study both kinds, just as they come along. Now here is a poem by an extrovert. It's thoroughly objective. The poet does n't waste any emotion, he just gives a snapshot of what goes on.

'I grasped the greasy subway strap,
And I read the lurid advertisements,
I chewed my gum voraciously.

'That is n't a very pretty scene, but you are made to see it. It bears the stamp of truth. Now if the poet were an introvert he would n't say anything about these details. He would give you an impressionistic view of what was going on in the gum-chewer's mind as he was hanging on for dear life to the strap. It would n't be much, but you would get a general impression of mental vacuity. There are flutterings of inchoate sensations. There is a suggestion of intelligence somewhere, like a faint perfume. You can't be sure of it. Perhaps it is n't a thought, but maybe it is. What it is that the gum-chewer has in mind the poet does n't tell directly. Such brutal frankness would destroy the whole effect. He gives you the impression of what something in the gum-chewer's mind, makes on his mind. Then he leaves you with the impression that it does n't matter much anyway. It's all very stimulating. If we can only keep our minds limbered up so that we can catch each poem as it comes we'll be all right.

'Let me read what a competent critic says about an admirable new poet: —

'He has pregnant fragile untouched emotions. His verse has the appearance of perverse abandon, of dizzy falling. There is always the appeal to the motor and visceral sensations, change of position, alarming passive motion — as in an elevator.

'That sounds like something new. The poem makes you have that gone feeling which you have when an elevator drops from under you. The old poets could n't produce such effects; they did n't have elevators in those days.'

'Do you really like all that, Tomlinson?' I asked.

'It is n't a question of liking,' he said, 'It's a question of learning to like what's being produced. If we are going to encourage the producers, the consumers must do their part. If the people in Fresno are to produce more raisins, the people in Boston are told to eat more raisins, and they do it. If we are to keep the wheat farms in North Dakota at the peak of production, we must eat more bread. And so if we are to have an American school of poetry, we must read more poetry, and read it quick.'

This view of the subject gave me a new respect for Tomlinson, as I saw that he had a sense of social responsibility. But it put a new strain on our critical powers. We felt that procrastination might be fatal. As Tomlinson said, 'We must appreciate while the appreciation is good.'

As we were whirled through contemporary verse I had glimpses of beautiful things over which I wished to linger. There were ways of pleasantness and paths of peace. But to ask Tomlinson to slow down that we might enjoy them was like asking a motorist to leave the state highways in order to loiter along a shady wood road. So we yielded to his will and began to adopt his language of hasty admiration for all that was unfamiliar.

Sometimes I expostulated mildly. 'Don't you think it would rest the club if we stopped to get a bit of perspective?'

'We don't want perspective. What we are after is originality.'

'But what is originality?' I asked.

'It is being different from the way they used to be.'

'But how can we know that we are different unless we know how they used to be? The other day I took up Dr. Johnson's introduction to Cowley and it struck me that the fashionable poets of the seventeenth century might not have been so different from their successors as we imagine. Dr. Johnson says, "They were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising. . . . Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before. . . . Authors of this race were more desirous of being admired than understood."

'In their headlong search for originality these seventeenth-century poets produced "a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike, and they conceived that to be the highest kind of writing in verse which is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose. . . . This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren and flattered the laziness of the idle that it immediately overspread our books of poetry, and all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion."

'Dr. Johnson was an incorrigible old Tory,' said Tomlinson.

'Perhaps so,' I answered, 'but in this instance he was talking not about a new fashion, but about one that had for the time gone out. He says, "The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it and Milton disdained it."

'Don't you think we could have a better sense of values in contemporary literature if we had something to measure them by? When an inventor has a happy thought about a mouse trap he employs someone to go to the Patent Office to find out whether there is anything like it there.'

'He inquires as to "the state of the art." Of course if we were contented to enjoy a thing of beauty just because it is beautiful we would n't mind how old it was. But if it's this season's novelties we are after, we ought to make sure they are novelties.'

Tomlinson looked at me with commiseration. 'I see that you are feeling the strain. All of us do at times. But you must n't look back. Remember Lot's wife. Remember what Washington — or was it Jefferson — said about entangling alliances. Don't get entangled with former generations. They had another set of primary interests — in poetry as in every thing else.'

'But what if it should turn out that the primary human interests are the same in all generations, and it's only the secondary interests that are different? Let me read you a bit of Euphues' *Anatomy of Wit*, which was very fashionable reading in the sixteenth century. He watches the swift procession of the books of the day with eagerness to keep up with them.'

'We constantly see the booke that at Christmas lieth bound on the stacioner's stall, at Easter be broken in the haberdasher's shop. It is not strange when the greatest wonder lasteth but nine days, that a new booke should not endure but three months. But a fashion is but a day's wearing and a booke but an hour's reading.'

'Euphues expounds the changing taste of the day to his elderly interlocutor and we are told that "Euphues having ended his talk, departed leaving the old gentleman in a quandary." That was just the effect he meant to produce.'

'There were some books written in that breathless age that were destined to last more than three months. But I doubt if the author of Euphues knew which they were.'

II

It was useless to contend against Tomlinson, and our search for literary novelties went on. But after a while the club began to feel the retarding force of the law of diminishing returns. There came a faint suspicion that poets who took pains not to imitate their predecessors might yet imitate one another. People who are living in the same generation, and writing for the same public, cannot escape a certain taint of sameness.

When my turn came to present a new candidate for the Hall of Fame I racked my brain in vain to find some one sufficiently different to satisfy the exigent taste of our little society.

As a refuge from my anxieties I took up a well-preserved copy of Sir Philip Sidney's *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. I had ventured a number of times into the Arcadia, but had always lost my way in the labyrinth. But this time I skipped the prose and picked out Sir Philip's curious experiments in verse.

With wits sharpened by the tuition of Tomlinson, I realized that here was something that would delight our club by its daring modernity. The chances were that they would never look into the *Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*. It would be against their principles.

So I made a few extracts from the less regular poems of Sir Philip Sidney and presented them to the club for consideration.

'You know Sidney Philip, of course?'

Some of the members looked eagerly anxious, as much as to say that they knew him quite well but had forgotten his name. Tomlinson was inclined to be scornful. 'Phillips'? he said. 'He's of the past generation. He edited the *Poetry Review* away back in 1910. He was writing at the beginning of the century. His work is old stuff.'

'Nonsense,' I said. 'I'm not talking

about Stephen Phillips, or Wendell Phillips, or Philip of Macedon. If you want something up-to-date, and that tests your intelligence, you must take up the last thing of Sidney Philip. It is n't written for the kindergarten class. Sidney Philip does n't waste words. His style has no adipose deposit or connective tissue. He's an artist in words and does n't waste his material. He's a post-futurist as much as any thing. He flings his nouns and verbs at you, and then it's "Catch as catch can." The words mean something to Sidney Philip. If they don't mean any thing to you he does n't care. He's not writing for Main Street. He can take the dictionary just as it stands, and make poetry out of it. It's great stuff for those who can appreciate it. Yet I suppose there are not a dozen persons in this part of the country who know who Sidney Philip is. That's what comes of living in a country given over to common schools, and the Volstead Act. It is n't conducive to art. Let me read you a bit from Sidney Philip's last volume, and see what you can make of it.

'Virtue, beauty and speech did strike, wound
charm
My heart, eyes, ears, with wonder, love, delight
First, second, last did bind, enforce, and arm
His works, shows, suits, with wit, grace and vows.

Might,
Thus honor, liking, trust, much far and deep,
Held pierced possessed my judgment, sense and
will,

Till wrong, contempt, deceit did grow, steal,
creep

Bands, favor faith, to break, defile and kill,
Then grief, unkindness, proof, took, kindled,
taught,

Well grounded, noble, due, spite, rage, disdain,
But Ah; alas; (in vain) my mind, sight, thought
Doth him, his face, his words, leave, shun, refrain
For no thing, time, place can lose, quench, ease,
Mine own, embraced, sought, knot, fire, disease.

'Now poetry like that is not milk for babes. It is strong meat for strong men. You must masticate it. Take the

words, one by one, and let each make its individual impression on your sensitized imagination. Then turn your mind into a motion-picture machine, and run the film through rapidly. Then see what you've got. When you do it several times, you'll begin to appreciate Sidney Philip. He tells us how that poem of his came to be written in this elusive style. It is supposed to be written and sung by a young lady who was very temperamental. "The verses," says Sidney Philip in his quaint way, "were with some art curiously written to enwrap her secret and resolute woes." By confining herself to a list of disconnected nouns she was able to sing her secret and keep it too. The general public could not guess what it was all about, but to her lover the detached substantives were exquisitely meaningful. "The quintessence of each word distilled down into his inmost soul."

"That's a good suggestion for study," said Tomlinson. "Let's take the words as they come and do some distilling. It's time for us to get results."

"But don't think," I said, "that all his work is like that. He's as much at home in prose as in poetry. But when he does write poetry, he is careful not to say anything in an obvious manner. He wants to keep you guessing. He keeps you on the jump. Thus apropos of nothing in particular he says,

"Ah; that I do not conceive, to the Heaven
where a mouse climbs.

Then may I hope to achieve grace of a
Heavenly Tiger.

"The more you repeat those lines,
the more of a mystery they become.
Then follows swiftly,—

"O sweet, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged,
Shall such high planets tend to the loss of
a worm?

"These sudden contrasts between the
high and the low are characteristic of

Sidney Philip. He does n't care a rap for the commonplace middle classes. For him it's either the high planets or the worm, the climbing mouse, or the Heavenly Tiger. He does n't care which it is, so that it's the real thing. This is an age of extremes, and Sidney Philip is its prophet. It is the age of the soaring airman or the crushed strap-hanger in the subway car.

"Sometimes Sidney Philip uses the familiar forms of versification just to show his mastery of the medium, but even then he manifests the post-war mood of rebellion against things as they are, and even against things as they ought to be. He has all the charming perversity of untrammeled genius. Nothing that he can think of satisfies him. He insists on being consciously pathological.

"Like those sick folks, in whom strange humors run,

Can taste no sweets, the sour only please,
So to my mind while passions daily grow,
Joys strangers seem, I cannot bide their show,
Nor brook all else but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefs taste best, pain is my ease,
Sick to the death, still loving my disease.

"Could any thing express more penetratingly the mood of our present-day writers?

"But when Sidney Philip writes as an imagist, he never allows his emotion to intrude. Each image is clear cut and unrelated. There are no entangling alliances with moral ideas. It's pure art. Take this.

"O sweet woods the delight of solitariness;
O how well do I like your solitariness;
Yet dear soil, if a soul closed in a mansion
As sweet as violets, fair as a lily is,
Straight as a cedar, a voice strains the canary
birds
Whose shade doth safely hold, danger avoideth
her.

"What exquisite art! The first two lines strike that note of childish innocence which our best poets use as a foil to their perfect sophistication.

'O sweet woods the delight of solitariness;
O how well do I like your solitariness.

'It's just the kind of poetry a child of eleven would write. It's a class by itself. It puts you in the right frame of mind for what is to follow. Then the images come thick and fast, the dear soil, and the mansion, the violet, and the lily.

'Then comes a line that gives you pause, and tests the quality of your imagination.

“Straight as a cedar, a voice strains the canary birds.”

“Straight as a cedar” is clear enough. Anyone could think of that. But what do you make of “a voice strains the canary birds”? You were n’t expecting that? Sidney Philip does n’t explain. There’s something exquisitely cryptic in the phrasing. There is a faint suggestion of Chinese influence. I should like to try it on a Mandarin and get his reaction.

‘It sounds good to me,’ said Tomlinson. ‘It reminds me of that line of T. S. Eliot, we had such a time over.’

‘His soul stretched tight across the skies.

‘You remember that it took us a whole evening to work that out.’

Finding that Sir Philip Sidney under a slight disguise could satisfy the demands of the club for ultra modernism, I ventured further into the fashionable literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

I introduced George Herbert by reading the opening lines of *Artillerie*.

‘As I one evening sat before my cell,
Methought a starre did shoot into my lap,
I rose and shook my clothes, as knowing well
That from small fires comes oft no small mishap.

‘That’s new to me,’ said Tomlinson, ‘a star shooting into your lap while you are sitting before your cell, so that you have to get up and shake your clothes.

There’s something of the Wild West in that young poet. He’s the kind that would shoot up the town.’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘and you’d like his titles. There’s nothing commonplace or obvious about them. They don’t give you a hint as to what he is writing about. “The Quiddity”; “Superlinary”; “Charms and Knots.” He ties up his words in a knot, and then lets you untie the knot if you can.’

‘That’s good,’ said Tomlinson. ‘Let’s begin with the “Quiddity,” and see what we can make of it.’

‘I think we had better leave that for the next time, I said. Quiddities will keep.’

George Herbert’s brother, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, gave much pleasure as a daring innovator.

‘Here is a little thing of a new man named Cherbury, which I think you will like. It begins:—

‘Within an open sea of gold,
A bark of ivory one day I saw
Which striking with its oars did seem to draw
Toward a fair coast.’

‘That sounds significant,’ said Tomlinson.

‘Yes; but significant of what?’

‘Why it’s significant of what it’s about. By the way, what’s the title of it?’

‘The poem is entitled, “A vision of a lady combing her hair.”’

‘Oh, I get it. The curled sea of gold is her hair; the bark of ivory is her comb, and the oars, are the teeth of the comb. That’s quite an idea.’

III

By keeping in the byways of English literature, I think I could have come down to the present day, and provided novelties for the club without awakening suspicion, but after a while Tomlinson became critical. It is just possible

that he became a little jealous, and feared that I was setting a pace that he could n't keep up with.

One day he said, 'Your selection of new authors of the imagist and symbolist school is very stimulating, but I'm afraid the club is getting a little soft. We have n't had enough rough stuff lately. There must be some new writers in Oklahoma that you missed. We'd like something large and virile, and under-worldly, something with the lid off.'

Instigated by his earnestness, I thought I would make a sudden jump into Tennyson, and see what happened. Every one in the club despised Tennyson, who was a synonym for sweetness and all the other childish things we had put away. I should not have ventured on 'May Day,' or 'Locksley Hall.' 'Come into the Garden, Maud' would have been the signal for a riot.

But there was a Darkest Tennyson which might be unknown to Tomlinson. So I said, 'Have you ever come across *The Northern Cobbler* by Alf Tenterton? If you are looking for some one who is realistic Alf's the boy. He's a man's man. He gives you poetry with a kick. He does n't care a rap for politeness or prettiness. He does n't aim to please. He aims to shock, and he hits the bull's eye every time.

'How Tennyson would gasp if he could see how the new generation faces life. You might say it outfaces life.

'The hero of the poem is a regular old soak. He gets drunk every night, and kicks his wife and breaks the furniture, and all that sort of thing. But Tenterton does n't lay it up against him. He makes you see all the while that the cobbler is n't a bad fellow at heart. It's just his way of working off his inferiority complexes. It's a heap better than having a lot of Puritanical suppressions and taboos. Tenterton is up on psychology, and then he looks at

things with the detached eye of an artist. He does n't mind when the cobbler breaks up the furniture — it is n't Alf's furniture. It's hard on Sally, but then she does n't come into the picture except incidentally.

'Just see how naturally the cobbler expresses himself. "I coom like a bull loose at a fair," he says. He just lets himself go. He's a genuine caveman.

'Once of a frosty night I slither'd an' hurted my huck
An' I coomed neck-an'-crop soometimee släepé
down i' the squad an' the muck:
An' once I fowt wi' the Taälor.

'Now a conventional poet with a standardized mind would have described the battle as a fist fight; something rather fine and Dempsey-like. But Tenterton is a realist and he knew that the tailor would n't fight according to the rules of the ring.

'He scrawmed an' scratted my faäce like a cat,
and it maäde 'er so mad
That Sally she turned a tongue-banger and
raäted me, "Sottin thy braäins
Guzzlin' an' oakin' an' smoakin' an' hawmin'
about i' the laänes,
Soa sow-droonk tha that doesn't touch thy 'at to
the Squire."

'Then follows a strong line: —

'An' I loook'd cock-eyed at my noase an' I seed
I'm a-gittin' o' fire.

'You see there the conscience of the literary craftsman. There's no squeamishness. If there was anything to smash the cobbler smashed it. If there was anything to kick he kicked it. Tenterton's business was to set it all down just as it occurred. The poem is authentic.

'As for Sally, we see her just as she was, sloppy in her draggle-tailed gown.

'An' the babby's faäce wurn't washed an' the 'ole 'ouse hupside down.

'Of course the cobbler felt bad after his spree: —

'Like a graät num-cumpus I blubbered away o'
the bed,
Weant niver do it naw moor, and Sally loookt up
an' she said,
" . . . thou 'art laike the rest o' the men
Thou 'll goon sniffin' about the tap till thou does
it ageén.
Theer 's thy hennemy, man, an' I knows it and
knows thee sa well
That if thou sees' im an' smells 'im tha 'll follow
him slick into hell."

'That's a strong line,' said Tomlinson. "'Slick into hell!' Tenterton is a little too rough for the *Atlantic Monthly* crowd, but he'll be heard from. He strikes out from the shoulder. You can't keep that kind of fellow down.'

Then the talk fell naturally into self-congratulations over our freedom from the old Tennysonian conventions.

IV

I think I should have established my position as a fearless explorer of the wild frontier of modern literature if it had not been for an unlucky association of ideas. While Tennyson was delighting the cultured Victorian public, Martin Farquhar Tupper was enjoying the rewards of the best seller. The members of the club were accustomed to use his name as a term of reproach, but it was not likely that they had looked into the *Proverbial Philosophy*.

As there was a ruder Tennyson who would delight the admirer of the caveman in literature, why should there not be an esoteric Tupper to reward the lover of the wilfully obscure?

I introduced a new author who should be nameless. 'He is just trying out his instrument, but he shows promise. He is a rebel not only against all literary traditions, but also against all previous and all contemporary rebels. He scorns ordinary verse patterns, yet he uses them as it suits his purpose. He takes over the whole field of knowledge by right of eminent domain. He delights

in paradoxes which he clothes in language so demure that the undiscerning public accepts them as truisms. But beneath the demureness there is a sardonic spirit that laughs bitterly and vanishes. There is a subtle irony which masquerades as commonplace. The humor is so dry, that it seems to belong to the permanently arid belt. Then there are sudden sublimities for those who like such things. It's like being in an aeroplane. One minute you are running along the ground, and then suddenly you are off into the sky.

'Let me read you these lines on seaweed:—

'The sea-wort floating on the waves, or rolled up
high along the shore,
Ye counted useless and vile, heaping on it names
of contempt;
Yet it hath triumphed gloriously, and man has
been humbled in his ignorance.
For health is in the freshness of its savor, and it
cumbereth the beach with its wealth
Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-
tinctured essence,
And by its humbler ashes enriching the proud.'

'There's what I call an intriguing kind of poetry. Some of it you can understand. You have seen the seaweed heaped up on the beach, and you may have sufficient agricultural knowledge to be aware that its ashes have value as a fertilizer, or as the writer cleverly puts it, alluding to the Cape Cod farmer, "by its humbler ashes enriching the proud." You visualize the humble seaweed, and the proud farmer.

'But what do you make of the previous line?

'Comforting the tossings of pain with its violet-tinctured essence.'

I read the line slowly, watching the reaction of the club members.

'This line,' I said, 'is intriguing. We all recognize its beauty. "Violet-tinctured essence," contrasts poignantly with "the tossings of pain."

'Even if the words mean nothing in particular, they are very precious.

'But what has the "violet-tinctured essence" to do with common seaweed? Perhaps it has n't any thing to do with it, but if we should find out that it has, there would be an added pleasure which comes with intelligence.

'But perhaps we had better go back to the vivid phrase "tossings of pain." Perhaps you have had a touch of erysipelas which has caused the tossing of pain, and perhaps it has been relieved by the application of iodine. You can visualize the bottle. Now all that you need is a very slight knowledge of pharmacy to make the poet's meaning sun-clear. When you learn that one of the chief sources of iodine is common seaweed, you are on a perfect intellectual equality with the poet. The rather sloppy seaweed on the beach is glorified by its relation to the violet-colored essence in the bottle. It is a process which the psychoanalysts call sublimation.

'You ask, "Why does n't the poet explain all this?" The answer is, "He does, in a footnote, and that is the reason why I have been able to explain it to you."

That was an unlucky moment for me. The reference to the footnote was my undoing. I glanced at Tomlinson. There was a strange look on his face. It was not scorn or indignation, but a look of outraged innocence. Tomlinson seemed as one who was wounded in the home of his friends.

'Martin Farquhar Tupper!' he exclaimed. '*Proverbial Philosophy*, footnote to page 14.' His tone conveyed deep respect for an honored name, and sorrowful surprise at the liberty I had taken with it.

As we walked home, I broke the silence which had become painful. 'Tomlinson,' I said, 'I did n't know that you read Tupper.'

'I don't,' he said, 'in public, but what a man does in private is something between himself and his conscience. One has to keep up with the procession in literature as in every thing else; but it's hard on the nerves. The mind is kept on the stretch. It's the price we have to pay for progress. But when I go home from the Literary Society and sit down by the fire to enjoy myself, I always take up the *Proverbial Philosophy*. It's a link with a happy past. Makes me feel at home with my own mind. He tells me what I knew beforehand, and it's very comforting to be told it in such a serious way. It makes me feel safe and sane. In these last few years when I've felt that it was my duty to keep up with the literary advance movement, I've craved something I can understand without too much effort. Now I can usually understand what Tupper is driving at. And when he makes an allusion that is a little difficult all one has to do is to look at the bottom of the page.'

'For instance take the poem on memory, which begins:—

'Where art thou, storehouse of the mind, garner
of facts and fancies,
In what strange firmament are laid the beams of
thine airy chambers?
Or art thou that small cavern, the centre of the
rolling brain
Where still one sandy morsel testifieth man's
original.'

'I should n't have guessed what that small cavern was, or what was the sandy morsel in the rolling brain, if it had n't been for the footnote, which explained that "the small cavern is the pineal gland, a small oval about the size of a pea, in the centre of the brain, and generally found to contain, even in children, some particles of gravel. Galen and afterwards Descartes imagined it to be the seat of the soul."

'That shows what Tupper had in

mind. After that, it's all clear sailing, though I don't know what the new physiologists would say about that piece of gravel in the centre of the brain. Galen, I suppose, is looked upon as a back number in medicine.

'When I'm reading the text of Tupper, I don't tax my memory with the words. It's the general impression that every thing is all right that I retain. But when it comes to a footnote

I take notice. I'm sure to get some useful information. That's where you slipped up. If you had just recited the poetry, you might have got away with it; but when you quoted the footnote I spotted you. I can repeat every footnote in the *Proverbial Philosophy*.'

'I'm sorry, Tomlinson, that I made such a bad break.'

'I'm sorry too,' he replied. 'I'm afraid it will break up the club.'

SHALL I DIVORCE MY WIFE?¹

BY BURNHAM HALL

I

DURING eight months of exile from my home I have pondered this question. Two months ago I filed suit for divorce in a near-by court; yet I still ask myself whether I should put it through. The case will not be contested. It is clear, definite, and simple, and duly substantiated. My wife herself wants it to go through, quickly. She wants to marry the man she has loved, still loves, and believes she always will love. Having given me just cause for divorce, she is willing to take her medicine and abide by its inward and outward results.

I, however, would infinitely rather she would get a decree against me instead. We consulted with three lawyer friends and tried to work up a case against me for our local courts, obviating the necessity for travel into another state, with its consequent expense of time and money. I lent every reserve of my personal history, and even con-

siderable of my imagination to help build up a case of mental cruelty against me in support of my wife's claim that she found it impossible to live with me. Two of our friends thought we had a case, but when we placed it in the hands of the third, who alone of the three was licensed to practice in our state, he gave it up, saying that he could not face a judge with such evidence as we had built together.

He thought, however, that he might construct a case of alienated affections if I would compromise one or another of my women friends, of whom my wife might claim jealousy!

Then a somewhat celebrated lawyer offered to get a divorce in favor of my wife, if I could provide myself with a professional co-respondent, furnish the necessary cash for detective witnesses, and meet a fee of fifteen hundred dollars. A less prominent, but doubtless wiser man of law, advised me against such procedure. He said that the

¹ This paper is, of course, an absolutely true record. — THE EDITOR.

state of the public mind, and therefore that of the bench, was at present dangerously against such collusion and that it was very apt to fail.

Weeks slipped by and my wife grew impatient of delay. She thought I was stalling in the hope that she would settle down again to dull existence with me instead of realizing her dream of abundant life with one whom she loved. She had acted honestly, openly, and either courageously or merely imprudently when she ran away to him on their first adventure. Courageously, I say, if she went with a full understanding of the consequences, and was willing to face them; imprudently and foolishly if she dived off on impulse from a springboard of ignorance.

I choose to grant her full credit for knowing what she was about. She seems to have faced the world and marched straight ahead. Now she was through with me as a husband, wanted her freedom, and wanted it quickly.

I had indeed hoped she might change her mind and, with it, her heart. I had wondered if this romance were not what William James once called an emotional jag, precipitated by a long and tedious strain and forgivable and forgettable as one might forgive and forget a spree. I did not know how to help her change that ever mysterious mind of hers. Perhaps some men know how. Sometimes they seem to do such things in novels and movies. I confess to failure, and I also confess to a myopic misunderstanding of what can, and does, really happen in a woman's soul when she hits the trail of her dream, not in reverie but in fact.

I had welcomed her back to roof, food, clothing, and the material artefacts of life, not as her husband but as a friend in time of need. Having been dropped as a husband, I chose to remain a friend, and was accepted as such.

But the problem of her freedom remained, and after much more communion with legal minds (marvelous contraptions of historic sophistry!) I found myself, as it were, in the very clutches of the law.

II

I know very little about divorce in the abstract. I have read, since it became a personal problem to me, a few articles in the *Atlantic*, in the *World's Work*, and in scattered periodicals here and there. None of these articles mean very much to me. Not one of them throws the faintest light on my own individual case. I sit, in enforced exile, awaiting the day appointed for me to come into court and accuse openly, publicly, a friend of mine, my one-time wife, of a statutory crime. I sit here in the very spirit and letter of those lines from Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*: —

I know not whether laws be right
Or whether laws be wrong,
All that we know who sit in jail
Is that the wall is strong,
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

My little reading has led me through discussions as to whether marriage was made by God or by man; whether Church, or State, or both, or neither, should control marrying and unmarrying. I have read citations from judges, quotations from Scripture, extracts from anthropology, precedents from the law, and a host of opinions, lay and clerical, legal and medical; and I seem not one whit wiser, and certainly not the least trifle comforted by all these acres of printed word.

What concerns me is a definite, bitterly earnest conflict of feelings within my soul, or heart, or mind, or whatever it is that becomes the battlefield of one's emotions. Shall I end these days of uncertainty, of anxious waiting, of inward

perturbation both for myself and for my erstwhile wife, by throttling my sense of courtesy and even decency, go to court, and pillory a woman whom I respect and admire; or shall I drop the case and go my way, leaving it to her to find her freedom as best she can, alone?

Nor does retrospective analysis of the factors involved in this case lend a helpful hand toward the settling of my question. It has become a struggle of almost pure feeling, in which facts, dates, figures, picture-memories, opinions, and abstractions serve as a mere hazy background, or as a dimly interested audience of wearied faces. The outcome seems to lie in the final resultant of two tugging, striving, major forces, pulled on tangents by minor issues of chance circumstance and time.

If it were only possible for me to be angry, or to feel deeply injured or dramatically jealous — how easy my answer would be! As it is, my coming approach to the law has all the semblance of cold-blooded, maliciously calculated murder. The end may justify the means, but I am not as yet a convert of Machiavelli, nor an emulator of Benvenuto Cellini, both of which worthies I read with considerable delight. Yet I cannot even work myself into a rage against the man who has stolen my wife, to use a phrase rooted in the time when wives were private property — like swords, or pipes, or horses.

He is no villain. He is a most admirable young man in many ways, many years younger than I, and several years younger than the woman he loves and wants to marry. Physically he triumphs over me at every point. His shock of curly brown hair would turn the Apollo Belvedere jaundiced with envy; he has the shoulders of a young gorilla, while as a typical caveman he would enthrall the feminine element in any movie audience. I, on the contrary, am built along lines of the pro-

verbial bean-pole, regret a sprinkling of gray over my ears, shall probably be nearly bald within six years and, as a movie-actor, would make an admirable bookkeeper or professor in a boarding-school. I do not jot down this contrast in levity, but in quite serious earnest. Physique doth count in unmarrying as well as in first marrying.

Only inscrutable Providence knows why my wife elected me the successful candidate from among her bevy of would-be husbands before we were married. The fact remains that she did, and that she afterwards regretted her choice. On the contrary, I know full well why I selected such a charmingly buoyant amazon for a possible wife, and I have not regretted it even through our latest storm, and perhaps our last. The hand of the great potter did not shake when he fashioned her frame, and he breathed a remarkably vital spirit into her clay.

There must be primal, fundamental reasons for a romantic revolution in a woman's heart, and sheer quality of physical fitness for reciprocal matehood doubtless plays an all important part. I mean more than a mere functional capacity for paternity or maternity. Our vibrantly wholesome daughter, reincarnating so much of her mother's magnetism and versatility of physique belies such a physiological level. Nor am I persuaded that Mr. Wilfrid Lay's thesis, in his interesting but enormously padded *Plea for Monogamy*, has solved the major problems of the matrimonial universe. There seems to be, at least on the part of my own wife, some conscious or unconscious physical standard or ideal to which I have not measured up; and this probably accounts, in part at least, for her change of mind and spirit toward me in our married life.

This factor cannot be affected practically by any academic, literary, legal, clerical, or scientific discussion of our

problem. It remains a constant, or at least a very slightly variable factor. The odds here are against me. I accept a defeat which was written in my ancestry before I was born into this droll, Darwinian world.

III

The variables in my perplexity consist of that multitude of wavering, stressing, straining, and conflicting thoughts, feelings, words, and acts, which, together with desire, sympathy, and sometimes with love, go into the building of married life. Only an impossibly complete record of these, in the hands of an omniscient psychoanalyst, would prove of much practical value in an attempted solution of such a problem as I have faced during the last eight months and more.

I have had ample leisure, lately, to go over these elements very thoroughly and even microscopically. I have tapped long-buried memories in retrospection, reread years of diary and stacks of old letters. My wife and I have chatted over our historic petty differences and major conflicts of opinion in a friendly attempt to sift their proper worth, and perhaps to understand each other better. These items, fit for amicable discussion, are welcome in law courts, and would make delightful material for gossip among our acquaintances; but to one's own soul the details are like so much wind-blown chaff, and may become as irritating as they are useless.

Stripped to the skin, exposed in primal nakedness and unashamed, our case seems to be that threadbare story of a self-satisfied husband, content with his wife, believing he loved her, and feeling quite sure that she was as happily content with him as he was with her. It is the same old story of yet another woman who has tried to adjust herself,

in married life, to less than she had hoped and dreamed of in that supposedly blessed state, and then suddenly decided to snatch from life by sheer force that which it had failed to give her with an open hand. Who shall say that she is wrong? The law court, yes; the clergy, yes; her neighbors, acquaintances, and even some of her friends, perhaps; but if within her own heart she believes she is right, what boots it judge, Church, or people? Where, in literature, or in tradition, or in our own convictions is there a solidly satisfactory answer to such a query?

I ask myself these questions in what is perhaps a futile attempt to be intellectually honest with myself and with her. I doubt if anyone is ever completely honest with himself in such a situation; but one may keep on trying.

My wife seems to feel something, to understand something in life that I do not. She seems to want something of which I have only a cloudy and somewhat poetic conception. Love, to her, seems to be something vitally different from what it has been to me. She left me, not because she hated me, or even because she greatly disliked me; but because she did not love me and because she did love somebody else.

That somebody has no money. He has no home. He has no job and does not want one. He is a romantically independent fellow, intent on building his own independent career outside of our vast system of corporation slavery. He offers her nothing save himself and his ambition and his own peculiar brand of love, with which she felt imperatively impelled to mate and there found happiness. For him she was willing to leave home, fireside, husband, child, and friends. For him she is willing and anxious to do this again, after her temporary return during a time of material stress.

Yet she loves and wants a home, a

fireplace, motherhood, and friends. I provided these, but failed to provide a satisfactory husband with them. Things — solid, tri-dimensional things — we had in plenty. I even supported for her a yearly new edition of the most famous motor car in the world. But these things were not enough; nor were my affection, my variety of devotion, my quality of love (if we may dignify it by that name) enough to make her feel that she was living a life instead of leading an existence.

The essential fact is plain. I have failed to provide that subtle and supreme something, perhaps a mystic fusion of physical and spiritual elements necessary in an ideally reciprocal relation between man and woman, which my wife feels it is her right to have from life. And having failed here, what, I ask, have legal, clerical, ethical, scientific, or social precedents, conceptions, dogmas, theories, and traditions to do with this essentially individual and imperatively personal fact?

IV

Just as verbal and printed discussions of the divorce problem have been drably arid and hollow to me, so all those sages who have discussed my own theme so wisely seem thrust like foolish prophets forth; their words to scorn are scattered and their mouths are stopped with the dust of their own exegesis. Freud, Forel, Ribot, Krafft-Ebbing, Kisch, and even such sympathetic souls as Stanley Hall and Havelock Ellis have left me stiffly cold with my haunting perplexity. I have had ample time to read scientific, medical, and even mystic views upon love and marriage, and have even added such cream-pufferies as Elinor Glyn's complete and final philosophy of practical erotics. Yet the inner mystery of my wife's primitive and protean mind remains to

me as inscrutable as ever. She continues to hold the benefit of all my doubts and blundering surmises. She continues to hold my respect, and no little of my affection and admiration.

I have found no reason under heaven why this woman should remain my wife in name and to outward appearance when she is wedded in spirit to another. I have found no shadow of excuse to justify my asking her to live with me, save only the problematic welfare of our daughter. But this small girl has never heard a cross word, or seen a bitter look, or had reason to suspect the least note of discord between her father and mother, and there is no reason why she ever should except as she may absorb the opinions of others than ourselves. My wife and I have set our stage and played our appointed parts right well in the sight of our youngster, and played not without considerable reality of feeling — especially where she herself was concerned. Yet my wife is weary of play-acting, and wants to live. She believes that only by true living can she be to herself, or to her daughter, or to anyone, that which is worth being at all.

She claims that the quicker we remove our wigs and wash our faces, the happier we shall be with ourselves and with everyone with whom we dwell. She regards one phase of legal mum-mery in such a cause as noxious as any other, and prefers to suffer acutely if need be as a result of quick action from me, rather than to endure the almost chronically painful lengthiness of bringing a suit herself under the circumstances as we find them. To her the way seems clear, and the problem appears simple enough. To me it remains a conflict into this eleventh hour.

I feel, as the time draws near for me to enter a courtroom for the first time in my life, like a man drifting without a paddle in a lost canoe. I seem to be

headed toward a sudden plunge into water of unknown depths. Perhaps the fall will prove short, the current merciful, and I may be landed gratefully on a green and solid shore; but I cannot see ahead.

So easy it is for folks to say, as I have heard them say, or heard they have said: 'Serves her right; he ought to be rid of her quick. . . . He should drop the matter and leave it up to her. . . . She ought to be spanked into her senses and settle down in her own home while she has the chance. . . . He's a damn fool to let that youngster steal his wife. . . . Abnormal creature, deserves to lose her. . . . They ought to get together, forget themselves, and live for the child. . . . It would be ridiculous if it were not so pitifully tragic. . . .' This last utterance is the only one that seems to hold the least glimmer of understanding. I do, indeed, seem to be playing in a comedy fit for a Sunday supplement, and in a tragedy suitable to a highbrow novel; but opinion and comment have in no wise helped me to decide what is best for me to do.

V

I have always hated Adam's reply to God in the Garden of Eden. Eve very bravely and impudently ate her apple and disobeyed the Almighty. I respect her for it. Adam whimpered excuses about his wife's misconduct and example. That makes me sick. Men seem to have been justifying themselves in much the same way before the Lord ever since, and if not before God, then at least before judges and their fellow men.

Imagining myself in court on this case of mine, I feel like a miserable incarnation of that cowardly progenitor of our human race, and no amount of logic, or law, or custom, or man-made justice serves to make me feel one

whit better about it. If I arise in court and solemnly swear, hand on Bible, that my wife has criminally injured me, I shall feel like an Adamic cad. I shall deserve to be cast out into a land of thorns and sand, and to have the serpent proceed to bruise my heel.

If I drop my case at the courthouse door, as I sometimes feel I shall be impelled from within to do, I shall have added a cruel weight to the shoulders of my wife and friend, who already bears as much of a burden as any woman should be given. I shall postpone indefinitely the day when she may realize her heart's one supreme desire, which, be it a sublime reality or an absurd illusion, has held, holds, and shall hold my respect as the integrity of another person's mind. I shall seem to have backed out of a painfully difficult job simply to satisfy a whimsy of courtesy and personal preference on behalf of my own ego.

My lawyer writes me to keep my nerve, to play I am a surgeon about to perform a necessary and saving operation. Now I have already performed minor surgical operations upon my wife, with a scalpel, when those were necessary. I have also held her hand in mine through a major operation, and assisted in the birthing of her daughter. The legal operation that confronts me, however, seems sometimes quite beyond my small powers of endurance; and there seems utterly no answer to my inward perplexity save that resultant of struggling forces within me which must lead, right soon, to conclusive action. I do not know, to-day, what that action will be. And I do not ask anyone for suggestion or advice.

VI

I am not a moralist. I rather hate 'morals' tacked on, like label-tags, to the end of a story. I have set down an

attempt to crystallize a mood, or set of feelings, and I do not want to preach. Yet to any man who has spent a goodly portion of eight months thinking along a certain line, there ought to come a few tentative conclusions, if not in regard to the problem as a whole, then at least as to his own future conduct in the wake of its consequences.

Were I to proceed with this case, what should I do next?

Obviously my wife is taking a chance where the odds are tremendously against her. She steps from a world of friends and congenial acquaintances into a land organically inimical toward anyone who acts openly against its more sensitive *mores*. She enters a union whose success is doubted, if its consummation is not wholly disapproved by her family and friends. She gambles on the promise of integrity, solidarity, lasting affection, moral and financial support of a young man still a verdant freshman in the school of life, into whose hands she is willing to place her future as a wife, and as the mother of children, a profession she elected early in life to pursue. She knows she is playing with chance, though perhaps she has not tried to calculate the odds. That marriage is a job at adjustment, she has also learned, but she believes she can do better a second time than she has the first.

Personally, I wonder if she will be better able to adjust herself even to a man so different from myself. I do not think I flatter myself. I am sure I must bristle with irritating negatives like an Arizona cactus, and I probably remain as serenely unconscious of their sharp and stinging points. Yet, from the little I know of this young man, his surface is not smooth as an apple; and, as to my wife, she is not without antagonizing traits which call for adjustment in return.

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I somewhat fear that they both bank on the indubitable, but perhaps overestimated, power of physical attraction, of biological love, if you will, to bring the necessary compensations; and yet every intelligent person knows that sex as a physical mechanism is subject fundamentally to the law of diminishing returns, and perhaps even to Helmholtz's psycho-physics law of stimulus and reaction, both or either of which would at least modify the solidity of such a foundation for life.

Altogether I have reason to wonder whether their experiment will prove a success. What am I to do, I who gave my word of honor to love and to cherish this wife of mine until death do us part? Shall I so easily pragmatize the situation, let her lie on the bed she has made, and go my way relieved of further worry? I can hardly do that. I think without doubt she will leave me; it is probable that she will marry again.

There remains, it seems to me, but one thing for me to do: keep friendly. She will need financial support for a while whether she marries or not. I can help there through an allowance, or what you will, for the care of our daughter, for I shall certainly not take the girl from her mother, whatever judgment a bench may hand down. She will need moral support, the thought of a few friends in the world, more than once. This I can give as I may be able.

Does that sound sentimental? or like a merely verbal pose? Think of our daughter. Marriage may be dissolved, a home may be broken, man and wife may drift apart on their respective ways; but the child remains, concrete, steadfast, a lovely reality.

With respect to our daughter, my job seems to be, again: keep friendly. Without friendliness between my wife and me, the child will be hurt, deeply, lastingly. With concord and cheerful-

ness, for her sake if for no other, she will weather whatever physical and nominal changes a divorce may bring about, with only a surface perplexity and pain. She is now of that grimly realistic age when everything is true which does not go contrary to her own inward wish. Santa Claus, Mother Hubbard, God, her daddy's power, and her mother's goodness are equally true.

Marriage is a reality to her, but if ever there were to be a time when her mother and father might be unmarried or remarried without any more disturbance to her own little soul than would be their getting a shave or a shampoo, it is now. Thinking seriously about it will come much later.

I think she should know the truth regarding our separation of ways very soon. I think she should know it in the same spirit and atmosphere that she has known me to come and go 'on business,' or has bade her mother good-bye when she has gone 'to Europe.' She can live with me in the future, as she has in the past, and trade back to her mother, and to her grandmother, or to one of the half-dozen loving and lovable women who have mothered her temporarily while her own mother has been 'away.' Gradually she will get perspective. Slowly she will gain a knowledge of the way things are done in the world, the way they 'ought' and 'ought not' to be done; but for one thing I sincerely hope, and for that one thing I shall diligently work: that she may grow up in an atmosphere of friendliness, of coöperation, and of as much cheerfulness, as possible.

Further, I shall endeavor to lead her

to feel that marriage and motherhood are the supreme goals of life, and to believe that marriage can be successful, and that it may be happy. Does this sound impossibly grotesque? Perhaps; but I feel sure that here, at least, I shall have the child's mother in full sympathy and in active help. If her own second married life is happy, the task will be easier than if it is not; but even should it not be, this effort can still be made. Perhaps our endeavor will have more power of feeling and thought and sympathetic effort than even an average mother and father might give to such a job. Emerson's law of compensation often works strange miracles in life, does it not?

I seem to have then, two very definitive personal angles to my problem, or at least toward its aftermath. For myself, I want to follow out as far as I can my promise (and my desire) to cherish, at least, and to help a woman and a mother who has meant much of happiness, and somewhat of sorrow in my life. For our child, I want to make every effort to keep her happy and unperplexed in childhood, enlightened as well as we may know how to enlighten her in youth as regards her coming life, and especially concerning love, marriage, and parenthood. And by every means I shall try to keep hope high in her heart that, whatever mistakes and blunders and even tragedies have befallen her father and mother in their attempts to adjust their life together, she may, by hard work and a resolute spirit and a steadfast faith in her finest inward feelings, *make* life worth living, with happiness as a possible by-product.

PRAYER

BY KIRSOPP LAKE

To past generations prayer meant primarily the process of petition to God by which He was induced to do otherwise than He would have done if prayer had not been used. Fasting and sacrifice and prayer were the great magical triad by which men endeavored to secure favor from God. The Bible and Church History supply countless examples of the importance of this triad. They also illustrate the way in which fasting and sacrifice have gradually come to lose their importance.

But prayer meant also, or rather took with it, the sense of communion with God, not as the Supreme Governor who controls the universe, but as the Father who advises, comforts, strengthens, and forgives his children in answer to their cry of need, who enables them to bear the temptations of success and failure, and lightens their darkness when the clouds hang heavy overhead. The language in which this sense of communion has been expressed, has often changed, and will no doubt change again, but the experience which it expresses is permanent.

Moreover, because conversation is the best means of clarifying thought, prayer has been always the means whereby men have become conscious of their own aspirations, have seen glimpses of a better world, and have sought henceforward to make the life which they must live on the plain approach more closely to the vision which they have seen on the mount. The vision has always gone with them, and as the inevitable day of weakness has

drawn near, when they have known that Mt. Pisgah and not the Land of Promise was the farthest that they would reach, it has been to the vision that they have turned to find in it the true Reality. To errors of intellect and to the weakness of human nature they may have succumbed, for sinners as well as saints, ignorant as well as learned, foolish as well as wise have been among their number; but they have never wholly forgotten the vision, and those who have come after them have perceived that these were men who were pilgrims and sojourners here because they belonged to the city which 'hath foundations.'

Finally, confession or self-examination is a constant element in all the classic examples of prayer. It does not perhaps necessarily mean the recognition of error, though it often does so; but it is essentially a spiritual 'stock-taking,' revealing to him who prays what is the true nature of his life, strengthening the good, and condemning the evil in it. For this reason it perhaps plays a smaller part in public prayer than in private. Nevertheless there are certain causes for failure which are common to the race, and can be recognized and confessed in common prayer — the pride of life, the lust of the eye, and the desire for revenge. These are the simplest and most powerful enemies of good, and they are met openly though not always by name, in all the great examples of prayer. It is impossible to pray 'Thy Kingdom come' and, at the same moment, be

infected by the pride of life or the lust of the eye; or to say, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us,' and lightly to harbor schemes of revenge. To pray thus is to make confession and to seek amendment, and will remain the refuge of sinful humanity long after it has abandoned all belief in the magical power of petition to the Almighty.

Thus prayer means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession. In the public worship of the churches petition has always been put in the first place, and naturally so, for it is historically the most prominent. Nevertheless probably few educated men believe in its efficacy. The laws of life — which is the Will of God — are not changed in their working by prayer, sacrifice, or fasting.

The most striking example of this fact is the crudest and simplest. In my boyhood, it was still customary to pray for fine weather, or, in the rarer occasions when the English climate demanded it, for rain. The custom is now, I fancy, almost dead. It has not been killed by any atrophy of religion, but by increased knowledge of meteorology. If you teach the public in the newspaper every week-day that the weather is fixed through complicated laws, that if the barometer is rising fair weather is probable, while rain may be expected if it is falling, you cannot expect them to believe on Sunday that the humidity of the atmosphere will be affected by prayer.

Nor is the question very different with regard to prayer in time of sickness, though the issue is often obscured by pious people who cling to the custom, and do not analyze their belief. Opinion on this subject probably ranges itself into three groups. There are those who still think that prayer will cure disease; the belief of innumerable generations supports them, but

not the evidence of medical experts. Secondly, there are those who, frankly admitting that prayer cannot change the course of disease, advocate it as a consolation to the sufferer and to his friends. This is no doubt often true: it is a sound and charitable reason for praying; but it is likely to lose its efficacy when its motive is perceived. Finally, there are those who think that in some mysterious way they can by prayer divert a stream of energy to a sick person, and so make him better. Conceivably this is true, though personally I doubt it. But why should this stream of energy be most effectual when put into the form of petition to God? It seems to me that if there be any truth in this theory it is not so much that prayer diverts a stream of healing energy as that it serves as a 'suggestion,' focusing all the powers of resistance and recuperation which the sick may possess but be unable to 'will' to use. That this may be valuable, should be practised and studied, I do not doubt; but is it prayer? In any case it is not the same thing as the strictly supplicating prayer of our ancestors, which was a petition to God who might be persuaded to do what He might otherwise not have done.

My own attention was once called somewhat painfully to the unconscious change of thought which has affected almost everyone in this matter. I was taking charge of a church for a friend who was going away for a fortnight. 'You will have,' he said, 'nothing much to do. But poor Mr. Smith is very ill, and Dr. Brown has promised to let you know if it becomes hopeless, so that you can put him into the prayers.' I was very young at the time, and it was somewhat of a shock to me to realize that 'praying for' someone in the church, by the customary device of dropping to a lower note the voice which had hitherto monotonized the

service on G, and announcing that 'The prayers of the congregation are desired for M, who is seriously ill,' had become a means of preparing friends for bad news, under the pretense of asking the Almighty for help. The shock to young minds when they discover such changes as this alienates more of them from the churches than any direct attack could ever do. The tragedy is that the churches do not know it, for the young do not say much about it; they merely stop going to church. The death of churches is not likely to be violent or spectacular, for controversy implies life. The deadly sequence of symptoms is when one generation goes to church, supports it financially and prevents all change in the customs of the forefathers; the second generation continues the support, but otherwise leaves it alone; the third generation abandons it altogether.

That the religion of to-morrow will have prayer I do not doubt, unless the churches should be so foolish as to insist that Prayer must include Petition, in which case they will keep the word, and another name will be given to the reality. For I do not believe that the religion of to-morrow will have any more place for petition than it will have for any other form of magic. But how are the churches going to deal with the question? It is a matter which especially affects the non-liturgical churches, strange as it may seem. In a liturgical church the prayers are frequently unintelligible to the congregation. In the Catholic Church they are in Latin, in the English Church and Protestant Episcopal Church of America they are in an archaic idiom which diverts attention from the strangeness of its meaning by the beauty of its sound. Converts and strangers may criticize the doctrine of these prayers, but we, who neglect it because we have been born in the church, perhaps

do more justice to their significance. Members of non-liturgical churches seem rarely to understand that it is the dramatic, not the theological side of the service which makes itself felt, that many members of the congregation are purified and inspired by the service as a whole, without ever stopping to think about its meaning; indeed, if they did they would probably cease to be inspired. In any case, petitions written five hundred or fifteen hundred years ago cease to be regarded as petitions in the same way as those which at least pretend to be the fervent supplication of a minister for the special congregation.

Obviously the non-liturgical Protestant churches are in a very different position. Every Sunday the minister is responsible for the 'long prayer' as it is usually called. He is supposed to make it apply to the needs of his congregation; it is — at least in form — an extempore performance marked by fervor and unction. If it be not sincere the salt has lost its savor. It is traditionally always in the idiom of petition, but it is significant how many Liberal ministers endeavor to quiet their conscience, which dislikes that idiom, by passing — if I may somewhat abuse the grammarian's language — through the optative mood to an *oratio obliqua* intended to express the aspirations of the congregation. I cannot resist the conviction that this can be but a temporary expedient, and I believe that this question of petition in prayer is the most difficult problem which the non-liturgical churches have to face. It is to them what the question of the creeds is to the liturgical churches.

To see this is not difficult, but merely to abandon the custom of prayer because we no longer believe in the efficacy of petition would be to throw away the grain in an effort to be rid of the chaff.

Prayer, it was said above, is not only petition, but also communion and aspiration. What will the religion of to-morrow say about communion and aspiration?

If the religious life of the future contains 'public worship' as an integral part of its manifestation, it will be because many men feel that not in solitude but in the company of others who have a like necessity do they most feel the communion of a higher power, do they cleanse their souls from impurities and littlenesses, and light the flame of aspiration which illuminates their path through the darkness of daily life.

Indeed, it is becoming increasingly clear that to stimulate and quicken communion and aspiration — whatever explanation may be adopted of the experience covered by these words — is likely to be the main purpose of the services of the church of to-morrow, though this will be a serious breach with the tradition of the past; for in the Catholic Church the services are means of salvation, and in the Protestant Church have been hitherto largely, if not chiefly, means of instruction. Nevertheless, Protestants of the Liberal wing have to a large extent accepted the change indicated. The services of the church are held to have a 'spiritual' rather than an intellectual value, which seems to mean subjective rather than objective. Catholics while of course asserting the spiritual value of the service would maintain that this value is objective — it is in the service not in the frame of mind of the congregation. Nevertheless, the paradoxical truth is that the Catholic service is more successful than the Protestant in giving the subjective value. The Catholic goes to Mass, believing in the objective supernatural value of the service, and for him it does not depend at all on the presence of a congregation to be 'valid'; for he accepts what to

the historian is a myth connected with the sacrament. He gains spiritual help. Moreover others, not Catholic, often feel the value of the service. The Protestant goes to his service, believing in the subjective value of the service, and that its importance is entirely in the effect which it has on the congregation. He hopes that the sermon of the minister, supported by some slight musical introduction, and a few hymns, will somehow do him good. He is often disappointed, he goes less frequently, and his children are ceasing to go at all. The danger to the Catholic Church is that it will fail to satisfy the intellect, which will reject the Church's interpretation of the Mass; to the Protestant that it will not satisfy the soul, which is not nourished by the service. The religion of to-morrow will doubtless devise a method which will satisfy both intellect and soul. If neither Catholics nor Protestants can mend their ways, both will perish, but Religion will survive.

Just as to stimulate and develop this sense of communion and aspiration is the work of the churches, so to analyze and explain it is the task of the psychologists, and it is not certain as yet what their answer will be. The problem is this: granted that there is a consciousness of communion, which appears to be with some external power, is that appearance correct, or is the communion really with some part of the man's own nature which is ordinarily submerged? Only the professional psychologist is really competent to discuss this question properly, but anyone can see that it is not an idle one, and that any answer gives rise to others.

It is common experience that whereas our words and actions are usually the result of conscious rational thoughts, there are moments when we are — so it seems both to ourselves and to others — in the clutch of a higher

power, sometimes inspiring us to good, sometimes to evil deeds and words. God and the Devil are the explanation which theologians have given to this duplex phenomenon.

The psychology of to-day has questioned this explanation. It seems to many who have most deeply studied the question, that our conscious life of reason has a deep penumbra of which we are not habitually conscious. It makes itself felt only when emotion or some other cause calls it up into action. It contains all the instincts, ethics, and thoughts of the past generations, whose history is latent in every individual. If this side of it be called into action by some momentary collapse

of our usual psychical balance, anyone of us may relapse for a time into the condition of primitive man, with primary instincts, and animistic thoughts. But some at least would hold that it contains also the germ of all the achievements and triumphs which will make life better and fuller for our descendants. If by the splendor of art or the inspiration of religion this side of us be roused into life, we become capable of rising for the moment to the heights which only our remote descendants will fully master, and we become living prophecies of a new world. For the Devil is the ghost of primitive man, and God is the unborn life of the world that is yet to be.

THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE

BY GLENN CLARK

I do not know why God should have blessed me for the past two years with an almost continuous stream of answered prayer. Some of the answers were marvelous, many unexplainable, all of them joy-giving. But, greater than any particular blessing that came with any particular answer, greater than the combined blessings of all the combined answers, was a gift, a blessing, that was so much larger, so much more inclusive than all the other special gifts, that it encompassed all within itself. I refer to the peace and happiness and absolute liberation from the bondage of fear and anger and the life-destroying emotions that came to me and revealed to me the practicability of finding the Kingdom of Heaven in the practical world of men.

Concomitant with this great blessing

came the impulse to share it with others — to pass it on that they too might have their burdens eased and their paths made smooth. But whenever I approached a friend to tell him how I prayed, my brain stumbled and words failed me. My method was so simple, so natural, it seemed to me, that its very simplicity defied analysis. Like the air I breathed it could not be captured and confined in any form.

So two years went by. Then one day while walking home from college a student said to me: 'I wish very much that you would tell me how you pray. Won't you tell me sometime?' It suddenly occurred to me that this was the first time anyone had put that question to me. I do not know whether it is that every question has its own answer residing in it, just as every seed contains

the entire life plan of the completed plant; or whether the commands of Jesus, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' were meant to be applied to questions we ask of each other as well as questions we ask of God when we do so in the spirit of Christian humility and love; but this I do know: late in the evening the answer to this question leaped full-fledged into my brain. For two years I had striven in vain to answer a question that no one had ever asked; and then in a twinkling, before a question asked in all sincerity and with honest purpose, the answer came.

The essay which follows contains the answer to that question. I wish to have it clearly understood, however, that I do not wish the method here described to become a formula. I offer it rather as an opening of doors and windows through which man's soul may find liberation from the confinement of the things which bind, and expand a bit to meet the ever-expanding love of God.

I find the 'frame' for my method in the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. I say 'frame' because either one of these can be recited in less than half a minute, and a prayer such as we materialistically minded moderns need is one which will demand at least fifteen minutes of our time.

In this day of the coliseum, the gymnasium, and the 'daily dozen,' I know it may sound impractical and visionary to suggest that the spirit deserves as much care as the body. But is not our spiritual health as important to our well-being as our physical health? Is not the life more than the food, and the body more than the raiment? Is not the kernel within the seed and the sap within the oak — in other words, that which is within, vitalizing, propelling the life processes — more important than that which is without and can be seen and touched?

Let me stand in the market-place with the physical culturists and demand, as they demand, fifteen minutes of your time every day for two months. And while I hesitate to promise, as they promise, that at the end of that time you will find yourself a new man, this I can say: at the end of that time you will find yourself in a new world. You will find yourself in a friendly universe, where religion will no longer be a thing to be believed or disbelieved, a thing to be worn or cast off, but where religion will be a part of life as blood is a part of the body. You will find yourself in a new world where your God no longer dwells in churches and meeting-places and forms and days, but where He governs every minute of every day of every year. You will find yourself in a new world where immortality will no longer be sought as something far away, to be found at some far distant time, for you will know that you are immortal now and that the entire universe with all its good and with all its beauty belongs to you now and forever.

Let us take then as our model the zeal and steadfastness of the physical culturist and utilize it in the field of the spirit. To associate these two fields in our mind will prove very helpful for our present purpose, for a prayer should be for the spirit exactly what calisthenics should be for the body — something to keep one in tune, fit, vital, efficient and constantly ready for the next problem of life.

Now what are the underlying principles in Walter Camp's Daily Dozen?

1. The first principle is that the man shall stretch his muscles, as the caged lion stretches, whenever he can. And, mark you, the muscles that are seen are not so important as the muscles that are unseen — in the language of Walter Camp, 'the muscles under the ribs.' This should be the first principle of prayer also.

One should first of all stretch the mind to take in God, not a one-sided, two-sided, or a three-sided view of God, but *all*. Moreover, this stretching should not be for the objective mind — which is out where we can see and control it — so much as for the subjective mind, the mind that is out of sight, the mind that is 'under the ribs.'

2. The next principle underlying the daily dozen, as well as all other good setting-up exercises, is to breathe deeply and freely. There is nothing that clears the brain and avenues of circulation like breathing with eleven-elevenths of the lungs and not with one-eleventh — breathing out the old waste poisons and breathing in the new clear life from the atmosphere which surrounds us. This should be the second step in our prayer. We should pray out the bad and pray in the good; dismiss from our mind the trouble which seems imminent and restate emphatically the great promises of God; forgive the sinner and accept forgiveness for the sin.
3. The final phase of these exercises is that they should be kept up steadily, daily, until the habit of deep breathing has been transferred to the nervous system; in other words until it becomes an automatic habit, so that a man between jobs at his office unconsciously stretches his legs under the table and continues all day to breathe deeply and freely from the depth of his lungs. This is also the goal of all true prayer — to make the 'stretching' of the mind to see God a continuous habit all through the day, to make the deep breathing of the soul — which mentally denies entrance of the bad thought to the brain and expands the good thought — a steady automatic habit of the subconsciousness.

This is in accord with St. Paul's admonition, 'Pray without ceasing.'

As stated above, we find this 'frame' suggested to us in the Lord's Prayer and the Twenty-third Psalm. The first phase — the expanding of the mind to take in all of God — is given very briefly in these short half-minute prayers; nevertheless, they were full of connotation to the ones to whom they were addressed. 'The Lord is my Shepherd.' 'Our Father Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name.' Think of what the words 'Shepherd' and 'Father' imply!

The second phase of prayer, the denial and affirmation, is suggested figuratively in the Psalm by 'Thy rod and Thy staff,' and the actual denials are given in very clear-cut form: 'I shall not want,' and 'I shall fear no evil.' Each of these is followed by a series of affirmations. In the Lord's Prayer, this rhythmic handling of our problems is suggested by 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' This suggests the in-breathing and out-breathing of that prayer which is real communion with God.

The third phase — that is, keeping the prayer thought as a continuing force throughout the day — is suggested very beautifully in both the examples we are using: 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever'; 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in Heaven.' You can see in these statements a realization of the Kingdom *here and now*, about us, in whatever activity we may be engaged.

How then shall we apply these principles to our own prayers? Perhaps some examples may help here. The following may open your eyes a wee bit to the possibilities you yourself might work out in prayer.

I. STRETCHING THE MIND TO TAKE IN
ALL OF GOD

1. Our Heavenly Father, we know that Thy Love is as infinite as the sky is infinite, and Thy Ways of manifesting that Love are as uncountable as the stars of the heavens.
2. Thy Power is greater than man's horizon, and Thy Ways of manifesting that Power are more numerous than the sands of the sea.
3. Thy Wisdom is greater than all hidden treasures, and yet as instantly available for our needs as the very ground beneath our feet.
4. Thy Joy is brighter than the sun at noon day and Thy Ways of expressing that Joy as countless as the sunbeams that shine upon our path.
5. Thy Peace is closer than the atmosphere that wraps us around, and as inescapable as the very air we breathe.
6. Thy Spirit is as pure as the morning dew, and yet as impervious to all that is unlike itself as the diamond which the dew represents.
7. As Thou keepest the stars in their courses, so shalt Thou guide our steps in perfect harmony, without clash or discord of any kind, if we but keep our trust in Thee. For we know Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee. We know that if we but acknowledge Thee in all our ways, that Thou shalt direct our paths. For Thou art the God of Love, Giver of every good and perfect gift, and there is none beside Thee. Thou art omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, in all, through all, and over all, the only God. And Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory, forever. Amen.

II. THE DEEP BREATHING OF THE SOUL

Before it is possible to breathe, one must be surrounded by atmosphere and atmosphere must *be in one*. Likewise, before it is possible to commune with God, which is a more conventional way of characterizing the deep breathing of the soul, one must know that God surrounds all and God is in all; that the Kingdom of Heaven is *here and now*.

As breathing is a mere rhythmic interchange of that which is within with that which is without, a casting-out of that which seems to be bad and a receiving, in its stead, of that which seems to be good, so the breathing of the soul is a casting-out of all that would poison, cramp, or belittle life — in short all that is *unlike* God, and a taking-in of all that is pure, perfect, and joyous, and which enriches life — in short, that which is *like* God.

Without question the very finest examples of this rhythmic communion with God are to be found in the Psalms of the Old Testament. And as our New England forefathers used to begin the day by offering a prayer and reading a Psalm, why can we not emulate their example and add to it perhaps just a touch of originality by offering a prayer and improvising a psalm? Indeed, is not the psalm as much a part of worship as a prayer, and is there any more reason why present-day worshipers should be limited to the collection of Psalms preserved for us in the Old Testament than that we should be limited in our prayers to the petitions preserved for us in Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the ancient Prophets?

The only new and revolutionizing idea that I am introducing into this discussion of prayer, in fact, is a plea for reinstating the psalm, the little brother of prayer, in our private and public worship. We find it now lost complete-

ly to our private worship and reduced to a mere form in our public worship. What I wish to see is the bringing of the psalm back in the form and manner that the old Psalmists themselves made use of as a frank and spontaneous improvisation in the presence of a real need, an imminent calamity, a present sorrow — an actual outpouring of that particular need, trouble, or sorrow upon the outstretched arms of God, and the breathing in of His healing peace, comfort, and love. Such spontaneous psalms were in themselves prayers — the finest and purest examples of prayer that the world has ever seen, of prayer which is dynamic and healing, of prayer which is a real communion with God.

As our first spiritual exercise of the morning was a stretching of the mind to take in God, so this is a breathing of the soul. And just as in physical breathing we give a quick expulsion of the poisons we wish to eliminate, and then drink in slowly of the new, fresh, life-giving, body-building ozone, holding it, first deep in the lungs, then high, turning it over, so to speak, till we have extracted the life-giving oxygen it contains, so we should give our denials with expulsive force, turning instantly to the constructive, soul-building affirmations. The trouble with most of our praying, as with our breathing, is that it is too negative. We shut ourselves up in a cramped little three-dimensional room with our negations, breathing in again and again the troubles that we should let vanish into thin air, instead of turning to new and fresh air — to God.

Marvelous results will come if one will turn in thought to God and Heaven, deny the existence in Heaven of the wrong thing felt or thought, and then realize that in God and Heaven the opposite condition prevails. One must dismiss from his mind completely the thought that the wrong thing felt

or seen is permanent, and then follow instantly with the realization that the opposite condition exists here and now.

For money troubles, realize: There is no want in Heaven and turn in thought to 1, 2, and 7 in Exercise I.

For poor health, realize: There is no sickness in Heaven, and affirm 1, 7, 6, 2, and 5.

For aid in thinking or writing, realize: There is no lack of ideas, and affirm 3 and 7.

For happiness: There is no unhappiness in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, and 5.

For criticism and misunderstanding: There is no criticism in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, 5, 6 and 7.

For friends: There is no lack of friends in Heaven, and affirm 1, 4, and 7.

For worry: There is no worry in Heaven, and affirm 4, 5, and 7.

This is the kind of prayer the Psalmists of old had recourse to in their hours of trouble — the most beautiful example of which is the Shepherd Psalm: —

FIRST PHASE: —

The Lord is my Shepherd.

SECOND PHASE: —

I shall not want.

He maketh me

to lie down in green pastures,

He leadeth me

beside the still waters,

He restoreth my soul.

He leadeth me

in the paths of righteousness

for his name's sake.

(Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death)

I will fear no evil.

For Thou art with me.

Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

in the presence of mine enemies.

Thou anointest my head with oil.

My cup runneth over.

THIRD PHASE: —

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life, and I will dwell in
the House of the Lord forever.*

III. PRACTISING THE PRESENCE OF GOD

And now, having finished the prayer which in form is something like a Psalm, and having finished the Psalm which is similar to a prayer, let us consider how we can turn the strength derived in the quiet hour into the daily routine of the world of action. For the test of every life is, after all, How do the hours of contemplation harmonize with the hours of action?

The value of Walter Camp's Daily Dozen is that, after the fifteen minutes' exercise in the morning, you find you are breathing a little deeper *all day*. We should expect the same results from our fifteen minutes of prayer every morning. We should be living in the Kingdom of God a little more vitally all day. How? Let me tell you.

Here is where we can learn a lesson from the movies. No longer does one have to depend upon newspapers for news; one can see the world's news thrown on the screen if one desires. Then why does one have to depend entirely upon one's prayers for contact with God? Cannot one see, if one knows how, the spiritual ideas of God revealed in the cinema pictures that flash by in actual life? The moment one awakes to the fact that one lives in God's world here and now, one begins to see in every event that comes, a part of the beautiful symmetrical plan of God. Of course, as it flashes by in little separate pictures of a fraction of a second each, not every picture may seem the most perfect. Neither would every stitch of a famous mosaic tapestry appear perfect to an eye looking through a microscope.

Once reach this stage and you have found the secret of following Paul's seemingly impossible command, 'Pray without ceasing.' And now miracles will begin to happen around you.

When a visitor comes, accept him as a messenger from God, and before long a divine message actually will come to you. Accept every disappointment as a signpost to show you to another path, which is better, and you will always find the other path is there. Gradually this practising the presence of God, or living in the Kingdom of Heaven, will become a habit. Then you will wonder why for so many years you had not been living there before.

But remember that the best way to get there is to stretch the mind frequently to take in all of God that you can, and practise frequently the deep breathing of the soul. In other words, one can enter the Kingdom only by prayer and meditation. 'Love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind.' 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all other things shall be added unto thee.'

THOUGHTS ABOUT PRAYER

- I. Think of God and Heaven, not of the bad thing you are tossing off into the air.
- II. Pray if possible out of loyalty to God, for the joy of it, not for results.
- III. Do not pray to bring things to pass; pray to see things that are already in the Kingdom.
- IV. Do not limit the avenues by which God will answer your prayers. Remember that God's ways of manifesting His love are as uncountable as the stars of the firmament.
- V. Do not feel responsible for your prayers, or the answer to them. God alone is the planner and knows best. Love, rejoice, and be thankful for the unfoldment of His plan as you see it.

PROFESSOR BOYNTON REREADS HISTORY

BY EDITH R. MIRRIELES

I

AT ten minutes before twelve, according to his daily custom, Professor Boynton got up from his study table, stretched his arms vigorously once or twice above his early gray head, and strolled out through the open door of his study to the veranda. At its farther end his daughter Helen was sitting between two of her high-school classmates, all three surrounded by a sea of books and notebooks and scattered papers.

‘Why did n’t you ever have me learn any history when I was little, Father?’ she reproached him as he came up the porch. ‘When you used to teach it —’

Boynton let himself down into the hammock behind her. ‘Probably that’s why. Whether you teach it or whether you write it, you find out how much of it is n’t so. What’s the examination this time?’

‘She is n’t giving an examination; it’s a question we’re to write on for Monday. “In your opinion, what has Magna Carta given to West Brookins?” She means, what’s lasted that we get out of it.’

‘She’s chosen a good place to put the question,’ Boynton commented. ‘Now if she were teaching in San Francisco, and trying to find what fragments they still had — What are you deciding?’

‘We have n’t finished yet, but there are three things — What is it, mother?’

Mrs. Boynton had been putting last touches on the lunch table inside. She came to the door now.

‘Nothing. Only I wanted to tell your father something. Edward — Parker has n’t done a thing toward getting that wall down. He came over to say Mrs. Parker was sick and he could n’t. Mrs. Thornley says they were chasing each other around and screaming half the night, last night.’

‘Where on earth do they get it?’ Boynton wondered briefly. ‘Sick’ for the Parkers had a definite meaning. ‘I thought she was sent up for a cure of some kind last month?’

‘I thought so too, but she got off. But what I started to say was this: he went out through the back entry, and when I looked, your garden coat was gone. He was the only person here.’

‘I’ll kill that old scoundrel one of these days,’ Boynton threatened, more amused than angry. ‘I like that coat. I wonder if Thornley’d mind getting it back for me.’

He went in to the telephone and found the number.

‘Thornley? This is Boynton speaking. Thornley, Parker stole a coat from me this morning. A brown one. . . . Yes. Yes, I knew they’d been at it again. Mrs. Thornley told us. If he’s over there working on your lawn, I wonder if you’d mind telling him to leave the coat there till I can get it? He can’t have had time to do anything with it yet. And you might mention to him, too, that if he sets foot on my place again, I’ll save expense and shoot

him on sight. Last time it was my best trowel. . . . Oh, over in Brookins, I suppose. You know what law enforcement amounts to over there. . . . Yes, she's worse than he is.'

He came back laughing to the porch.

'Now there's a question, Helen, that Magna Carta didn't settle. When it comes to a town like this, ninety per cent of it law-abiding, home-owning professionals, having to stagger along with neighbors like the Parkers— You young people staying to lunch?'

II

They were near the end of the meal when Mrs. Boynton, who was facing the open door, motioned through it.

'Look, Edward! It's both of them.'

Outside, the two Parkers, the official derelicts of West Brookins, were coming waveringly along the pavement, arm in arm. Three or four small boys derided safely from a distance.

It was the boys Boynton saw first. He got up instantly.

'Oh, come, we can't have that! Why, he's a man as old as I am! She's going round to the back, Cara. You head her off and I'll go down and speak to him.'

Parker had turned in behind the hedge with which the Boyntons were replacing a partly torn down brick wall. Behind it, he was out of sight from the house, and remembering the three girls at the table, Boynton hurried, with the charitable purpose of saving him the embarrassment of an audience.

'Where's that coat, Parker?' he demanded as he came into hearing.

'What coat, Mr. Boynton?'

'Now look here,' Boynton ordered with exasperation, 'you know what coat as well as I do. Have n't you just come from Thornley's? Did n't he tell you I said I'd finish you if you came near this place again without bringing it back? If you have n't it —'

'I don't know about no coat, Mr. Boynton. I don't know what you're talking about. Mr. Thornley, he come out an' said somethin', but I did n't know —'

The sentence went unfinished. Boynton, facing the speaker from the other side of the pile of bricks, had turned his eyes away in a sort of vicarious shame at his protestations. As the words broke off, he was conscious of something, he hardly knew what—a kind of concussion, a sense of violent disturbance to which there was yet attached no movement. The man in front of him flung up his hands with a choking grunt and crumpled forward. Instinctively, Boynton caught at him as he fell, but he broke through his hold, a dead weight, and dropped across the bricks. On Boynton's hands and his cuffs, blood had flicked itself in sickening red blots. The still sunny lane, with its signs of peaceable labor, was suddenly a place of horror.

And then at once the stillness was broken. Mrs. Parker rushed round the end of the hedge. She threw herself on the thing on the ground, howling and wailing, pulling at it, grotesque, unhuman. Mrs. Boynton had run out too, and Helen and her friends, and two men from the street, and Boynton knew that he must have cried out, though he had not meant to do so.

The two men dragged Mrs. Parker up and bent over the body. They babbled together of a doctor, though all of them knew in advance that the thing on the ground was dead. Nothing living could have had that look. In the press and sudden confusion Mrs. Boynton was the only one who had a definite intention. She caught hold of Boynton's sleeve.

'Come into the house. They'll look out for things. You have to get — to get this off you.'

She would have accompanied him

into the bathroom, but he stopped her at the door. 'I have to have a minute to pull myself together. I'll be down directly. What on earth was it that happened to him!'

Inside, he turned on all the taps. It seemed to him he could never get water enough on his hands. When his hands were clean he pulled off his cuffs and let them drop on the floor, and scrubbed his fingers again after touching them. He could not bear to put the befooled things into the laundry hamper, but with his foot he pushed them out of sight behind the tub.

By the time he came downstairs, the knot of people in the lane had disappeared. Mrs. Boynton was sitting on the porch, and Helen, with scared, reddened eyes, was leaning against her knees. Boynton had recovered enough to be paternal and soothing. He sat on the steps for a few minutes, talking over the grotesque tragedy.

'Poor old soul, I wish I had n't harried him about that coat. He was always honest enough when he was sober. They've taken him to the morgue, I suppose?— Well, we'd better get back to work, had n't we, little daughter? There's no advantage to him in our spoiling an afternoon.'

III

Inside his study his mind refused to apply itself to work. In spite of him, it flashed back again and again to that minute in the lane. He got up and walked up and down the room, puzzling. 'What happened to him? What on earth happened to him?' Toward the middle of the afternoon, when he heard a masculine voice answering Mrs. Boynton's, he took advantage of hearing to stroll out from his seclusion. Their next door neighbor, Judge Boll-

ing—a judge long since retired—was filling one of the porch chairs. Boynton greeted him briefly.

'Oh yes, I'm working, but I heard you out here, and I was wondering—Cara, I suppose somebody's looking out for Mrs. Parker? She would n't have many friends to fall back on.'

'They took her to the hospital.'

'That's good. If you think one of us ought to go over—'

'I don't.' Mrs. Boynton flushed crimson as she spoke. 'I've heard from her. Edward, she—she's—'

'Might as well say it, Cara,' the judge advised. He turned round, laughing.

'You ought to know, Boynton, you're hovering on the edge of the gallows. I was telling Cara just before you came out. Mrs. Parker—'

Mrs. Boynton cut in on the sentence. 'She says she heard you say, "I told you I'd finish you if you came on my place," and then—'

'Why yes. Yes, that's what I did say,' Boynton corroborated. He grasped the other part of the idea slowly. 'Do you mean she has the effrontery—the—the assurance—'

Their guest laughed again, more reassuringly than before. 'She's still two thirds over. Wait till we see what she says when she's sober. — Funny thing is, what was the matter with him? Do you suppose one of those boys who were following—'

'I have n't the smallest idea. I'd think he had a fit and struck his head when he fell, only I saw the blood before that. I tried to catch him, and it was all over me.'

'If I were you, I'd forget about seeing it beforehand,' the ex-judge suggested casually.

He had been gone an hour or two and it was nearly dinner time before the force of his suggestion struck home to Boynton's mind. He commented on

it indignantly to his wife and daughter while they ate.

'A man like Bolling, too! That's the worst of having anything to do with the courts, even as far up as he was. I've never had to testify at an inquest, and naturally I've always kept clear of getting on juries or anything of that kind; but as to using any subterfuge to get out of testifying—'

By the next morning, though, his attention had been diverted to newer reasons for indignation. Mrs. Parker was still too ill to leave her bed, and the inquest was being postponed for her, but her pre-inquest statements, as they seeped out by way of hospital attendants and doctors, were voluminous. She had heard the damning words, she had seen the brick picked up, the blow struck. She breathed out fire and threatenings, between relapses into post-alcoholic grief. The news of her accusations was all over West Brookins. From early breakfast-time the Boynton telephone rang continually as prelude to messages satirical or humorous. Even families in Brookins, the town to which West Brookins was a remote and superior suburb, had heard and added their messages to the nearer ones. Boynton, going out to the box to mail a letter in the middle of the morning, found Mrs. Boynton waiting in the study for him when he came back.

'I don't know whether you'll like it, Edward; I've just had a 'phone from Charlie.'

'If I don't like it, I suppose you won't have had it. What does Charlie have to say? Offer to defend me?'

'Something like that. He said he was coming down as soon as he could get out of court, and—and to keep you from talking.'

'To keep me from it?'

'That's what it sounded like. The phone was n't working very well.'

'That's probably what it was,' Boynton agreed. 'It has the ring of Charlie's advice. Well, run along, dear, and I'll get back to writing. Let me know if he favors us with any more suggestions.'

Inwardly, though, he was pleased. Charlie was his younger brother and in a mild way the black sheep of the family. That is, he had given up an irreproachable law practice in Los Angeles for the sake of criminal practice in San Francisco, and had added to that the extra offense of taking a somewhat holier-than-thou attitude over the change.

'It'll be good for him,' Boynton mused, while he glanced over the notes on his desk. 'To come racing down and find us all going about our business—It's what I've tried to tell him about those clients of his he gets so excited over. If a man lives in a decent place and leads a decent life, he's out of reach of accidents. Now with me—'

He let his mind go, house by house, down the street. There were people he disliked in some of the houses, people no doubt who disliked him; but there was not one house of them all—he knew it perfectly—in which the ravings of Mrs. Parker could meet with any reception except indignant incredulity.

It was pleasant, though, all the same, that the telephone kept up its friendly clamor, that Mrs. Boynton on the porch was holding what amounted to an impromptu reception. Two or three times Boynton strolled out to add his greetings to his wife's.

'To let you see the villain of the piece,' he explained his coming. He was good-humoredly qualified in his comments on Mrs. Parker. 'Poor old wreck! In her condition no telling what she would see! No, I don't

blame her; the people I do blame are the town authorities. A little more sense of responsibility on their part —

IV

Charlie arrived just before dinner, a smaller man than his brother — hawk-nosed, black-haired. Through the meal they kept chiefly to family topics. Even in the study afterward the newcomer fended off discussion until Mrs. Boynton, leaning forward in her chair, taxed him directly: —

‘Is it Helen and I that are the difficulty, Charlie? Would you rather talk to Edward by himself?’

He gave her his first unqualified smile. ‘Could I? It’s a sort of a professional prejudice of mine. You don’t mind?’

He got up to open the door for her and came back from it to the fireplace, where he stood staring down at the logs.

‘Well, what do you think, Sherlock?’ Boynton challenged him.

‘I think you’re in a hole.’

‘Did you actually take it seriously enough to come down from San Francisco on account of this?’

‘I did.’

‘Now that,’ Boynton commented, ‘is what criminal practice does for the mind. I might be in a hole if I were a tramp picked up on Pacific Street — I admit that; but here in West Brookins —’

‘It’s exactly that “here in West Brookins” that worries me — Did you really tell the fellow you’d kill him?’

‘Why, as far as that goes —’

‘Did you or did n’t you?’

Boynton got up too. ‘Look here, I’m not on the witness stand. If you’ve come down with any idea of cross examining me —’

‘Oh, tell it your own way, Ed,’ the

younger brother agreed resignedly, and Boynton ran rapidly through the narrative of Parker’s death. When he had finished, Charlie came back to his chair and sat down in the circle of light from the lamp, leaning his arms on the table.

‘And you still don’t think you’re in a hole — after telling me all that?’

‘I know I’m not.’

‘You said you’d kill him and said it in the presence of witnesses and repeated it over the telephone. Then you were alone with him when he dropped dead; his blood was all over you, and the widow —’

‘Well, do you believe I did it?’

‘That’s not the question.’

‘It’s exactly the question. I tell you, Charlie, you could n’t get any intelligent man in West Brookins — no, nor in Brookins either, though it’s not a place I’m fond of — to believe a thing like that. Not any more than you’d believe it yourself. The evidence would n’t matter; they’d *know* it was n’t true.’

‘You could n’t get a change of venue?’

‘There is n’t any question of “venue.” You talk as though I’d been held —’

His audience seemed not to hear. ‘I never lived in this particular town, of course, but most of them — How big a place is it?’

‘Three thousand, I believe — *West* Brookins, that is. Brookins is larger.’

‘That’s about what I thought. See here; I knew exactly how you’d treat the thing — that’s why I came down; but we’ve got to take it seriously. It *is* serious! Any lawyer’d tell you so. This business of being a valued old resident that you seem to be depending on to keep you out of trouble —’

‘And that will!’

‘Sure of it?’

‘Of course I’m sure of it.’

The questioner drew in a deep breath. 'Well — maybe! But where do you get it, Ed?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'That "first-citizen" stuff? Oh, I'm not trying to hurt your feelings. I'm trying to find out. What do you do in Brookins — I don't mean the United States; I mean right here in West Brookins — to keep them all so certain about you? Vote once in a while?'

'I always vote.'

'I know you do — for President. Vote in the last town election?'

'I don't remember —'

'I remember all right — even if I wasn't here. You meant to and you thought you would and you didn't know anything about either of the candidates, and it looked like rain, and you sat right here and let 'em elect anybody they good and pleased; and now you'll get tried for murder by those same good and pleased parties.'

Boynton laughed. It was an effort to do it, for he was angry, but he made the effort.

'It's a beautiful peroration, Charlie. It's a pity it's wasted. Even an ex-professor knows that town officials don't try for murder.'

'Any idea who binds you over to the superior court? Oh, I don't say a police judge could help it on the evidence, but I do say he won't break his heart over it — not with one of the little high-and-mighties from West Brookins. If you think the cheapest skate there is like being elected and run by the scum of a town — Know any of the police judges?'

'I've never had occasion to.'

'Or the town marshal? Or the coroner for that matter? Then you don't know the kind of men you're up against. If you want my advice —'

'I seem to be getting it.'

'You're going to get it. You won't take it, but you're going to get it, all

right. If I were where you are, I'd do one of two things: either I'd get a theory about that killing and I'd work it for all it was worth, or else I'd get out. Nobody'd look very far for you.'

'You mean — go into hiding?'

'It don't matter what you call it. Go on a visit if you want to. Just get out of the way for a while till there's time to look around. And do it now while you've the chance to do it.'

'If your other clients —'

'I'm not helping you as a client; I'm helping you as a brother. I'm scared, Ed. That's the truth. If anything I can say can get you away —'

'It can't.'

'I knew it,' Charlie acknowledged regretfully. 'I hand it to you as far as that goes. That French-Revolution-Charles-the-First stunt is the one you first citizens always pull when you get into trouble. All right, that's ended — though I still hope you change your mind before morning. What about the widow? Young? Pretty? Well, I don't know which is worse — that, or old and feeble, prop of her declining years removed. You need n't laugh. If you'd had as much experience as I have —'

'You've had entirely too much, Charlie,' Boynton agreed. This time his laughter was sincere. 'You're trying the case down on Kearney Street. What you overlook is that, even if there should be some preliminary unpleasantness — I don't believe there will be — still, I have a safe resort. Nothing can go very far without being passed on by a jury. I know enough law for that.'

'It's the jury you're depending on?'

'It's precisely that.'

'You think if the widow took the stand and swore to what she'd heard you say, and cried and had hysterics —'

'I think it would n't make the slightest difference. I've lived here twelve

years; any jury you could get, any dozen men picked at random —'

His brother repeated the words thoughtfully after him. "Any jury picked at random?" All right — we'll pick 'em; enough to show what I mean. Got a telephone book? It won't be a perfectly fair sample, but it'll give us an idea. Here, I'll read the names off.'

He turned to the A's under West Brookins. 'ABRAMS, ADAMS, ADAMSON —'

'There's a good place to stop,' Boynton interrupted the reading. He spoke good-naturedly with an obvious desire not to insist on his triumph. 'Any one of those three or all of them. Adams and I have played chess together for years. And Abrams —'

'Abrams the one that writes the law textbooks?'

'Yes. He was at the State University when I was, and ever since —'

'Ever serve on a jury yourself?'

'I'm exempt. As a teacher —'

'It's ten or twelve years since you did any teaching.'

'Teaching is my profession, though, and naturally —' He saw the application of the question and was silent.

'What does Adams do?'

'He's a doctor.'

'That exempts him. Adamson?'

'He's retired now. He was formerly counsel —'

'Exempt then.'

He read off three more names. At the end of the next three, he got up and moved his chair over to his brother's.

'It'll be quicker to run down the page and check the exceptions. Know AGNEW? — ALLEN, A. R.? — ALLEN, R. N.? — ALLIGER?'

'Alliger? I don't know any Alliger — Oh yes, he does odd jobs. He brought me some fertilizer once.'

'And you probably objected to the price and he's had it in for you ever

since. He'll be eligible — ALSBERG?'

They had turned one page and were half way down the second before Boynton raised his head from above the book.

'I think we needn't go any farther. I think I see your point.'

'Let's see what we've got, then: one odd-jobs man; one truck farmer — he may get off, it's just a chance if we get him; one garbage man's helper; one you don't know; one delivery-wagon driver — What'd you say about him? I've got him checked twice.'

'I said I'd asked Breck to discharge him because of the way he got orders mixed. If he is n't feeble-minded —'

'He won't be too feeble-minded to remember that — you can bank on his having that much mind; nor too feeble-minded to get accepted, either, so long as he's outside an institution. You see what it comes down to. That's what brought me down as fast as I could travel. I did n't know anything about this town, but I knew what towns full of retired lawyers and bankers and professors and cultured classes generally are always like. Look at Boston! Rottenest city government — You would n't think now of what I said a while ago about going off for a visit for a while? It's just till we'd have time to get our hands on some clues and get in first with them. When you're up against a combination like this —'

Professor Boynton got to his feet. His face was suddenly as old as his gray hair. He swallowed hard before he spoke.

'No,' he said. He stood looking down into the fire. 'It's Helen I'm thinking of, of course. She's just at that age — But no! Whatever I've done —'

'But it's what you have n't done! Good God, Ed, if you'd done anything to him —'

'I don't mean that,' Boynton said. For a little while he resumed his con-

temptation of the fire. 'What I mean is this: all my life I've prided myself on being a good citizen. If I have n't been —' He paused. 'Since I have n't been, to take the consequences of not being—'

'But you could n't have turned the thing — not single-handed.'

'I could have helped. In a place as small as this, if I'd set the example —' He stopped: the telephone, which had been quiet longer than at any other time in the day, was ringing again. 'Cara's gone upstairs, I think. I'll answer it.'

'*I'll* answer it! The less you talk, the better. If it's anybody trying to get a statement out of you —' He went out to the instrument. Inside the study, his brother could hear the quick bark of his responses.

'Hello. . . . Yes . . . Yes . . . No, he can't come just now. This is his brother. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. *What* . . . What's that? . . . Yes, I got you!'

V

There was a long listening silence. Then the receiver crashed down on the hook and Charlie came back into the study. His face was queerly mottled with red and his teeth ate at his unsteady lower lip.

'God's good to you, Ed! The widow got up when they were n't watching her and got hold of something she thought was whiskey. She's just made a statement in expectation of death. She threw the brick herself — came round from behind you. He'd been chasing her with a knife the night before and that was her answer. It was a Judge Somebody telephoned. He said he and some

of your other friends were coming over.'

He stopped, waiting for his brother to answer, but Boynton said nothing.

'I think I'll duck out before they come. I've a meeting in town I ought n't to cut if I can help it. . . . But I'm glad! You know that. I'm tickled to death. I could sit down and cry, just out of plain relief. You'll say good-bye to Cara for me, won't you? And the next time you get accused of murder or arson or kidnapping —'

But Professor Boynton, though he held his brother's hand longer than was usual with him, did not respond to the joking. When he was alone, he went to one of the bookcases and took down from it a little shabby brown-bound volume and turned its familiar leaves. The passage he turned to he could have repeated as well without the book as with it: —

No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or dispossessed, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor send upon him, except by the legal judgment of his peers. . . .

The telephone book was still open on the desk. His eyes went from the page in front of him to the checked names on its list — to the names of the garbage man and the odd-jobs man and the driver of the delivery wagon.

"His peers!" Boynton quoted under his breath. "'By legal judgment of [my] peers.'" The color flooded his face, even to his rim of gray hair. 'My superiors! The men I've left alone at Rannymede!'

He was still holding the book between his fingers when the doorbell sounded and he went out to let in his other peers — the recreant barons of West Brookins.

MEMORANDUM FOR A SUBWAY STATION

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SEE her, then — this perfect perfect city,
This wild fantasia of an artist's dream,
And who has time for dreaming? Throb, throb, throb . . .
I tell you, there 's a madness in her method
That creeps into the soul. First, just a grain,
A little grain of innocent harmless haste
And brisk ambition. Then it swells and rots,
Puts down its fiery tendrils in the mind,
Feeds on a thousand trivials and palavers
Until the inward precious pulse of thought
Is bagged and netted in a lace of nerves;
Until the generous essence, life itself,
This grave slow Time that ripples through our days,
Is something we must clutch at, fever for.
Magnificent damnation! Faster, faster,
Hherded in mobs and capering from destruction,
With yells and mirth and talking, always talking,
We're scouting to and fro.
And then the telephones go ring, ring, ring,
The eager spirit answers Hurry, Hurry!
Against the naked fury of the brain
The clock is beating faster, tick-tick-tick —
You 'll tick yourselves to death.

A VOCABULARY

BY AGNES REPLIER

SOME years ago I wrote to a friendly author — who also chanced to be a stylist — a protest against one of the wanton assertions in which his soul delighted: 'It is n't true, and, what is more, you knew it was n't true when you said it.' To which the answer came back prompt and clear: 'Must I explain even to you that it is not a question of what I say, but how I say it?'

Yet that man was an American, and should have felt with the rest of his countrymen that what he said was a matter of vital import to a listening — or an inattentive — world; but that the fashion of the saying was negligible provided he made his meaning plain. 'A language long employed by a delicate and critical society,' says Walter Bagehot, 'is a treasure of dextrous felicities.' To ask from it nothing but intelligibility is to rob ourselves of delight as well as of distinction. It is to narrow our magnificent heritage of English speech to a bare subsistence, the only form of voluntary poverty which has nothing to recommend it. It is to live our intellectual life, if we have one, and the social life we must all have, upon a rather shabby assortment of necessary words, when we are rich in our own right, and can draw at will upon the inexhaustible funds of our inheritance.

A professor at the University of Chicago, who recently published an 'American translation' of the New Testament, turning it into language 'intelligible to the American ear,' surrendered in the name of scholarship (for

he is a scholar), and in the names of his readers, all claim to this inheritance. When he substituted a bald simplicity for a rich and masterful idiom, he signified his assent to the impoverishment of our national speech. There are some among us who think that if Americans cannot read the King James Bible, they had better learn to read it. Men and women without the tenth part of their schooling have succeeded in doing this. Its heroic wealth of monosyllables, which exceed those of any other English masterpiece, should lighten the reader's task. To understand the precise significance of every word is not essential. To love the sight and the sound and the glory of them is part of a liberal education.

There is no liberal education for the under-languaged. They lack the avenue of approach to the best that has been known and thought in the world, and they lack the means of accurate self-interpretation. A heedless clumsiness of speech denies the proprieties and surrenders the charm of intercourse. Chesterton says that Saint Francis of Assisi clung through all the naked simplicities of his life to one rag of luxury — the manners of a court. 'The great attainable amenities' lent grace to his mistress, Poverty, and robbed her of no spiritual significance. The attainable amenities of manner and of speech, the delicacy of the chosen word, the subordinated richness of tone and accent — these gifts have been bequeathed us by the civilizations of the world.

With a 'treasure of dextrous felicities' always within reach, frugality is misplaced and unbecoming.

Nineteen years ago Mr. Henry James gave as the Commencement address at Bryn Mawr College a matchless paper on 'The Question of our Speech.' He did not approach this many-sided subject from all its angles. He did not link the limitations of the ordinary American vocabulary with the slovenliness of the ordinary American pronunciation, and the shrill or nasal sound of the ordinary American voice. He did not seem to be deeply troubled by the fundamental unconcern which makes possible this brutalization of language. If he regretted the contentment of too many American parents with the 'vocal noises,' unmoderated and uncontrolled, of their offspring, he laid no emphasis upon the contentment of the same parents with the fewness and commonness of the words at their command.

But for the *vox Americana*, 'the poor dear distracted organ itself,' and for 'formed and finished utterance,' he pleaded earnestly with the Bryn Mawr students, and, through them, with the nation at large. It was to him incomprehensible that a people 'abundantly schooled and newspapered, abundantly housed, fed, clothed, salaried and taxed,' should have, in the matter of speech, so little to show for its money. The substitution of 'limp, slack, passive tone for clear, clean, active, tidy tone,' was typical of a general limpness and slackness which nullified the best results of education. 'The note of cheapness — of the cheap and easy — is especially fatal to any effect of security of intention in the speech of a society; for it is scarce necessary to remind you that there are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from the conquest of a difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of

it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get mere looseness.'

The phrase 'security of intention' has the shining quality of a searchlight. It clarifies and intensifies Mr. James's argument in behalf of the coherent culture of speech. He probably never heard the American language at its worst. He was by force of circumstance aloof from the more furious assaults upon its dignity and integrity. 'America' he did hear of course. It is universal. Also 'Philadelphia.' He says he heard 'Cubar,' 'sofar,' 'idear,' 'tulegram,' and 'twuddy,' — for the deciphering of which last word he gives himself much credit. But the compound flowers of speech which bloom on every side of us were lost to him because of his limited acquaintance with the product of our public schools, and with the cultural processes of street, workshop, and office. From this rich array we can cull many blossoms which he must have been happy enough to miss. 'Whaja got?' 'Wherya goin?' 'Waja say?' 'Hadjer lunch?' 'Don' leggo of it!' 'Sall I can say.' 'Na less'n fifty cents.' 'I yusta know 'im.' 'Wanna g'wout?' All of which blendings suggest the fatal 'Dom-scum' of the greedy chaplain in Daudet's story of the *Three Christmas Masses*.

The overworked American *r* has intruded itself upon all observers; but some have failed to notice the whimsicalities of the letter *g*, which absents itself from its post at the end of certain words, as 'goin' and 'talkin,' only to force an entrance into the middle of others, as 'ongvelope.' An Amherst professor has informed us that the word girl may be rendered — according to locality — as gal, göl, gül, göil, gyurl, gurrel, girrel and gûrl. All of these variants he heard on the tongues of the native-born. The No Man's Land of the immigrant he has not ventured to invade. That the child of the

immigrant corrupts the already unbraced speech of the child of the native-born is a fact so undeniable that educators have recognized the danger, and have striven to counteract it. The youthful Pole and the youthful Serb forget their own tongues without acquiring ours. I have listened for ten minutes to the voluble utterances of half a dozen young Jews in a Fifth Avenue bus before it dawned on me that they were not speaking Yiddish, but what was meant to be, and thought to be, English. 'We have among us, multiplied a thousandfold,' says a despairing philologist, 'the man without a language.'

Ten years ago the first Good Speech Week was started as a protest against this careless corruption of our tongue. Its object was to awaken in the alert American mind some conception of what language means, and what advantages may accrue from its preservation. Unfortunately, the wave of sentiment which popularized Old Home Week, and Boy Scout Week, and Mother's Day, and No More War Day, was necessarily lacking when so abstract a thing as speech came under consideration. People saw the point, but could not dilate with any emotion over it.

Moreover, incidental diversions, like wearing a white carnation, or revisiting one's birthplace, are easy and pleasant, while fundamental reforms are admittedly laborious. Therefore the promoters of the movement were compelled to overemphasize its practical utility. Pupils in the public schools were told that clear convincing speech in a pleasant well-modulated voice was a financial as well as a social asset. 'Invest in Good Speech. It pays daily dividends,' was a slogan which might have startled Mr. James, but which was expected to carry weight with the great American public.

And 'American' is a word of wondrous import to its hearers. The educators who were striving to persuade the youth of this country to speak with correctness a language which they were obliged to admit had been imported from England, eliminated, as far as possible, the unpopular adjective 'English.' There were rare and bold allusions to the 'English tongue'; but for the most part the appeal was made for 'pure, forceful, American speech.' Schoolchildren were asked to pledge themselves not to dishonor the 'American language' by lopping off syllables, or using base substitutes for yes and no. One school had an 'ain'tless week.' Another put up a poster, 'Remember the final G.' Shops inserted the more familiar Good Speech apostrophes in their advertisements. Moving-picture producers screened them with 'Topics of the Times.' A few enterprising clergymen preached sermons on 'The Integrity of Language,' and 'The Sanctity of Words.' A Detroit club registered a heroic resolution to avoid the cheaper forms of slang—such expressions as 'Say, lissen'; 'You said something'; 'I'll say so,' and 'What do you know about that?' It was felt that when men dispensed with these familiar and beloved phrases, they would have to think up other phrases to replace them; and that *any* thinking about the words they used every day could not fail to be a novel and stimulating process.

That we are a phrase-ridden nation is apparent to every newspaper reader. A few of the cheapest combinations—'red-blooded men,' 'great open spaces,' 'battle of the sexes,'—have been drained dry of substance in moving-picture halls. It is the exclusive privilege of the film to 'send the red corpuscles tingling through the veins' of the stolid audience which sits motionless and soporific as though asphyxiated

by the foul air. But 'God's out-of-doors' still lingers on the printed page; and so does the misappropriated word, 'colorful,' and 'tang' — a bit of educated slang worse than the slang of the gutters. A purist has recently protested against the substitution of 'home' for 'house' in the notices of real-estate agents; and the daily advertisements of American women's clothing as designed for 'milady's wear' is an intolerable affectation. 'Correctness, that humble merit of prose,' is not out of place in the walks of commercial life.

An American critic has called our attention to the fact that Henry James habitually conveys his elusive and somewhat complicated conceptions in the simplest terms at his command. The sentences are involved; 'his concern is to be precise, not to be clear'; the words are plain, unpretentious and well-bred. 'It is the speech of cultivated England. It is the speech of England, cultivated or not.'

This instinctive preference for the tried and tested, for the blazed trail of language, is held to indicate a lack of intellectual curiosity; but Mr. James was intellectually so curious that common human curiosity, which is part of our normal make-up, was frozen out of his consciousness. It was intellectual curiosity which interested him profoundly in British speech, carried by fate to an alien continent, and forced at the bayonet's point upon an incredible array of alien populations.

'Keep in sight the interesting truth that no language, so far back as our acquaintance with history goes, has known any such ordeal, any such stress and strain, as was to await the English in this new community. It came over, as the phrase is, without fear and without guile, to find itself transplanted to spaces it had never dreamed, in its comparative humility, of covering, to conditions it had never dreamed, in its

comparative innocence, of meeting; to find itself grafted on a social and political order that was without precedent, and incalculably expansive.'

It was a mighty experience for a tongue which had been guarded with some tenderness at home, and which had grown in excellence with every generation of Englishmen. I know of no single line which expresses the perfection of language as it is expressed in Dr. Johnson's analysis of Dryden's prose: 'What is little is gay; what is great is splendid.' The whole duty of the educated writer, the whole enjoyment of the educated reader, are compressed into those ten words.

Mr. James is not the only critic who has pondered upon the mutual reactions of men and speech, upon the phrases which have been forged by human emotions, and upon the human emotions which have been in turn swayed by the traditional force of phrases.

'If reason may be trusted,' says Mr. Henry Sedgwick, 'nevertheless its processes must be expressed in words; and words are full of prejudices, inheritors of old partisanship, most fitful in their elusive and subtle metamorphoses.'

The richness of allusion in our everyday language escapes notice, but it is not without its influence on our subconscious conceptions. The careless cruelty of the phrase, 'Hanging is too good for him,' echoes the conscious cruelty of the persecutor, as he lives, hating and hateful, in *Pilgrim's Progress*. The solemn swing of 'From now to Doomsday,' is heavy with the weight of mediævalism. The great traditions of Christianity have powerfully affected the languages of the Western world, and have lent them incomparable splendor and sweetness. The Spanish tongue is so full of religious derivatives that it has been called the language of

prayer. Just as the Italian who cannot read sees his Bible on the walls of church and cloister and campo santo, so the Spaniard who cannot read hears the echoes of his creed in the words he uses all his life, and responds instinctively to their dominion.

Strange and interesting links in the story of the human race are revealed in the study of phraseology. Strange and interesting influences — national, religious, and industrial — are at work on our speech to-day. Linguistic idiosyncrasies are social idiosyncrasies. I thought of this when I heard an American prelate — a man of learning and piety — allude in a sermon to 'the most important and influential of the saints and martyrs.' It sounded aggressively modern. 'Powerful' is a word well-fitted to the Church Triumphant. 'Virgo potens' is as significant and as satisfying as 'Virgo clemens.' But 'important' has a bustling accent, and an 'influential' martyr suggests a heavenly banking-house.

I have read in the reports of far-traveled adventurers that the most convincing example of language reflecting social conditions may be found in the speech of certain African tribes who have a separate word for the killing of each and every undesired relative; one word for the killing of an uncle and another for the killing of an aunt; one word for the killing of a grandfather and another for the killing of a grandson. A rich and precise vocabulary to properly express the recurrent incidents of life.

Educated Englishmen and Americans have generously admired the careful art with which the educated Frenchman uses his incomparable tongue. Santayana says that this precision is part of the 'profound research and perfect lucidity which has made French scholarship one of the glories of European culture.' Henry James compared

the vowel-cutting of the French actor and orator to the gem-cutting of the French lapidary. Lord Morley sorrowfully confessed that the French have more regard for their language, whether they are writing it or speaking it, than the English have for theirs.

It is a severe and conscientious, as well as a tender and a proud regard. It is part of the intellectual discipline of the nation.

For France, ever on the alert to guard this high inheritance, is far from the danger of complacency. She watches sharply for any indication of slackness on the part of her educators. It is not enough that a young engineer should be accurately informed unless he can accurately voice his information; unless he can write a clear, concise, intelligent, and well-ordered report. A schoolboy is expected to be what Mr. James calls 'tidy' in his speech. An actress is required to be articulate, pleasing and precise, to give to every word she utters its meaning and its charm.

The high-pitched, artificial, and eminently ill-bred voices of many American actresses unfit them for their profession. They can act intelligently, but they cannot speak agreeably. The stage has always been the exponent of correct vocalization, of that delicacy, finality, and finish which sets high the standard of speech. It was left for an American dramatist to complain that he was compelled to rewrite his play in order to eliminate all the words which his leading lady mispronounced.

If some Americans can speak superlatively well, why cannot more Americans speak pleasingly? Nature is not to blame for our deficiencies. The fault is ours. The good American voice is very good indeed. Subtle and sweet inheritances linger in its shaded vowels. Propriety and a sense of distinction control its cadences. It has more ani-

mation than the English voice, and a richer emotional range. The American is less embarrassed by his emotions than is the Englishman, and when he feels strongly the truth, or the shame, or the sorrow his words convey, his voice grows vibrant and appealing. He senses his mastery over a diction 'nobly robust and tenderly vulnerable.' The formed and finished utterances of an older civilization entrance his attentive ear.

Next to the conquest of the world by the Latin tongue through the power and sovereignty of Rome comes the conquest of the world by the English tongue through the colonizing genius of England. In the second year of the Great War, when the vision of 'der Tag' still illuminated German hearts, and Lissauer had expressed with animation his distaste for English interlopers, there were sanguine schoolmen in Germany who prophesied that a conquering Fatherland would drive 'the bastard tongue of canting island-pirates' back to the British shores, and replace it elsewhere with the blessing of the German speech, 'which comes direct from the hand of God.'

This reform has been temporarily sidetracked; and, for the present, one hundred and sixty million people are

making shift to converse in such English as they can master. If the mastery be imperfect, the responsiveness of these multiplying multitudes to images evoked by a world-wide tongue is the most stupendous fact in modern history. Dr. Arnold Schröer has emphasized a blessed truth when he says that the cultural connection between England and the United States has never been broken, and that their common language, as represented by their common literature, gives them a common purpose and a common delight in life. In so far as this language is the expression of jurisprudence, of democracy, of mercantile adventure, it is a strong link between nations that have builded on the same foundations. In so far as it is the medium of social and intellectual pleasures, it is an indissoluble bond. Our conversation with our friends in Boston or New York ties us up with English men and women conversing with their friends in remote quarters of the globe. The treasures of the 'island-pirates' are our treasures. The heaped-up gold of Shakespeare and Wordsworth and Keats is part of our spending money.

With truth has it been said that reading and writing constitute a liberal education if one is taught what to read and how to write.

THE HOLY ONE OF BENARES

BY DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

I

BENARES again! The bend of the Ganges that first came to view glittered and flashed like a scimitar held under the sun. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we entered the Holy City. From the distant bridge over which we walked, the turrets and towers of the thronging temples rose to the sky that burned like a turquoise shell. Stone upon stone, — yellow, gray and brown, — houses upon houses, rose tier upon tier; some had blue doors and windows, and some red; but each and all breathed only one spirit: it was the city of holiness raised above the world on the trident of Shiva. Even the monkeys in the temple of the Mother seemed holy to me.

Benares cannot be described. It is held aloft on the trident of holiness — no description can come near it. I can only set down a few impressions as background to my experiences there. I expected to be disappointed, for I had come to it after a long sojourn in an utterly alien world; and instead of disappointment — I felt its overwhelming majesty. It was Brahmanism incarnate; for no matter what new sect rises amongst us, in Benares it will find a temple and worshipers. In truth, the long arm of the Eternal Religion that abides here reaches out and sustains any new religious experience that utters itself in any form of worship. Thousands of years, thousands of religious teachers — Buddha, Shankara, Ramanuj, Nanak, Kabir, and Vive-

kananda — all have their place here. It is the vast banyan tree which gives shelter to any spirit that wishes to come to it. Here every arch is a soul story and every roof the footstool of God. There is no other city in the world, unless it be Rome, to which one can point suggesting an image of what Benares means to us.

Color on color beat upon us like a changing sea. The tawny minarets of the Beni Madhav rose clear against the intense red of the large gaunt temple-towers next to it; the latter in turn stood against the pure white domes of lesser houses of worship. And over them all danced the gleaming turquoise sky, on fire with the sun. Men and animals jostled one another as we walked the ancient flagstone, while beside us paced the multitude of pilgrims clad in robes of ochre, yellow, white, and red. The large Shiva bulls, their humps throbbing with heat and fat, rubbed their sleepy gray sides against us.

That July afternoon was not a day, but a revelation. No sooner had we entered the city than we felt that the veil of delusions had been torn asunder, giving us a glimpse of the road that we were destined to travel in order to reach the Holy One. It seemed quite natural that every one we met should point out to us the way. In Benares the streets have no names, and houses are not numbered; yet everyone whom we asked for direction told us which

turn of the road to follow. One white-bearded old man said, 'Go to the Spice Market and turn north; that will bring you to the Jewelers; there, if you do not find anyone to tell you which way to turn, go east; that will bring you to the Flower-Weavers' (garland-makers) quarters; turn east again — But Shiva Vishnu, what is the use of so much information? One step at a time, say the senile and the wise! Therefore go, brothers, first to the Spice Market, and if you lose your way, it will only fulfill some prophecy or other — what is life but a fulfilling or defeating of prophecies? Without doubt you will find your Holy One — Shiva, Shiva!'

As we took leave of the old man, my brother said, 'There is no race on earth that can talk as poetically as we do. Every one of us is born with the peacock's colors in his imagination.'

We hastened to the Spice Market, then to the cross-roads of the Ten Stallions; there we turned northward to the embankment called Gem of Gems. Here we made an ascent of a hill covered with houses five hundred years old, buttressed and held together like small Gothic churches hugging one another. We went through courtyards of old palaces, flagged as early as the days when men first learned to make flags. We passed people's drawing-rooms, laundries, flower gardens, over yellow sandstone fences, down broken pavements, in and out of gullies wrought with stones as old as the world itself.

Then suddenly we came upon a vast garden enclosed by tall red-brick walls. There was a gate made of blue-black iron bars; on it two letters were carved in Sanskrit: we pushed through this gate into a garden, green with the fierce verdure of the tropics after heavy rain. We did not wait for permission. We pressed our way past a person or two — men or women — until it

seemed, after passing endless bungalows and corridors, that we were held at bay by a sound — the sound of a marvelous lion-like intonation of Sanskrit. Both of us felt its power. It was not Sanskrit; it was a ring of fire woven out of a chant. One who wished to cross that ring must know the secret of Immortality. No doubt it was the tiger-voice of the Holy One intoning, —

'He has no fear of growth, senility, or death, for he has put on the flame-garb of Immortality. Now with hands of clay he gathers the golden fire of deathlessness. He is stiller than the mountains, hence swifter than the swiftest flight of man's mind: subtler than the subtlest, as a tiger in the blackness of the forest. He is the Eagle of Eternity flying through the wilderness of Time. He has unlocked the door of soul-ecstasy for the Spirit of men to enter in. Though desireless, he fulfills all desires! O thou fierce silence! quicken my senses, smite my tongue till it drips with the flaming honey of Truth-Utterance, and this my mortal body becomes Thy Chalice of Immortality. *Hari — Om — Hari Om — Hari-i-i O-O-m-m!*'

Yet it was not these words, but the golden thunder-vibrant voice, touching chords of infinite range and shade, that held us motionless where we stood. He chanted till the sun went down.

I know not how long we waited in the vestibule, but at last, when we entered the presence, we found the Holy One seated on a wooden couch and a small brass lamp burning near him. The room was absolutely bare. The red-sandstone walls looked gaunt and hard, the cemented gray floor felt cool under our travel-hot feet.

We fell on our faces before Maharajeshar, the Lion — the name they gave the Blessed One. It was such a joy and relief to lie there on one's face! Every moment I felt that gladness was passing

into my heart with a pang. I know not how long we lay thus, prostrate before him.

Suddenly we heard him say, 'Rest a long time here.'

Now I looked at him. Yes, he was indeed holy. The power poured from him, infusing all the air of the room with life. It is impossible to describe it. Those dark brown eyes shone upon us with the simple radiance of a child's, yet they were full of maturity; slanting a bit when he looked sideways, their pupils and the whites almost wrinkled with age; but his gaze was as fresh as a child's after a night of restful sleep. He had a straight tall forehead and straight brows. His face was lean and strong, there was not an atom of superfluous flesh, nowhere a single line to indicate care or worry. When I looked at his mouth I knew at once that he was old, for his lips were drawn and sunken; but the youth of his beautiful nose, firmly modeled chin and clear eyes, mitigated the age that had touched his mouth. I learned later on that at the time the Holy One was suffering from a carbuncle on his left shoulder — it was the pain of it that one saw in his lips.

He spoke: 'What brings you here?'

I answered, 'Problems, my Lord.'

'Problems?' he questioned — then laughed. 'Thou hast acquired the Western habit of worrying and running the Universe. Whose Universe is it, thine or Brahma's? If it is His why not look for Him and find out what He wants from it?'

'But this hate between the East and the West, my Lord. Throughout the East I have heard nothing but distrust of the West. From Egypt to Burmah all men say that the Westerners are thieves, all that they want is oil wells and money. I am afraid this attitude will cause much trouble between Asia and Europe.'

'Thou art very tender-hearted, my child. But do not rob the heart of the discrimination that is its own. Thou art in need of rest. Sit here and idle away time. Eat sweetmeats and sing songs. The Universe can wait till thou art well!'

That evening we spent quietly in the bungalow allotted to us by the Holy One.

II

Next morning about five o'clock we were roused by one of the disciples of the Blessed Master. He wished to know if we would care to bathe in the Ganges. We assented, and were hardly outside our rooms when we heard the thud of human feet. Beat, beat, beat, sounded the bare feet of the oncoming pilgrims. If I were to describe India by a single sound, it would be that beat of the feet of Man. Someone is always walking barefoot and marking the rhythm of pilgrimage; the dust of illusion darkens our eyes, and the veils of time and space delude our minds; yet the heart and feet of every Indian know where to search and whither to look for that ultimate Holiness of the Universe — God.

A very short walk brought us to the river bank. The brief morning twilight had already vanished, and the warm white light of day shimmered on the waters of the Ganges. Every time a woman or a man clad in crimson or saffron dipped in the water the colors broke into a thousand running bits of liquid splendor. Here and there against the half-leaning and half-falling sculptured walls of a temple, girls in violet chuddars, their yellow skirts dripping, moved like statues in stately procession in an antique world, or like frescoes, suddenly come to life.

At last I found myself swimming down the glad currents of the sacred river. The tall stiff embankments of

the Gwalior Ghat slipped by me; half-submerged temples, shrines of an older cult, raised their red turrets as if to greet me, as stroke by stroke I went where the dead were being cremated and their ashes thrown into the Ganges. Now and then I swam past a calm figure of a Yogi sitting on a fallen temple tower, lost in meditation. Little boats with their painted sides crossed and recrossed my way, yet I swam on to the burning ghat. Death, death alone, I wanted to see. The many colored draperies of the bathing populace, the umbrellas made of coco palms, the chanting priests—all the moving life against the hard yellow walls of the embankment, delayed me not. I wanted to behold Death. At last I reached the burning ghat. There I stopped.

I saw two bodies on their respective pyres just catching fire, while the ashes of a third were being thrown into the river. Ah, wonder of wonders. 'Thousands are dying the death that no one can avoid, yet the rest of us live as though we should never die!' Those burning pyres sputtered and sang as if life to them was a festival.

Suddenly I saw the Holy One. I could not believe my own eyes. Near, yes, right near one of the pyres he stood, with three of his disciples, all dressed in ochre-colored robes. I at once climbed out of the water and went toward them to salute the Maharaj. He said; 'One of our patients died during the night. We had to cremate him. The weather is so hot that any delay in burning a corpse may cause putrefaction.'

'But, Master, why do you have this institution? Why have a hospital right in the midst of a sanctuary of meditation?'

'It is a long story,' he answered. Then turning to the three of his companions, he remarked, 'I think now

that the fire is well started you will not need me, so I will go and bathe. Will you all go home after you have finished your work?'

Then he turned toward me. 'Come, let us bathe and have a swim.'

In a few moments he and I were swimming in the Ganges. He swam wonderfully. Suddenly I remembered the carbuncle growing on his back and urged him not to swim any more. Like a naughty lad he answered, 'I do not think of carbuncles when I am at play. Come, race me against the current!'

It was hard work for me. I admit he went against the moderate current faster than I. Again we passed the Yogi lost in meditation on the turret of a fallen temple, and the bathers, their glittering purple, orange, russet, and green draperies clinging to their bodies like liquid colors as they came out of the water and up the stately steps of the ghat, while above them gleamed the red, brown, white, and tawny temples in the fierce light of the sun. Lo, he had sprung like a lion of white flames over the city and flung himself on a black cloud—that 'elephant of the sky' as the poet said.

At last we reached a place where we saw my brother standing on the edge of the water, with eyes shut chanting to the sun:—

'Golden hands,
Golden wings,
With thy fiery radiance
Scorch and consume all ills and evil,
And bring that day
That will press my heart against the
heart of God.'

The Holy Man looked at me, his dark brown eyes twinkling with mischief. He said, 'I suppose thou canst no more sit still and meditate on God than a tiger can concentrate on vegetarianism!'

'I am not pious like my brother,' I replied meekly.

'Ha, thou callest him pious, him who has beheld God?' the Holy One ejaculated.

'Has he truly seen God, my Lord?'

'Canst thou not smell the fragrance of his soul? If thy spirit's nostrils cannot inhale it, can words give thee the perfume of yon man's vision?'

'Then he has seen God?' I inquired and affirmed in the same breath.

'Ask him. He will tell thee,' said the Holy One very simply.

We left my brother to meditate on the river bank, and went on toward the Holy Man's abbey. Again I noticed how beautiful some of the figures looked clad in their wet raiments. The rhythm of their barefooted walk and the close clinging wet colors made the women seem creatures from some ancient myth. Here and there a porter, bare to the waist, would pass with a heavy weight on his head. To see so much of a body, such pleasing skin, such play of muscles was a strange contrast to New York, where everyone is dressed to the hilt. Here in India the bronze men carrying loads on their heads looked stately — in fact no king is so majestic as men or women carrying loads on their heads. The dignity of it is unsurpassable. No matter how cultivated a society grows its toilers will always look more in harmony with art than its idlers. 'The carrier of a load is greater than the wearer of a crown,' Benares told me.

The Holy One who had been walking silently beside me suddenly remarked: 'If the Without is so beautiful, how much more beautiful the Within must be!'

'But, Master, can't I tarry a bit at the door of the Without?'

He answered: 'Thou dost not tarry; thou dost hasten to catch the glamour of the apparent. The pursuer of the thunder cannot afford to tarry. But he who sits above the thunder cloud in

the centre of Heaven tarries forever. He need not move any more, for all things are happening before him. The centre of the Within is the seat of vantage from which to see the drama — the players, on the stage as well as off, and the audience too. Take that seat and none other. Come Within, my son!'

We were at the gate of the abbey. We entered and again passed the many buildings on the grounds. In one I noticed about a dozen sick people being carried in. In the next building we saw patients lying in bed close to the wide open windows.

'Why a hospital, and a day clinic as well?' I asked. 'How did you come to have them here?'

'My son, it is the punishment for doing good. Go, change thy dress and come back to my chamber. I will explain it to thee.'

III

When I entered his room again the odor of sandalwood greeted my breath. The walls looked cool and hard and the floor on which I stood felt cooler yet. This was the first time I had walked barefoot in thirteen years; my feet were sore. I had almost lost my entire faith in the rhythm and beauty of barefoot walking. But I felt the same sense of a strange power pervading the room.

On the floor were seated two young ladies, an old gentleman, their father, and a young monk in yellow, crouching before the Maharaj as though bowed by his sanctity.

The Holy One bade me be seated. 'I am glad,' he said, 'that thy feet pain thee. That will start the easing of the pain in thy soul.'

He turned to the others; 'What was I talking about? — I remember — the hospital which is a punishment for doing good.'

'How so, my Lord?' questioned the old gentleman.

'Even thou, an old man, dost ask me that question also? Well — it all began one day about eleven years ago when one man, a pilgrim, fell ill. I, who was meditating with a brother disciple under a big tree decided to stop meditating, and care for the man who had fallen sick by the roadside. He was a lean money-lender from Marwar and he had come to Benares to make a rich gift to some temple in order to have his way to Heaven paved in solid gold. Poor fellow, he did not know that any gift made thus binds a soul all the more to the Chain of Desire.

'I ministered to him until he recovered and could return to Marwar, to lend more money, I suppose. But the rascal did me an evil turn. He spread the news all along his way that if people fell sick near my big tree I took care of them. So very soon two more people came and fell sick at the prearranged place. What else could my brother disciple and I do but take care of them? Hardly had we cured them when we were pelted with more sick folk. It was a blinding shower. I saw in it all a terrible snare: beyond a doubt, I felt, if I went on taking care of the sick, bye and bye I should lose sight of God.

'Pity can be a ghastly entanglement to those who do not discriminate, and there I stood, with a wall of sick men between me and God. I said to myself, "Like Hanuman, the monkey, leap over them and fling thyself upon the Infinite." But somehow I could not leap, and I felt lame. Just at that juncture a lay disciple of mine came to see me; he recognized my predicament and, good soul that he was, he at once got hold of a doctor and an architect, and set to work to build the hospital. Very strange though it seems, other illusions coöperated with that good

man to help him — the money-changer, the first fellow I cured, sent an additional load of gold and built the day clinic. In six years the place was a solid home of delusion where men put their soul-evolution back by doing good. Shiva, Shiva!'

'But, Master, I notice that your own disciples, boys and young girls, work there?' I put in my question.

'Yes, like these two young ladies here, other young people come to me to serve God. Well, youth suffers from the delusion that it can do good. But I have remedied that somewhat; I let them take care of the sick as long as their outlook on God remains vivid and untarnished, but the moment any of my disciples show signs of being caught in the routine of good works — like the scavenger's cart that follows the routine of removing dirt every morning — I send that soul off to our retreat in the Himalayas, there to meditate and purify his soul. When he regains his God-outlook to the fullest, if he wishes, I let him return to the hospital. Beware, beware: good can choke up a soul as much as evil.'

'But if someone does not do it, how will good be done?' questioned the old gentleman in a voice full of perplexity.

'Live so,' replied the master in a voice suddenly stern, 'Live so that by the sanctity of thy life all good will be performed involuntarily. My children do not *try* to do good. Live like the holy man, my whilom teacher, the Air-Eater; live so that evil will never dare come near where you live, and all the good will be accomplished of itself. For, as a scavenger removes dirt and constantly watches out lest the dirt infect him with disease, so the doer of good lives in perpetual fear of his soul being diseased with the evil he carts away from the house of life. He does not know into what danger the routine of good work can plunge his God-seeking

soul. The pestilence of improving others may kill his spirit. Try the safer way — live so that by your living all good deeds will be done unconsciously.'

At this moment my brother entered the room, dressed in fine ivory-colored silk. He had a look in his eyes that was not of this world. But my mind was after another thing. I asked the Blessed One, 'What did the Air-Eater teach you, my Lord?'

'O thou soul of vulgar probing, dost thou not know what I learned from him I can utter only through my living? If the fragrance of my living does not call the soul to suck the honey of eternal bliss, then — but I will tell thee one thing more,' he conceded. 'I will tell thee of the last visit I made to him, some time after he had entered his mountain cavern.

'I reached the spot in April. All the hills were dry, every scrap of the earth was parched, almost cracked with the dry heat. When I reached the cavern-mouth at midday, I was fainting with thirst. I saw him come out, a man old, ah, old as this city of Benares. His hair was like threads of white silk, his eyes were sunken like large lamps in a misty cave. He gave me a drink of water out of a black shell. I drank on and on — it seemed that I could never have enough. I had no desire to look at anything. Finally, when I had drained the last long drop, I raised my eyes to see my master; but lo, I beheld only but for a moment his back at the cavern-mouth. Then he was gone!

'I knew what it meant — I had lost him! I said to myself, "The thirst of thy body took precedence of thy soul's thirstiness." But there was no time to rebuke myself — somehow I must attain that man! So I sat down to meditate. I meditated about five hours. Yet no answer from the Air-Eater. Darkness was shutting down upon me. The young bears were linking their

voices together in the upper woods and shook the echoes in all directions. The stars came out and questioned me. Again I plunged myself into meditation and not before the first faint preening of the wings of dawn did I emerge therefrom. Then I felt a cool something resting on my hand. I looked carefully — it was the chin of a fawn, dripping with dew. I looked beyond — a pair of small ruby eyes glowed near by. As if they caught my glance and took the hint, they disappeared. The fawn, breathed more easily, and raised its chin; I gently stroked its nose and forehead with my hand. Turning my gaze from the deep brotherhood that danced in its eyes, I looked at the stars; they were close and quivered questioningly like the beckoning finger of a man — it is a terror-rousing sight: do not let the stars question you!

'Suddenly they stopped those heart-breaking signs and fled. The small Himalayan sparrow set the theme of dawn with two notes. After a pause of several moments he repeated them half a dozen times, then stopped. Like a long call of a flute rose a silver light in the east. Again the bird answered. Again came the flutings of silver light in the east. The fawn, now standing near me almost whistled a cry. That was the signal — now began the cymbal crash of gold all over the sky: color upon color, bird note upon bird note, forest upon forest tore the vestments of night into ribands and shreds of silver, gold, purple, and green. Then like the groaning of drums the bellow of the bison came. It startled me. I looked around and the fawn, scenting fear from my movement, fled; while, like the cool cry from a happy heart, came the chant of the holy man from his cave: —

'I am the founder of all life;
I am the many branched emerald tree of Heaven;
I am the sanctities, higher than the highest hills,

The jewel of immortality,
The secret in the sun,
And the song of gold in the dross of life.'

'The sky was by now two wings of glowing sapphire, on which flew the sun, the Eagle of Gold.

'I spent nearly three weeks waiting for the holy Air-Eater to come out of his cave. I never saw him. At last one day in deep meditation the secret flashed through my mind.'

Here the Holy One paused. A great light shone in his eyes. The whole room was filled with glory; the man before us was no more a man, but a song — not from some other voice — but aching in our own throats. Yes, that was the secret: perfect identity of each one of us with all. Alas, hardly had that glorious light broken out when again it vanished.

'Then,' he continued slowly, all the radiance gone from his eyes, 'Then I said to myself, "He will not teach me with words; from now on my instructions must come through Silence": and I rose to leave, for I had accomplished my purpose. After I started down the hill I could not help looking back over my shoulder. Behold, he was standing there at the cave-mouth, smiling a tender, inscrutable smile. I said to myself over and over again, "Yes, I know, my instructions will come to me through silence now."

'I never saw the Air-Eater again. The next time I went to his cave, I stopped at the village first and they told me what I suspected: the Air-Eater had passed onward.'

At this moment the arrival of the doctor, Saravdikari, interrupted the Holy One's discourse. That he had a carbuncle we all knew, but none had been told that the Master was to be operated on that day. The young ladies and their father left the room and I noticed that they bowed very low before the Presence, and with the

ends of their napkins took the dust from his feet. Is there any sight more noble than men and women bending reverently before what they cherish as the highest? In this gesture man attains the acme of his art.

Before the three had left the room two more monks entered with large fans embossed with red and blue semi-precious stones. With these they began to fan the Master.

The doctor, who looked exactly like a bronze Sophocles, began to arrange his weapons on a large sheet of leather which he had spread on the floor. This Sophocles was sombre as well as brown and had very little sense of humor; he laid out his goods with all the unction of a priest poking among his sacred vessels and bells. I whispered to my brother that there must be the manuscripts of tragedy in this man's pocket. He whispered back, 'It is likely he has enough bills there to visit tragedies on many a patient. He is our most prominent surgeon; sometimes they nickname him "the butcher."'

I looked at the Holy One; he had, in the meanwhile closed his eyes like one withdrawing himself into the deeps of his own thought.

The doctor turned to him. 'I must give you an anaesthetic,' he said.

The Master opened his eyes and added gently, 'I don't think that is necessary. One of the disciples will assist you while to the others I shall talk philosophy; that will be my anaesthetic.'

'But you will suffer pain. You may bungle my work,' retorted Sophocles.

'Oh no, doctor; I will not spoil the skill of your instruments of torture. Do begin!'

So they began. Sophocles deftly cut into the carbuncle while the Master described in a quiet even voice the need of Bhakti, Raja, Juana, and Karma Yoga to us. He went on and on with

his ideas as the doctor worked with his scalpel. Yet the Blessed One's tone did not change, nor was there a mark of pain visible anywhere in his face. Once in a while I felt the running and trickling of blood down his back as he paused between sentences, but even that feeling in me was brushed aside by the words coming from his lips.

At last it was over. The wound was completely bandaged. Now the doctor turned to the Master and asked with a smile, 'Did you feel any pain?'

'Why should I, doctor?'

'I felt the temperature not quite normal on that side of your back. Are you sure you felt no pain?'

'How could I? I was absent from that part of the Universe where you were working. I was present in this part where I discussed philosophy.'

Suddenly the doctor glanced at us and remarked, 'When this man dies one of the most astonishing specimens of Hindu religious culture will go with him.'

He bent low, and as the others before him, took the dust from the feet of the Master, then stood up to go. He enjoined his patient to take absolute and perfect rest, then helped the disciple to put the place in order.

I was unable to contain myself any longer. I said to the Blessed One, 'You who are so holy, why do you not heal yourself?'

Here the doctor interposed, but the Holy One said, 'I am able to answer the child.'

'Very well,' said Sophocles. 'I shall wait till you finish answering. Then I will put you to bed.'

'Doctors and Death are absolute,' exclaimed the Holy One. 'The reason, my son, why I do not heal myself is that the will here,' he pointed at his heart, 'turned into ashes long ago. I gave my will to the Will of the Universe. Now I spend my time willing the happiness of all. If in the happiness of all I incidentally am to be healed, then my friend the doctor is the incident. If not, why should I call my will back from the embrace of the Infinite to do here a little repairing upon myself? No, my son, I would rather not be Holy than stoop to take back a gift to my Beloved!' He turned to the doctor. 'Come, dear friend, you have been very patient with me; put me to bed!' At this, everyone save the doctor and the two monks with fans left the room.

IV

The quest of my brother's face is nothing new. It is the old, the age-old search for the happiness that comes in a flash, but abides with us till death, and which perhaps continues beyond that final event of Life.

Who is our brother? Is he the man we find, or the man we look for? The sages of the Upanishad have answered that our brother is He who wears that One Face dwelling in the thousand faces of all life.

That Face I have never seen, but as time passes, and as the shadow of age falls across my path, I feel more often in my brother's face that Absoluteness of truth as well as of love, though only for the length of time that a mustard seed may sit steady upon the horn of a Shiva bull.

I was thinking of these things a few days later, as I was sitting alone on the porch of the temple. My brother had gone on a short tour of inspection connected with his medical work. Suddenly I saw my sister coming toward me holding a telegram. At first I thought it was from him, but when she handed it to me, I saw that it was from Benares, from the Holy One. It said only one word: 'Come.'

It was not too cryptic to hide from me the final command. Had my brother heard also, I wondered? I

must make ready and go at once. The whole world depended on my reaching Benares without delay.

It was hard to say good-bye to my sister, because she asked for nothing. She said, 'Live long. Abide in serenity wherever thou art. I shall fast until thy journey's end, and that will purify our hearts and may give thee what thou dost desire. Only the hearts that are pure can attain what they need. Farewell, farewell!'

Farewell — the bugle had been sounded; I must hasten to action.

I took a last look at our temple, a glimpse at Shree Krishna's face. 'Yes, as long as he sits there, the world will go on,' I said to myself. 'If this religion dies, wherever that Krishna statue goes, a new temple will be built to enshrine him. Gods live long and compel the tribute of time. Farewell, farewell!'

I crossed the bridge and drove for the railway station that looks like a palace of crimson.

Next morning I got off at Benares and went immediately to bathe in the Ganges. It did not take long, but the ablution in the holy water was a necessary preliminary to visiting the Holy One.

I found my brother at the entrance to the monastery. After I had taken the dust from his feet, he led me within. The master was lying on his couch, and two monks in yellow were fanning him. Sunlight poured into the room through the open windows. His face was white as a dying man's generally is, and a black beard, of about fifteen days' growth, covered it. His eyes were closed, and his forehead once in a great while contracted momentarily, then grew smooth again with the passing of a paroxysm of pain; but the power was still about him like a garment. He began to speak as if resuming an old familiar conversation.

'My son,' he said, almost in a whisper, 'as to the eye of the sky, the clouds and stars are in it, and yet contain not all of its intangibility. So are the experiences of man.' Then suddenly, in a stronger voice, he commanded me, —

'Return to the West! Thy time for peace has not come. Thou wilt commit some errors yet. Only be pure in spirit — vanity is the worst impurity — and through thy errors thou wilt learn.'

He paused, closing his eyes. When he opened them again, they were clear and keen. He said to me, —

'India needs love. The West has given her criticism these many years, therefore give the West love, till she learn to love this land of the Sages. I am quite clear in what I am saying; love her; and she will fulfill her destiny. The West still believes that knowledge will give her God: we think that God can be found by Bliss alone. A decade of intense loving will enable her to accomplish a century of God-realization.'

'But Holy One,' I cried, 'I am most pained and bewildered. What of conversion? Shall I go to the West as a missionary of Brahman? Is ours a missionary religion?'

'Thou of thyself canst convert no one, my son,' he replied, 'for thou art not holy. When a saint converts a man to his eternity the saint takes the burden of the man's sins upon himself. Therefore I say to thee thou mayest not convert, but speak thou of God to any one who has time to waste.'

'Holy One,' I exclaimed in amazed awakening, 'then vicarious atonement is true?'

'Indeed, my son, only saints may convert others, for when you convert a man you yourself become responsible for him. People should not be converted from one religion to another, but from all religions into the Eternal Religion whose name is Viswarupadarsana

— which is to behold one's Own Self as the self of the past, the present, and the future of the Universe.

‘That last conversion, that supreme realization — the realization of one's own identity with the existing All — is the goal to which little human conversions point. Desire then to convert the human into the divine, the temporal into the timeless, to convert all men not to one religion, but to the essence of all religions! Go, my son, and ask each man to realize that he himself is God.

‘Make thy mistakes like a king, my son, but love with all thy heart. Love — love.’ His voice became fainter. ‘Go hence now, and look upon thy brother's face!’

He closed his eyes and spoke no more.

We bowed and touched our foreheads to the floor and walked noiselessly out of the Presence.

V

For three days I did not see the Master again. My heart was heavy. In India when a man dies we say he is about to start upon the great journey — literally — he makes the supreme change of habitation. ‘I relinquish my hut to enter my palace,’ say the dying. But must I, after knowing the splendor of his presence, remain behind in the darkened and empty hut to wait — for how long? I am not able in words to convey the experience of this man. Sick and fragile as he was, the power of his presence charged the very air we breathed until it lived like an organism to bleed at a touch. How many times I had entered his room to find him, ‘The Lion,’ sitting straight on his bed and the people crouched about him on the floor like mice, bowed before his silent power. Once I had been so overcome that seeking where to hide my

face, I had buried it in his shoes which were cool, like stone.

It was the daybreak of my third day in Benares that the Master asked for everyone to be present. Since a hundred people could not be accommodated in his room, we brought him outdoors. He wished to be placed under that mango tree where he had meditated for so many years. A group of disciples and friends surrounded him.

In the open he seemed better, his unshaven face did not look so white. He lifted his eyes and gazed at us slowly; not the least one of us all was hastily passed over. Each one received his message, so far as he could interpret the great glance cast upon him. Then the Holy One spoke:

‘The call has come, my children. I must go. No lamentation! I have taken you upon my back; I shall not drop you into the ditch on my way Home; you shall be in His House with me! To be afraid is vile, therefore fear not! Even the ultimate sin cannot touch the fearless.

‘Whatever I took from my master, I in turn pass on to you. I leave behind me for you all that he taught. I take nothing with me. All knowledge, all benediction, I lay here at my feet for you; spring from it into the Infinite!’

He ceased, and we saw that he was in great pain.

Suddenly he said,

‘I am in haste,’ and chanted out: —

‘*Kamasya ytrapta
Kamastatra Mam
Amritam Krisi,*’

signing to all of us to chant with him. But his voice was soon drowned under the cry of a hundred men and women: —

‘Make me immortal,
There, where all are vested in light.
There, where no longing is,
For all longing has been stilled by
fulfillment.’

Our love had surrounded him like a fence, and he could not depart nor free himself from the entanglement of our affection; so he had commanded us to chant; and as the intoning engulfed us — *Om Hari Om* — and our hold relaxed, he slipped through our loosened grasp. Suddenly, as a sword falls through the air, silence fell upon our chanting — he was gone! His face, which was always so full of expression, now lay expressionless and white. His eyes were closed. His mouth grew hard and rigid. The morning breeze trembled through his hair for a moment.

We anointed the corpse with pure sandal oil, covered it with hand-made homespun silk of ochre color, then carried it, bed, cot and all, on our shoulders to the burning ghat.

It seemed that all Benares had heard the news, but how I do not know. Other men and women, holy also, had already gathered at the ghat, and the old lady, who taught that All is nothing, that truculent old man who cried there is no God — both of them had reached the ghat before us. Flowers poured from all directions as we went our way. It was overwhelming.

Now it is a law in Benares that if a Holy One dies in the sacred city he is not cremated. His naked body is thrown into currents of the river, to be borne to the sea. A holy body must be given to the Holy Ganges. Even the flames are too impure for it!

'Prehi, prehi
Pathibhiih purbevi.'

'Go, go, on the path of ancient mystery!'

The old words rang out, and the river received him in her arms; and swiftly bore him from our sight. We gazed and gazed at the flowers that floated after till they too were lost in the blue distance like bubbles in the sea.

After our ablutions and prayers, we returned to the monastery. Now that he was gone, we must remember his injunction to shed no tears. When a holy one departs this life, there can be no official or unofficial mourning. So as soon as we could gather our forces of self-control together, we gave a feast of rejoicing to all Benares. Pilgrims, priests, holy men, beggars, and rajahs — seven thousand or more came and sang the praise of God. His light shone on all faces and his essence danced in every heart. 'In every human being I am the expected flush upon his face.'

And then at last I was no longer alone. Peace returned to my heart with the light from the eyes of my brothers.

The following week, I set out on another pilgrimage to the New World. What had I found to bring back with me — what offering from India in upheaval to America in the heyday of her prosperity? Only the ancient sweet spices and myrrh, only the old incense of love; but my orders were plain, and with joy I turned again to the West.

I bade good-bye to my brother; his face is with me now. Next to the Holy One, his is most sacred to me.

As for the last time I took the dust from his feet, he said simply: 'Finish thy quest. Remember the warning of the Holy One. Criticize no more! Buddha blessed the world, and in blessing gave new life. There the miracle! Farewell — but come back again and bring to us the face of blessing and benediction from the West.'

I kept looking back at my brother as my train moved out of Benares, and for the first time in my life, I beheld tears in his eyes. Then all was lost to view. But no — for now on the *western* horizon I saw dimly, but ever growing more and more clear before me, the beloved Face of my Brother.

LONDON — FORTY YEARS LATER

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

SINCE I first entered London through the granite portals of Euston Station, forty years ago, London has been practically rebuilt. The London of my youth was the London of Charles Dickens, which has to all intents and purposes disappeared: it lay, roughly, between the Strand and Oxford Street and west of Ludgate Circus. If that keenly observing novelist were to come back, it would take some time for him to reestablish himself; for whole districts which he knew well have disappeared and in their places are wide avenues lacking altogether the character that was distinctive of the London of his day. The Strand, once the narrowest of the great thoroughfares connecting the east with the west end, has been widened and almost entirely rebuilt, but it still remains one of the ugliest important streets in Europe. The semicircle of Aldwych and the wide avenue, Kingsway, abutting upon it, are equally characteristic of New York, Chicago, Berlin, or any other large city.

Probably the finest site in London presents at the moment a rather desolate appearance, occupied as it is by one very large office building, built by Mr. Irving T. Bush of New York, bearing the legend over its principal entrance, 'To the Friendship of the English-Speaking Peoples.' Only the middle one of three equally large buildings, all to be under the direction of Mr. Bush and occupying what is

termed an island site, is at present completed. I cannot wholly commend the beauty of 'Bush House,' as it is called, but it is a magnificent venture, and I am inclined to doubt whether any man in England would have had the courage to undertake it.

Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square remain much as they were when I first saw them. Coutts's Bank is now occupying the site of an arcade where toys and trash were formerly sold, and a row of mean buildings have given way to a group of unimportant portals called the Admiralty Arch, giving entrance to a superb roadway leading to Buckingham Palace, planned a century ago by John Nash.

The thought of this great architect who did so much to give to London its substantial, if somewhat gloomy character, leads me to condemn as restless and trivial much of the work that has displaced his. He is responsible for the dignified Carlton House Terrace, which yet remains, and for Regent Street which extends from York Steps to Oxford Street, which is rapidly disappearing. His was, as someone has said, a supreme example of good manners in architecture. Nash, having secured an elevation that satisfied him, got out his charts and compasses and laid out a fine wide street with a quadrant and squares and circuses to break its monotony, and then said to the builders, 'Now go ahead and build two miles of that, one on each side of the

street.' Gradually these old buildings are coming down. Piccadilly Circus is a circus no longer, and soon the old insurance building with its arcaded front, which has been for so long a landmark, under which so many women have waited for the man who never came, will disappear, and there will be revealed in all the cheap tawdriness of white terra cotta, now mercifully hidden, the Regent Palace Hotel of Messrs. Lyons.

It will, I suppose, be another ten years before Regent Street is completely rebuilt; the buildings now being erected are expensive and elegant, but are suggestive of New York rather than of London, only in New York the buildings seem better fitted for their purpose. From the point of view of an architect seeking to make the most of his opportunity, there is, I should say, too much wasted space and too much utterly meaningless decoration.

Who does not know Liberty's? A shop for several generations famous for household art goods and silks and satins of exquisite texture and lovely color. On the right side of Regent Street going toward Oxford Street, there are several Liberty shops which will be replaced by new and presumably magnificent premises; but Messrs. Liberty are now engaged upon a project in Argyll Place, in the rear of one of their present locations, where they are erecting what seems to me to be the most beautiful structure now building in London. It is Tudor in design, of timber and concrete; in appearance not unlike the old Staple Inn in Holborn. The heavy timber work, the overhanging gables and the window frames are made from oak timbers from old battleships which once formed the wooden walls of England. There are ten gables of different elevations and on different planes on the Argyll Place front, and a

mass of handsomely wrought chimneys break up the roof line which is five stories above the street. Had this old world structure been placed conspicuously, on Regent Street for example, it would have been horrible, but in a by-street one comes upon it with delight. I took the trouble to ascertain that Mr. E. Stanley Hall is the architect.

Oxford Street, too, has been almost entirely rebuilt, and easily the finest shop in this street is that of Gordon Selfridge, once of Marshall Field & Company of Chicago, now closely identified with the modernization of London. Without a doubt Mr. Selfridge has changed the character of shop building in London, of his quarter in particular. In Baker Street just around the corner great changes are taking place, and an effort is being made to make it a fashionable shopping-centre. The houses in this neighborhood, when originally built, were leased for a period of ninety-nine years; as they 'fall in' ('expire' would be our word) they are not renewed, but the buildings razed to make way for modern structures. An idea of the constant and rapid growth of London is suggested by a clause which the old leases contained restricting tenants from keeping pigs on the premises.

FOR MEN ONLY

As one looks in the windows of the tailor shops, and there are more such in London than anywhere else in the world, one is struck with the beauty of the cloths displayed in them. Exquisite in weave and color and style, one is powerless to resist the temptation to order one more suit. If you obey that impulse you are lost. Obsequiously the shopman listens while you tell him of the harrowing experiences you have had at the tailor's in the next street.

'It's too bad, sir,' he says; 'it makes

it 'ard for them has tries to please their customers. You shall have no difficulty like that with h'us, sir, h'I h'assure you, sir.' Seduced by a fine line of talk and beautiful cloth, and a low price, — cloth suits are to-day the only cheap thing in England, — you order a suit, being very explicit in your instructions.

Will you get what you ask for? Not a bit of it. After the third trying-on, the suit, originally cut for a giant, begins to work down to within a few inches of your measure; that is to say, you can stuff only one large sofa cushion in the seat of your trousers, not two. Eventually, after several more 'fittings,' in disgust, or despair, or both, you pay for the suit, and have it sent to your hotel. Some weeks or months later, in the seclusion of your own room at home you put on the garments. This is what you find: the waistband of your trousers, which are cut heart-shape in the back as though they were intended to be worn conspicuously on St. Valentine's Day, is three inches too large; they are four inches too large in the leg; in them you look like a comic music-hall artist. They are several inches too short, while between vest and trousers there is a hiatus of an inch or more which reveals a strip of your shirt, or it may be that for variety's sake they come well up under your armpits.

Recently a new species of trousers has been introduced with pleats around the waist; but I cannot think that this 'maternity' type will long endure. The arms of your coat are too small; you smash your cuffs getting into it — seemingly nothing fits anywhere. Then you begin to explore the pockets. How wonderful they would be were you a shoplifter by profession. In each of your coat pockets you could secrete a large dictionary: in your lower vest pockets you could carry away a nice supply of toilet articles. But hold!

here is a small pocket, two in fact, the upper vest pockets, which you insisted upon having made very narrow as you house in one only a narrow leather case containing your commutation ticket, and in the other a tiny cardcase or a lead pencil. These pockets have indeed been made narrow in accordance with your specifications; but only at the top: below they are so large that anything you put therein drops down and extends itself lengthwise, well out of reach. In the fob pocket of your trousers you can carry an extra large Waterbury clock, while in your hip pockets — which, out of deference to your being an American, the cutter insists on calling 'pistol pockets' — you can conceal such weapons as are necessary only to a villain in a melodrama.

I am wearing at the moment of writing a fine new suit of black-and-white check: I call it a 'certified check' to distinguish it from another suit which has been 'protested.' Now, would you believe it? the lining of the vest, the back of it, that is, is made not of the satin or fabric usually employed, but of the same check cloth as the front. The effect produced is that of a porous plaster. You have seen the advertisement, 'Feels good on the back?' Well, this does n't, and the straps that buckle together are so long that I invariably entangle myself in them in putting the garment on. I have in mind a number of shops in the West End, over the doors of which heraldic animals prance dangerously as though to imply protection to those within from the assaults of outraged customers. I mention no names, but I am preparing a confidential list which may be purchased for a small honorarium, and which will be found much more valuable than those letters to which you are subscribing which purport to tell you how to make money in Wall Street. And lest these remarks

are considered too sweeping, I would except the overcoat foundries of Studd and Millington in Conduit Street, famous for topcoats the world over.

II

Being in Conduit Street, let us call on my friend Mr. Maggs, the bookseller. There are two brothers,—there were three,—who tell me they have struggled hard to overcome their 'shyness': this is what an Englishman always calls his inability to come forward and grasp a man warmly by the hand and suggest, at least, that he is glad to see you, as Gabriel Wells does, for instance, when you call on him in New York. But if you are interested in fine books, you will do well to call on Maggs Brothers, and after you have broken the ice—and it won't be hard—you will see some things that will make your pocketbook look as though it had been stamped on by elephants. Two minutes' walk further west, and you will be looking into the window of the Dobells, who have moved their finer books from the rather sordid atmosphere of the Charing Cross Road. I would suggest that you enter and do not let Mr. Dobell's 'shyness' affect you. You will probably find some books that you can be happier with than without. Not far away in Grafton Street is Sawyer's, whose rise in the world has been rapid and deserved. No 'shyness' about Mr. Sawyer; maybe you will be more successful than I have been in prying him loose from some of the finest Dickens items in existence. He boasts, so far as an Englishman can be said to boast, the finest Dickens collection in England. He says it is his private collection; but some day, when he gets ready, he will sell it. When I last saw him he had a wonderful copy of Pope's 'Essay on Man'—Pope's own, full of his notes, and very cheap.

While I was counting my money to see whether I could buy it and at the same time afford a steamer ticket home, Colonel Ralph Isham stepped in and carried it off. To quiet my anathemas he gave me a beautiful priced copy of the 'Sale Catalogue of Boswell's Library,' which will match up very nicely with my copy of the 'Sale Catalogue of Dr. Johnson's Library'; so I have something to show for my rage.

Quaritch is just next door: more 'shyness.' There is little to choose between Mr. Dring, the manager-in-chief, and Mr. Ferguson, next in command. Both are men of profound knowledge of the old school of booksellers, who might be called scholars first and booksellers afterwards. If in a Quaritch book you see in pencil 'C & P,' signifying 'collated and perfect,' followed by Ferguson's initials, you need ask no questions: collated and perfect it is. Of late years 'Quaritch' has relaxed its austerity a little: you might possibly find there a first edition of *Moby Dick*, that great, great book which we are all now seeking; but you would be much more sure of getting there a first folio of Shakespeare or a King James Bible. Bookselling in London is a highly specialized trade.

Sabin's is in Bond Street, just around the corner; not many books now, but what there are, fine, very fine—and prints! The ease with which Sabin says 'two thousand,' when you ask the price, will amaze you; and when, to hide your confusion, you become facetious and say, 'dollars?' he hisses 'guineas' in a way that will teach you to respect a West-End tradesman. That extra shilling in the pound is a thing no American can ever get accustomed to. But I have n't the least doubt that Frank Sabin would gladly buy back from me every item I have had from him, and at a profit—to me.

At 29 New Bond Street is the oldest

established bookselling business in Britain to be carried on continuously for not quite two hundred years on the same spot, Ellis's. The business was founded by a John Brinley, who chose this location 'on account of its convenience to the Royal Family and the Quality of England.' The firm still retains this 'convenience,' and no doubt the patronage also, for these things never change in England. A little more than a century ago when this shop bought very expensive books, such as unique Caxtons for three hundred, and Shakespeare folios for a hundred pounds, it was supposed that it must be buying for Napoleon Bonaparte, but it was later discovered that its client was the Duke of Devonshire. I knew the business forty years ago as Ellis and Elvey; now it is Ellis simply; but there has been no Ellis connected with it for more than a generation.

If you go to the top of Bond Street and cross New Oxford Street, you will bump into Bumpus, an old established firm of booksellers, who for years have been handling new books almost exclusively, but who have recently opened an excellent rare-book department in charge of a very competent man whose name I have forgotten — but my check book shows the scars of several encounters with him. And by all means, wander still farther north and call on my friend Francis Edwards, in Marylebone.

I always think of Austin Dobson's lines as I go —

And ladies of rank to perfect their tone
Went out of town to Marylebone!

Mr. Edwards has one of the best general bookshops in London, in which I pleasantly loiter away many hours. Or, go the other way toward St. James's Square, and near by in King Street is Pickering and Chatto, a firm that specializes in Tudor and Stuart

literature. No need here to enquire for Samuel Butler, meaning thereby the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. The only Samuel Butler they have ever heard of wrote *Hudibras*, whose couplets are always on our lips, perhaps without our knowing who wrote them. From them I secured my copy of *Hudibras*, with the arms of Charles the Second thereon, whose favorite poet Butler was.

Jimmy Tregaskis has moved his shop from Holborn to Great Russell Street, opposite the British Museum, which he laughingly refers to as his annex. A gentleman first, and a bookseller afterward, I have heard him described. Not as young as he was when I first knew him, forty years ago, he is still going strong and will some day hand over a well-established business to his son Hugh, the most popular boy selling books in England, and justly so. I love him for himself, and for his father's sake and his mother's.

III

Reader, if some day you happen to be in that quarter of London known as Soho, about lunch-time, drop into a well-known restaurant, 'The Rendezvous,' in Dean Street; go in and keep on going until in the back room you may espy two men seated at a small table in the corner. You must not speak to them but you may listen — and you will learn much. You will observe that the wife of one of them has permitted her husband to retain a great deal of hair: that would be Mr. Clement Shorter, the editor of the *Sphere*, a most kindly man and a fine bookman, the possessor of an excellent library at his delightful country place at Great Missenden, where I have spent many happy hours.

The man with him, whose hair is conspicuous by its absence, is Mr.

Thomas James Wise, whose library of first editions, from 1640 say, is unexcelled in the world. This is a tall order, but no one acquainted with it would dispute the statement. These two men have been lunching together once every week for — well, how many years old is their business? All that time they have been talking books — nothing but books! For subjects within his range, no man has the knowledge that Mr. Wise has. Alert, shrewd, gifted with a wonderful memory, and with sufficient means to gratify his tastes, he has for fifty years secured the best of whatever has come upon the London market. A stickler for condition, only the best can secure a place upon his shelves. Reader, think of the rarest book (since 1640, mind you) you know, and then go to Mr. Wise's library (if you can), and you will find it: in boards, uncut, if perchance it was published that way, 'with the label'; or perhaps a presentation copy with some especially significant inscription.

When I am in London, you will see three men at that corner table; I shall be listening, and when I assume the rôle of a listener there must be a good reason for it. Into this little coterie, I several times last winter introduced a fourth person, Colonel Ralph Isham, an American officer now living in London, who during the war served in the English army with distinction. Colonel Isham collects Johnson and Goldsmith, which he may, for I have mine; but if he supplants me with my friends he will be in greater danger than he ever was in France. These little verses came to us from him after one of our meetings.

THE TRIUMVIRATE

In Shorter and Newton and Wise
A simple affinity lies
They have mutual books
And tastes — and good looks
And they argue the 'Whereso' and 'Whys.'

A cavernous longing they share
To possess all works seasoned and rare
That were pressed out of Johnson
Or Caxton or Tonson
And thus do they banish dull care.

In public with Shorter and Wise
It is Newton that causes surprise
His dominant suiting
From Mayfair to Tooting
Occasions ungracious surmise.

With Shorter and Newton and Wise
Confusion is apt to arise
But Newton is Shorter —
At least by one quarter —
And certainly Shorter is Wise.

Not everyone can wear plaids with distinction, and I feel that this slur was prompted by jealousy.

IV

'So this is London,' I remarked to myself one day as I laid aside my *Times*. 'But is it possible that George, the Fifth of that Ilk, is reigning?' From glancing at what is going on in the theatres one might suppose that Queen Victoria was still upon the throne. Bear with me while I run over the list of attractions. 'When Bunty Pulls the Strings' and 'What Every Woman Knows,' both clever, amusing comedies, but not of yesterday or even the day before. Would you see a bright sparkling operette? 'The Merry Widow' is at Daly's, as it has been any time these last three years. And there is, of course, that best of all operas, 'The Beggar's Opera,' first produced at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1728. It is really the most up-to-date show in London. Certainly it is the most artistic and enjoyable performance given here in a generation; but I have seen it seven times and am not qualifying for a place in 'The Beggar's Opera Club,' to attain which one must have seen it fifty times. 'The Prisoner of Zenda' is playing somewhere, and

'The Importance of Being Earnest' is at the Haymarket; this, the most brilliant comedy of my time, I went to see. It is just too old to be young and too young to be old, still I enjoyed it, but to think that I should live to see Oscar Wilde out-moded, to use a phrase of Max Beerbohm's! 'Our Oscar!' who introduced the comedy of words to our stage after a century's absence. The costumes were of to-day and the women were not up to their parts; the country girl, who, when told by the city belle that 'she had no idea that flowers were so common in the country,' replies that 'flowers are as common in the country as people are in London,' gave these telling lines while people were snickering from the first witticism and, seemingly, no one heard them but myself. I was waiting for them. Once again, one can see 'Sweet Lavender' and 'The Private Secretary.' One has a horrid feeling that 'Two Orphans' are lurking just around the corner — and is that 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that I see in the distance?

Now there is a tragic reason for all this: the war did alike for playwrights, actors, actresses, and audiences. London to-day has no important playwrights other than Shaw and Barrie; these are still with us but their work is done. The fine actors of a generation ago have passed away, and the people who fill the theatres to-day are a new generation of playgoers who know little either of plays or of acting and do not demand the best. 'The money has changed hands,' they tell you in London: the people who had it once have it no longer; it is very sad.

'You must see "Our Betters." You won't like it, but it is the best thing in London,' someone told me. Looking in the newspaper, I read: 'It makes the audience gasp.' I went, I did not 'gasp'; I yawned. Somerset Maugham wrote it, and it was played seven or

eight years ago in New York. The story is this: an American girl of some charm and wealth comes to London and marries a man with a title. Her husband never appears; he is the only man in London who is never to be seen in his wife's drawing-room. She is being 'protected' by a rich, vulgar American who allows her ten thousand a year, which, with her own fortune, makes her independent. Her younger sister, also with money, comes to London from New York, or Chicago, or somewhere, followed by a stupid American boy very much in love with her. There are two or three women who talk interminably to two or three Englishmen of the 'silly-ass' type.

Nothing happens but talk, until the last part of the last act, when the young girl — having become engaged to a Lord, the usual exchange of money for title — discovers that her married sister, being 'protected' by one man, is misbehaving with another. The younger girl tells her sister what she thinks of her, whereupon the elder sister gives the younger a piece of her mind. There is something that approaches acting for seven minutes, and some plain statements of the English people's feeling for us, such as one would never think of uttering at the English-Speaking Union in Trafalgar Square or at a Pilgrim dinner.

'Do you think,' says the married American woman to her sister, the ingénue, 'that without money an American would be tolerated in London society?'

'Do you think your lord would have proposed to you if he had n't seen you in the setting in which I have placed you?'

'Do you think anyone in society would come here if I did n't pay them for coming by giving them what they love and are too poor to buy for themselves: rich food, fine wines, music, flowers, luxury?'

'Do you think the English love us? They don't: is there any reason why they should?' 'Do you think English fathers and mothers like to see their best young men married to American girls? Do you think the English girls like it? An American girl that marries an Englishman deserves what she gets — snubs on all sides. The English love our money, but they hate us.'

This was the 'gasping' part; it is not a good play but the playwright, an Englishman, told the truth, and it needs telling.

Without a doubt the most artistic production in London was the Nativity Play at the 'Old Vic,' which, under the direction of its guiding spirit, Miss Baylis, carries on finely in spite of the blight which has fallen upon the London theatres. Miss Baylis wanted a play suitable for Christmas and communicated her desire to Robert Atkins, who is responsible for its production. He read a score or more of plays in the British Museum, and finally stumbled upon 'The Play of the Shepherds,' formerly acted by the 'Paynters and Glasiors' of the old city of Chester about six hundred years ago. It was handed down from mouth to mouth for several hundred years before it was written out in the form in which it now is, and, as one critic said, 'to our shame and ecstasy,' it is now given for the first time in centuries at the Old Vic.

Its incidents are very simple: it is the eve of the Nativity; three shepherds are sitting on a hillside; while eating their supper of bread and cheese and an onion, washed down with a flagon of mead, they fall into discussion of the diseases of sheep and boast of their skill in curing them.

It seems curious to one brought up in the tenets of democracy to observe the operation of the principle of rank even among shepherds. They are comic or at least jovial characters, but

it is the eldest of them who stands and offers a grace before they begin: —

'Come eat with us, God in heaven high,
And take no heed though there be no housing.'

to which another replies, simply: —

'Housing enough have we
While that we have heaven over our heads.'

When they have finished they call their servant, Trowle, and offer him food; but he, being a sturdy and independent fellow, refuses to eat what is left and is brought to a show of friendliness only by the offer of a wrestling match. He floors his masters, one after another, with ignominy, and departs.

The three shepherds, rubbing their bruises and mildly cursing him, then lie down to sleep, from which they are awakened by the Star that blazes over their heads turning night into day and filling them with dread. Trembling they take counsel together and Trowle creeps back to them abashed. They hear a *Gloria in Excelsis* (in this case a newly discovered Gloria of the Elizabethan composer, Weelkes) and dispute over such words of it as they can catch. Then an angel appears to them and reassured they start upon their pilgrimage to Bethlehem, singing as they go.

Finding the Virgin and the Christ Child, they lay at his feet such gifts as they have; a sheep's bell and a flask

'Whereat hangs a spoon
To eat thy pottage withal at noon,'

and a stick with a crook in it, for

' . . . although thou be come from God,
And be God thyself in thy manhood,
Yet I know that in thy childhood
Thou wilst for something look,
To pull down apples, pears, and plumbs it
maybe.'

And Trowle gives him the cap from off his head, having nothing else, and

'My good heart while I live
And my prayers till death to me call.'

And solemnly the shepherds kiss one another and depart to tell the world what they have seen.

The effect this old play had upon the audience can hardly be described. One could have heard the fall of the proverbial pin as the loveliest legend of all time was unfolded, with absolute simplicity, with complete reverence, and with profound feeling. If the play had been given at a fashionable West End theatre, the papers would have rung with its praise, but the West End was busy with that hardy perennial, 'Charley's Aunt,' and it passed almost unnoticed.

Taking only a little over an hour to act, it was followed by Russell Thorndike's dramatic version of '*A Christmas Carol*,' beautifully given, to the delight of the audience who were transfixed with horror at the coming of Marley's ghost, and enjoyed the transformation of Scrooge and Bob Cratchit's dinner as much as he did. These performances were given repeatedly to packed houses; most of the audience paid a shilling! Well may Augustine Birrell say, 'I rank the Old Vic at the very top of our educational institutions'; and the last word from London is that Miss Baylis

is to be given an honorary M.A. by the University of Oxford. Well does she deserve it!

I spent three months in England, three of the worst months in the year: November, December, and January. During all that time England was in a fog, but it was financial and political, not atmospheric. I suspect the weather has been much maligned. We had a half-rainy day once, a rainy half-day once, a little fog, and for the rest — well, not bright sunshine, the sun we seldom saw, but it was clear and not cold. Damp? Yes, incredibly so; but I dressed like a Laplander, and I was at all times perfectly comfortable.

When I came home my partner met me at the dock in New York, and in my enthusiasm I said I had had occasion to put up my umbrella only once all the time I was away.

'My experience exactly,' he said. 'The last time I was in England I put my umbrella up as I came down the gangplank and I put it down as I went up several months later.'

But the fact is, —

It's sunshiny weather
When we are together

my 'Old Lady London' and I.

A BOY'S WAY IS THE WIND'S WAY

BY NELSON COLLINS

I RAN on him first in a university library. How he got there heaven alone knows — and possibly some kindly library attendant. Back in the stacks I detected a pungent odor differing a little from the blend of crowded books and stale cleaning-fluid that characterizes all libraries. I looked around the corner of a stack and saw him, unwashed, undarned, and unconcerned, fifteen years old. By an ingenious arrangement no holes showed in his long stockings. Three pairs were drawn one over the other, each hiding the holes in the others, and so his legs were decently completely out of view. An exceedingly dirty torn woolen sweater, survival of some woman's devoted work 'for the boys in the service,' hung limply half down his chest, and worn faded-blue overalls were over all the rest of him. A barber's heart would have ached and leaped at lost and found opportunities in his matted hair. In the most orthodox of Big Brother or Rotary or Kiwanis moods, I started in to be cordial to this outrage upon all academic expectations — too young for a university library, too dirty for any place under a roof, and in any case a frightful intruder 'back in the stacks.' He was in the fiction section, among the C's.

I aimed a little high for his years, and said, ever so kindly: 'Here is a book by a man named Joseph Conrad, *Youth*, that I believe you would like. There are three stories in it and that is the name of the first one. You might not care for the other two — a little

old for you — but you would like *Youth*, I believe.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I have read it. *Lord Jim* is a peach of a book, too, don't you think? But I must read it again.'

I blinked a little and swallowed once. I was professorizing in that university for a while and being confined to mere upper-class men, I was n't used to any such offhand, uncomelled utterances. We talked a little more, and he seemed to have read backward and forward all over the field of literature.

It just occurred to me on the way out to make some comment on the kid to a woman at the circulation-desk who I knew would n't feel compelled to go after him and yank him out. 'Odd to find such a boy and in such clothes and in such an — uh — unsanitary condition back there.'

She smiled indulgently. I was kind of a guest-professor person out there and was expected to show more or less tourist interest like this in any odd or end I ran across. 'Oh, yes,' she said, 'strange you have n't seen him before. His father was gored to death by an elk six years ago. The boy is fifteen and a half and has the mentality of a child of nine. One of the assistants in the psychology department is doing a thesis on him. He comes over here from his grade school after hours. A case of arrested development or something. He does n't give any trouble, but he's just hopeless.'

'He seems to have read absolutely everything,' I took the time to insist as I gathered up my own books.

'Oh, yes; it's quite amusing. But they tell me he might as well be reading a Montgomery-Ward or Sears-Roebuck catalogue — or the census tables. It all passes through his brain like so many meaningless symbols.'

I have a great respect for psychology and psychologists and all science and scientists, — a greater respect than they have for themselves and each other, because I am a man interested almost solely in the arts, — and so I forgot the lad who I had too fondly hoped might have a real reading tendency, so rare these days, and minded my own business.

Still, two weeks later, when I happened to see him again, in the street as I was starting on a ride into the country, I invited him into the automobile. We were gone two hours and I had a chance to talk with him, and let him talk, a good deal. After that I said: 'I don't know anything about psychology but I have had a lot of experience with college students in literature classes, and this boy reads more, remembers it better, and discusses what he reads with greater variety of well-judged comment — that still is n't over-precocious — than most university Juniors. All the rest of the things they say about him may be so, but this one thing — what they say about his reading — clearly is n't.'

I invited him into my house and I took the trouble to have a look at his. It was so dirty it smelled sour; the beds apparently were never made or changed; untidy food stood on the untidy table all day long.

He called at my house four or five times a week after that and he bathed at the university gymnasium next door whenever he called. He liked to do it. I frequently left him alone in the house. Stick-pins and odds and ends of money were usually one place and another around the rooms where he was free to

range. There is a six-cent street-car fare in the town, and if ever I gave him a dime for a ride home he brought me the four cents change when next he came.

The psychology people were tolerant, but quite apparently considered that my heart had run away with my head. So did his school-teacher. The psychology people told me he drew random lines in a plot of a field when asked how he would hunt for a ball lost there, instead of drawing gradual concentring circles from the outer area to the middle of the field as, they said, a nice, normal, systematic child would do; that when asked to give the substance of a paragraph read aloud to him all he could remember out of it was the name, 'New York'; that when quizzed about himself, — solely for his own good, as was clearly explained to him, — he was n't able to open up at all: just stood dumb. These three things, as I remember the chart they showed me, set him back about a year in reducing his mentality from fifteen to nine. I felt myself growing younger as I listened.

After six weeks they were openly triumphant. The police came to me and told me he and his little brother, twelve years old, had burglarized twelve stores on the main street in the course of two nights! I did n't believe it, but ten minutes at the police station with him convinced me it was so. It was the very enormity of the thing that left me unimpressed.

'That's too bad,' I said.

Their look convicted me as well as the boy.

'What you going to do about it?'

'That's too bad,' I reiterated. 'That is what I mean. It is too bad. If it was n't quite so bad it would be worse. So there is nothing to do about it but protect the boy.'

'If he had stolen from one store it might be serious,' I argued. 'But twelve stores, — and the stuff all

stowed in the attic at his house, a bushel of revolvers, a bushel of jack-knives, a bushel of cigarettes and him hardly smoking at all, — no, it is too much like a paroxysm. He has never had anything; lately, around my house, there has been a little release of such stricture upon living for him, and something long pent-up has broken out in this deplorable way. He is an honest boy. As well call me a murderer if in a nightmare I dream that I cut my wife's throat.' Everything that I learned about the boy later confirmed me in that diagnosis and that opinion.

An enlightened judge lived in that Oregon town and he telephoned me that he did not care if he never saw the boy so long as I would make myself responsible for him. I said that was rather a large order, as I had known him only six weeks, but I'd undertake it for three months and then say what I would do. In spite of the protest of the deputy-sheriff that he was 'a dangerous young criminal and ought to be put away,' I lugged him from jail and courthouse and police headquarters, skirted a block to dodge the psychology building on the way home, and that was the last he saw of such surroundings. I had just lost a dog by an automobile running over him and figured on the kid as a substitute.

He had read all of Scott except *The Talisman* and preferred him to Dumas. Incidentally, and quite amazingly, I found he could run a typewriter. So I dug up *The Talisman* for him, marked two pages in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* that I wanted typewritten with a carbon copy, and left him for the day. The psychologists and the university campus in general were interested. Personally I felt I had done more for him in rescuing him from the psychologists than in rescuing him from the police.

There were rumors that inside of

twenty-four hours I had to thrash him and lock him in a room. As a matter of fact, in a year and a quarter there was never great occasion, never any occasion, for punishing him, excepting for one thing: a tendency to refuse excitedly when told abruptly to hurry and get some chore done. I cuffed him half a dozen times for that before I taught myself to see that it was his nervous response to my own nervous excitement, and nothing in his disposition to work or not to work.

His typewriting was slow but accurate. Reading was more or less a vice with him. He read half as much again as he should. He needed to learn more exact study and more manual work, with a spade or a saw. So did — and do — I. But his reading was invariably of good selection. He never read as low-down stuff as I occasionally did. Once he asked for twenty minutes off in an evening of getting his lessons for next day in order 'to read a while.' I asked him what he wanted to read and he said he was halfway through *Henry Esmond* and would like a breathing spell from study to read a bit more of it!

In front of the public library of Portland, Oregon, are stone benches, each carved with the name of a great writer. I took him over to Portland — passing en route the reform school where the deputy-sheriff was sure he should have been — and he headed for the library while I attended to my affairs. 'I started to sit down on the Dumas bench,' he said at noon, 'when I saw a Scott bench over on the other side. Gee! I got up out of there quick and hustled over to Scott.' I was hired by a university, I have been hired one time and another by so many universities, to try to get students five and ten years older than he to feel that way, with entirely indifferent success in so many, many instances.

'If a boy like that wants to read like that and behave himself meantime, he is entitled to be supported through his teens while he indulges his taste,' I said to my friends; and while most of them held that was going pretty strong, I still think so. It occurred to me then, and occurs to me now, that a boy who cared for such things was worth letting care for such things.

I tried my hand at giving him a little tutoring to supplement the public-school teacher's devoted efforts. I never did succeed, and neither did she, in getting him to recite a clear distinction between restrictive and non-restrictive relative clauses, and the teacher complained that his compositions on the subjects she assigned him were not what she desired and that quite often he did not hand them in at all. But almost any time he would spring on me a thousand or two thousand words of romance about a great ship and her crew's adventures, or would open, 'The sun was setting on Rome, "the imperial city of the Caesars." (I confess that those inner 'quotes' are mine, not his.) He naturally heard a good deal about poetry in a household whose head had to talk to students about it, and one day he said, 'Is this anything like poetry?' and handed me these lines: —

As I look I see the Lady Rose,
The Queen of all the flowers,
Swaying in the breeze.

The proud Lady Rose has to bow
Her head before the wind,
For she knows her master.

The Lady Rose lifts her pretty head
As the sun kisses her on the brow.

She hears the grass rustling
And whispering at her feet.
The Lady Rose looks down upon
The puny grass with scorn.

The Lady Rose holds up her head
As if the whole world was hers.

Out of his Land of Trees
Came the King of Trees, the Pine.

I liked it. This was another one he wrote that spring: —

The pretty white apple blossom,
Swaying in the breeze,
It lifts its small white head
As the dew falls.
It sways to and fro
In the cool night winds.
It sways gently to and fro
Like a small flake of snow
In the moonlight.

Both of them had a graphic quality and a completeness in brevity that appealed to me.

He refused to do his seventh-grade arithmetic; but he liked ships, and at the end of the book quite cheerfully and correctly managed to do the problems in longitude and time. He can read aloud so that it does n't hurt to listen, and it is nothing for him to learn by heart the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians or King Henry's speech to his gentlemen the night before the battle of Agincourt. And he knew long ago all about the battle of Agincourt.

Months passed without anything happening to confirm the psychologists or the outraged deputy-sheriff. One day along in the autumn I did have a pang over a suspicion — which lasted some hours — that the specialists in mentality and crime were right and I was wrong. I had had to make a practice over three months of leaving the boy alone at home for two days and two nights each week, with only a widow lady. I could not bother her about his meals and so I always left him with money enough to pay for them and take him into one movie. This particular week when I got back from my barnstorming expedition he was obviously hungry, although I learned promptly that my widow lady had given him his breakfast one of the

mornings and he had dispensed with breakfast the other morning, preferring to lie abed — the two mornings being Saturday and Sunday. It was also apparent that he was penniless as well as hungry. What had been done with the money?

Some hours passed and then, when I went into his room, he stood very straight, his heels close together and his hands flat against his sides and said, 'I have something to confess to you.'

My heart sank; and sank further at the next conventional words of weakness: 'I did n't mean to do it.'

'Well?' was all I could find to say.

'I went into that secondhand store where the man has the books and I did n't intend to buy anything, but when I came out I had those four books over there under my arm and I had n't any money left. I know the money was n't mine — not to spend that way. The man said I could always exchange them for some other books, at a deduction of ten cents, so if he has any books you would like, perhaps you could save something out of it yet.'

Shades of Eugene Field and all bibliomaniacs! I explained gravely that he was right in his moral attitude, but that I could understand perhaps as well as anybody about just what had happened; and I expatiated on the deadly peril of ever going into any bookshop with money in your pocket.

I left the West after a while. A man who runs ships placed the boy aboard a freighter and he came around to New York City via the Panama Canal. I envied him the month in those waters. He worked for two or three months on a farm where I have sometimes lived, up in Orange County. I learned that if he was set to a task you had to keep an eye on him or he would waver at it after a while, even lounge away from it. He had some other failings

that somehow I seemed to comprehend after a little effort. Among them was a hatred of washing dishes. Evenings he read. He would work much more willingly in the garden with hoe or spade or rake if I would promise that I would be faithful to my typewriter during all the time he was busy at chores which conceivably I might have done myself — should have had to do but for him. Occasionally I wavered or lounged away, but mainly I strove successfully to fulfill the implied contract with him. He had great faith in clicking typewriters and libraries; had n't much interest in anything else, and only in those as they were combined. The typewriter must have a literary commission. His sure instinct, unquestioned by himself, was for the arts, even in their minor aspects, as the only matters of real concern to a young citizen. That also was stimulating, and rather different, and possibly not abnormal but entirely accurate.

I have never known a boy cleaner-minded, whose eye stayed clear and direct under any innuendo or gross overhearings. How he managed it, growing up for six years in a public grade-school notorious for the 'bad boy' population of its district, is a miracle in human nature to be explained only when the cleanliness and straightness of mere boys at sea, in rough freighters and scanning debauchery and vileness so frequently in the dregs of ports, is made comprehensible to timorous mothers and analytic psychologists.

I think this is a fair condensation of his story. I have rather a good deal to do with ships and shipmen, and I told him one day he might take a run over to London and back, with the week while the ship was there for him to see the old town and buy a few books. We went into New York together for me

to fix him up, and out at the foot of Fifty-seventh street in Brooklyn was a beautiful United States freighter, the *Arcturus*, loading for Calcutta, Bombay, and eight other ports in India and the Malay Archipelago. Her voyage would be five months. In five minutes our plans stretched to take all this in. 'India must be a good place, too,' he said, and three hours later he was aboard, ready for one of the four or five great voyages of the world. Here is his letter just before she sailed:—

July 9, 1923
Monday night

DEAR MR. COLLINS,—

I received your letter today. I should of written you before. I don't think but I know, I havent played a square game with you. Here you have written me about two dozen letters and havent written to you but once. I know just how you feel about you just wasting your time on a fool like me. As you know I am not much of a writer so please excuse this scribbling, as I am writing this in bed. I dont want you to think I dont care for you, because I do as you know. In the flowering lines I dont want you to think I am making a lot of excuses. But you know a fellow will get a little slack once in while. I am just going to give you a few reasons. 1. When I first came aboard it awfully hot, so I didnt feel much like writing. 2. the last 4 or 5 days I havent been feeling very well. I am all wright now. I was pretty sick Saturday. I havent missed a day yet so far. 3. I had a lot of dirty clothes to wash. Now dont you go and take these for excuses. They look mighty like it I know. We dont sail untill the 20th of this month. I would lie to see you before we sail. But I guess that's impossible. I guess maybe I used the wrong word there. So if you happen to run over to New York for anything come over to the ship. Its going to be a very long voyage. We wont be back before Christmas. That seems a long time doesnt it. But it will roll around before we know it.

Lovingly,

Ira Wallace.

That is the letter of a boy of sixteen who never got to school until he was nine, charted by the psychologists as being mentally only nine and a half. I have given the record of behavior through a year and a half of a boy whom the *Portland Oregonian* thus stigmatized in 1922:—

EUGENE, OREGON, May 20. (Special) R. A. Wallace, aged 15, and his brother Clarence, 12, have confessed to the officers that they committed eight Eugene burglaries during the past two weeks and most of their loot, valued at about \$1000, has been recovered. They took practically all of it to their home, where the officers recovered it yesterday.

He came back at Christmas-time and then cheerfully proceeded to do with a hundred dollars what he had done with fifty when he arrived in New York via the Panama Canal. Fifty dollars in wages were handed to him, and without looking it over or even counting it he passed it on to me and I stuffed it in my pocket, thereby confirming the declaration of some of my friends that they had shifted from any view of me as a benevolent person in the whole business to the conviction that I am an exploiter of child labor. I have had, at least, the easy fun of no responsibility in the matter, realizing perfectly that anything I did to the boy made a better fate for him than all the efforts of concerted society dealing with him by courts and science and churches and schools and Poor Commissions over a period of his best six growing years.

He has an uneven mentality and disposition. It strikes me that is nearer normal — in the intention of human nature — than a series of mental and moral judgments upon him which insist upon treating us as if it were desirable that we should all be so darned much alike.

SELENE AFTERWARDS

BY ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE moon is dead, you lovers!

She who walked

Naked upon the dark Ægean, she
Who under Ida in the beech groves mocked
The rutting satyrs, she who secretly,
Leaving below her the slow lifting sea,
Climbed through the woods of Latmus to the bed
Of the eternal sleeper — she is dead,

Dead, you lovers! I have seen her face.

The sun rose by St.-Étienne. She fled
Half turning back (as though the plunge of space
Over the world's rim frightened her) her head
And stared and stared at me. Her face was dead.
It was a woman's face but dead as stone
And leper white and withered to the bone.

It was a woman's skull the shriveling cold
Out there among the stars had withered dry
And its dry white was mottled with dry mould.

It was a long dead skull the caustic lye
Of time had eaten clean, and in the sky
As under the cold water of a lake
Lay crumbling year by year, white flake by flake,

UTOPIA INTERPRETED

Scabious, scurfy. Oh, look down, look down
 You lovers, through that water where there swing
 Night shadows of the world. Look deep, deep. Drown
 Your eyes in deepness. Look! There lies the thing
 That made you love, that maddened you!

Oh sing,

Sing in the fields, you lovers. The low moon
 Moves in the elms. It will be summer soon. . . .

UTOPIA INTERPRETED

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THIS magazine has been conducting a contest for the best Interpretation of the astonishing social changes which have taken place between the nineteen-twenties and the nineteen-nineties. In a previous number we published an Interpretation attributing these changes to the widespread — and in some respects well-founded — fear of an approaching Ice Age. In the same number we published also an Interpretation attributing the changes to that modern Franciscan movement among women — the Sharers' Institute. This issue contains two more Interpretations; these four being, in the Editor's opinion, the most plausible ones submitted. Readers are invited to vote upon them. The name of the winning Interpretation, and that of its author, will be posted in all the Community Forums next month. — *Editor's note introducing the third and fourth interpretations.*

Third Interpretation

SOLAR Y VESA AND THE MICRO DANCES

THERE is room, in such an undertaking as ours, for an immense amount of sentimentality. Any startling event, any captivating gesture of human nature, is apt to impose itself upon us as the cause, instead of only one of the effects, of whatever situation we are exploring. We may imagine, for instance,

that it was some widespread fear, like the Ice Age Bubble, that drew humanity together into the Family Order; or we may persuade ourselves that it was some pageant of the emotions, like the rise of the Fanatical Sharers; but all the time, if we would only go down into the cool cellar of our social house, we

should see the stone foundations of Science, in all their quiet strength, supporting the whole edifice above and around us.

I believe, in short, in scientific determinism.

For the benefit of any of the older people among us, who may not have studied social causation very deeply, and who may have some disparaging ideas about scientific determinism, because they associate it with the exploded old doctrine of economic determinism¹ let me tell here exactly what it means.

It's just this: such facts of Science as we all know familiarly, in the way that we know that the Earth is round, make up the framework inside of which we do all the rest of our thinking. Inside that frame we plan, work, and live. All our conceptions of individual life have to fit into what we have learned, in a large way, about the world we live in. But of course it's while those conceptions are new that they affect us most dynamically. It is then that our imaginations are most under their power. It is then that we are most interested in them and aware of them. The time, accordingly, to expect any great social change must always be a time when large scientific discoveries have lately become popularized, and mankind at large has begun to realize them imaginatively. It would be at such a time, naturally, that the framework of man's thinking, having enlarged and changed its shape, all his conceptions would change too to fit the new frame; — and particularly his conceptions of his own relations with his neighbors; for these are the most important things he thinks about.

Now in the unbelievably swift coming-on of the Family Order among us, and the recognition of the Energy of

¹ The Editors are not committed to these singularly positive statements.

Pleasure, — I prefer to call it Energy, because Nature knows nothing of discipline, — it seems to me perfectly easy and clear to analyze this connection, and to see, spread out round us in full view, the workings of scientific determinism.

What general conception *must* underlie such an order of society as the pleasant, informal, carefree Family Order we live in, with its unwritten constitution of sublimated common-sense: 'From every one according to his ability.' The conception underlying such an order must of course be the conception of oneness, of what Elford Gillis calls 'our irrevocable mutuality.' Like most other demonstrations of Science, this was anticipated in a vague and useless way by poets and their ilk, as in the poetical old sayings, so inspiring and so unconvincing: 'There is neither Greek nor Jew . . . bond nor free.'

'Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same.'

Not until Science, with its plain careful vocabulary, demonstrates these things, do they take effect. Slow, experimental, doubting, industrious Science, always a little contemptuous toward the imagination, yet able, above all other things, to fire the imagination! Whatever explained phenomenon she lays in man's hand, he can keep it; it is really his.

The conception of the Oneness of Matter is the main framework inside of which we have been able at last to erect the pleasant one-family life of the Race, for which so many prophets harangued and reformers sweated!

But of course nobody would pretend that the average man's conception of the Oneness of Matter is at all like the scientific man's conception of it. Popularized Science is necessarily coarsened, blurred, distorted, in the process of

getting itself across to the brain with only an ordinary background of knowledge. It's true that the average man of to-day knows what he knows far more scientifically and exactly than our grandfathers, for instance, understood Evolution; but the comparative distance between our notions and the notions of the learned is not very much reduced. While we have been advancing, so have they; they keep their stride ahead of us.

Even so—coarsened, blurred, altered somewhat in outline—the average man's knowledge of scientific facts still remains the great dynamic force of the world, and must remain so, because the average man is naturally in the great majority. Whatever be his concept of the universe, that, of course, must be the ruling concept. Within the past forty years he has been filled and fired with the—popularized—scientific fact of the one substance of matter; and it was as inevitable as the succession of the seasons that he should so rebuild his social relations as to fit them into this frame. Accordingly, he threw away the polyglot compartments of classes and states in which he had so miserably quarreled with himself before, and forgot as soon as possible the destructive old notion that one man, or set of men, ever is or ever can be the enemy of any other man or set. But only then, when Science had shown it to him as a fact, did he begin to appreciate the visionary instinct of his own old poets:—

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Now if it's true that the real underpinning that made it possible for us to erect the Family Order was our general average realization that matter itself is one, then it must have been the most

important thing in the world that was ever done for us, when that scientific fact was popularized and brought home to our imagination. And the person or persons who succeeded in popularizing it must be, I should think, the greatest benefactors of our time—perhaps of any time.

That is why I think Solar y Vesa, the mystic realist among painters, the greatest man of whom I know.

If the early experimental school of painters now called the Intangiblists—but in their own day called Cubists, Futurists, and other guessing names—could only have known to what a height of wonder their first incoherent gropings would some day lead! For they lived and painted long before painting became recognized as the perfect vehicle of Science. Up to their time, and far beyond it, the printed word and mathematical demonstration were the usual forces for spreading scientific discovery. Let us imagine if we can what a leap in the dark the Cubists found the courage to take. They knew nothing of microscopic photography as we understand the term. They had no inkling of the natural patterns of form, the form-nucleus, which Science was some day to reveal and which painters were to find so beautiful and significant that the actual outlines of mass could no longer interest them. And still they had the courage of their dream of form, nude form, the reality behind the misleading surfaces of things that we see. Great in their way, too, were those humble forerunners of the inspired Mexican.

Solar y Vesa was the first great painter who ever began life as a physicist. Forsaking the galleries and the studios, he spent what he calls 'enraptured years' in the study of electrons and the search to isolate ether. Suddenly one day in his laboratory he was struck by the thought that instead of

writing or lecturing to express his scientific intuitions, he must paint them. 'I must paint,' he said, 'those invisible forms of things which I have seen.'

Then followed, of course, his long years of tireless experiment, the supreme romance of modern art. It was in 1959 that he exhibited the first of his eight great canvases: 'The Embrace of the Solids in the Lap of Air.' He had been perfecting the conception of it in arduous solitary thinking for two years, living like a hermit in a ruined monastery in the Sierra Madre. It was three years before he was ready to exhibit another such mighty work — though it is said that he painted it in half a morning.

It was the same now used as the frontispiece to the Interracial Science Series: 'The Shoulders of Wind Supporting the Burden of Water.'

His first exhibition showed us the immensely superior power of the picture over the printed word for the spreading of Science. The whole exhibition consisted of a few large pictures and a multitude of preliminary studies in pencil and water color. Photographs of these were almost immediately hung in all the great laboratories of the world. Solar was called 'the canvas poet of physics,' the 'Leonardo of the Atom.' He had 'painted the portrait of the mystery of Substance.' Poetical phrases were constantly used to describe him, and a collection of legends began to encrust the simple history of his laborious and uneventful life. Papacallimach, in his old age, made one of his greatest portrait-cartoons of Solar y Vesa. It showed the Cro-Magnon man issuing from his illustrated cave, his drawing-bone still in his hand, prostrating himself before the learning and imagination of the modern artist. Underneath was the legend: 'Still graphic, Spanish hand!'

From the beginning the general

public seized upon his pictures. Thousands of people waited their turn to enter the small gallery over the Co-operative Carpenters' Bank in Oaxaca, where they were first shown. Though by the time he was exhibiting in Europe he was using the galleries of much larger Unions, and the crowds had increased in proportion. On holiday afternoons the very children from the elementary schools in Amsterdam used to crowd into the Bridgebuilders' Hall, where a set of his photographs had been hung.

Of course this popular enthusiasm might have come to its natural end without any very important consequences. But as a matter of fact, it had an immediate and most vital consequence. The World Budgeting of commerce by the Sea Transport Co-operatives, after being talked about for years, was finally achieved in the very year after the first exhibition of Solar y Vesa. Readers may remember that there was a threat of famine in India that year — another of those appalling rainless seasons that all our precipitating machinery has n't yet been able to control.

This first really effective budgeting of the tonnage was undertaken with a view to speeding the international relief in wheat. This was significant enough; but there was another and a very curious consequence.

That year the formal dismantling of the old international Ownerscult headquarters at the Hague took place. The Laborization classes started at Dresden in 1948 had accomplished their end some years before; but the old Ownerscult offices had been left standing with the idea that the Federated Historical Societies of Europe might keep them for a Museum of Inequalities. The plan was finally given up owing to a lack of interest in that side of history; and the site has now been

turned into a delightful community Playground for the Aged.

But if these effects are important, what shall we say of the stupendous results that followed the second, or Christiania, exhibition? In that collection hung Solar's mightiest painting, 'The Snowflakes of Mind Meeting and Parting.' Such a revelation of the mysteries of matter and of motion had never been seen before — had never been conceived!

It was not a month after it had been unveiled to the public before plans were on foot in the Radio-Movie Department of the government of Brazil, to throw upon the screens and amplifiers in the schools and homes of that country the Micro Dances and their accompanying melodies.

The Micro Dances were n't perfected, of course, to the point of letting the public see them, until the latter part of 1962. They began to be shown almost simultaneously with the last of Solar's three immortal exhibitions. The first of the crowded years 1962-1968 was the very year in which I was taken, as a child of nine, to see the first Micro Dance: 'The Living Lace of Steel.' My father was instructor in chemistry at the Central Federated Trades University in Pittsburgh. I remember how he sat and listened to the strongly thrilling, yet deeply tranquil music of that first imperfect micro-movie, with his eyes shut to the marvelous dancing of the veiled electrons on the screen. But I was so enchanted by the dance of the magnified particles that I scarcely heard the music. At least, I thought I scarcely heard it. It came back to me afterward; in the night I woke and seemed to hear it in the air. Delicate and unimaginably calm music of the rhythms of steel!

The University of Tokyo gave, I believe, the first course ever given in physics by radio movies. Their ma-

chinery was finer in several respects than ours, and the dances were consequently more complicated. The next great advances in rendering were made at the Sorbonne and then in the vast open-air theatres in Switzerland.

Meantime the first of our Sunday evening choral feasts had been held — never to be forgotten date — on May Day 1962.

Sometimes now, when we are all strolling in the woods and fields on a summer Sunday evening, singing by flashlight or firelight or starlight; or listening to one of the Nomad prophets, and having listened, drifting away, one by one, to think; sometimes when I see the children's campfires, or hear some boy or girl chanting some wild ballad of his own all alone in a boat on the lake, I think: — 'This is your work, Solar y Vesa, who taught us the stern and beautiful Oneness of all things, the Oneness of our human happiness!'

The effects of the radio-micro came upon us like a dream. Or perhaps it was more like the waking from a dream that the 'discipline' of pleasure stole upon us, as we realized that the whole world of matter was moving in the rhythms of pleasure. Taught by the mighty Solar to see that the very essence of what we had called 'solidity' consisted of music and dancing, — would cease if they should cease, — we began to conceive that the essence of the moral nobleness we had so dearly loved — and blindly frustrated! — consisted too of the inward movements of pleasure and delight.

There is a certain fact which all alone would, I think, prove my Interpretation. The first of Solar's pictures was shown in 1959, and the last report by the Syco Review of a mother who was actually known to have spanked a child was in 1989 — exactly a generation later.

Fourth Interpretation

THE REVIVAL OF NOMADRY

I AM afraid there is something a trifle absurd about this contest — in which, nevertheless, I can't resist the fun of taking part. I am afraid our Interpretations may all seem quite nonsensical to the real judge — the historian of the future. One hundred — two hundred years from now it may be quite clear by what road we have come to our present high state of health and rich enjoyment of life. But what perspective on these things can our generation possibly have — we who have lived in the thick of the transition? All we can do is to project our imaginations as far into the future as they will carry, and guess as shrewdly as we can at what that unborn Interpreter will say.

Now when I try to do this, I find myself unable to imagine that a mere attack of shivers and chills, no matter on how grand a scale, would be considered an adequate explanation. Nor can I think a band of ignorant women, acting on the discredited principle of deliberate martyrdom, would impress such a judge for a moment. Such a judge, I think, would be unable to suppress a smile if he were asked to regard a single great painter as the architect of a world-wide change in human relations.

But we do know of a conceivable cause, which was as different as possible from all these; which proceeded deliberately from the minds of persons scientifically trained, with definite foreknowledge of what they were trying to bring about: persons, above all, who understood some few little points about their infinitely ticklish and complicated material, the hair-trigger, extravagant, arbitrary social behavior of man. Of course the thing I have in mind is the immortal Report of the Associated

Sycoans,² thirty-two years ago, on Spring Fever and Nomadry — a document which, in my own mind, I always call the *Magna Charta of Human Nature*.

The real beginnings of the immortal Report came in the forties. It was only about then that sycoanalysis had become firmly settled in its place as the major branch of sycology in all the universities of the world. And that was the point, in the history of sycoanalysis, when the Western world began first to understand how far ahead of it the Orientals were qualified to go — and were already beginning to go — in sycoanalytic theory. Not for nothing, it began to be seen by our less meditative races, had the Asian and African peoples for countless years sunk their thought into the abyss of the study of man the thinker. Then began that great exodus,³ from the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking countries especially, to the leading Syco Institutes of Asia, — the Institute of Nankin, the Institute of Hakodate, and the two far-famed Forest Schools of Burmah. Before 1950 the courts of the Chinese colleges were crowded with Western students⁴; and by this time too the Syco Institutes at Kiev and Moscow were receiving an enormous influx of young Europeans. So was the Syco College at Cairo. In fact, the vast and thought-fermenting mixture of races

² Formerly called Psychoanalysts.

³ The Editors have received one Interpretation attributing our social change to this exodus — and a very plausible Interpretation it is.

⁴ Another Interpretation chooses the widespread use of Esperanto as the cause of our social happiness, since it was Esperanto which made this free intercourse between the hemispheres possible!

with which we have been familiar ever since — which indeed has become the outstanding feature of our modern college life — was brought about by sycoanalysts seeking knowledge and inspiration: another thing we owe to them!

The famous *Syco Review* was founded at Milan at about this time. It was from the first the most brilliant of the papers devoted to sycoanalysis. It was while the Review was still young that the epoch-making trip through Italy, France, and Spain was taken by two of its contributing editors, the scholarly Bulgarians, husband and wife, who were respectively Professor of Moods and Professor of Wishes at the Nankin Institute. M. and Mme Olgelinck took this tour in order to discuss the question of what sycoanalysis might and should do in reorganizing the social life of nations 'on lines better adapted to the moods and wishes of the human heart.'

I believe it was during a discussion following one of these lectures, in the City Theatre of Barcelona, that the proposal was first made for an international Syco Commission, 'to study the distortion of hopes and wishes under repression.' It was not at first suggested how or where the phenomena could best be isolated and analyzed. But as the project gradually took shape, it became obvious that the best and briefest way to study the distortion of wishes under repression was to go where they were most repressed — in other words, to study the prisons.

Accordingly, plans were laid at a conference held in Beirut the following May. Twenty prisons were to be examined, some on every continent. It was fortunate — the final announcement pointed out — that prisons in general had been so greatly humanized since the dark ages of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early-twentieth cen-

turies; 'for,' it said, 'we could never have disentangled the wreckage of any human spirit under the filth and cruelty of — for example — the nineteen-twenties. But nowadays, when repression is so much more guarded and the dignity and eagerness of the prisoner are beginning to be prized, it should be possible for us to make some real contribution to the science of human nature and the art of dealing with it.'

The research began in 1955. The Report came out in 1959. It's too well known, of course, too much a classic, to be quoted at any length. Children used to memorize passages of it, as their grandparents had memorized Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. I'm told the Free-Taught children in the Meadow Schools no longer care to do so. Well, it's Greek to them, of course. The world they live in is n't the world in which human beings used to stamp so hard on one another's bright balloons of aspiration!

One of the passages that used to be thus memorized was the opening bit about spring fever: 'that restlessness of April days in city offices, that longing for distance and wildness . . . familiar to all the world, but never studied, never allowed for, in planning our all-too-orderly social life. . . . Strange that it has never been capitalized by modern society, as the mediaeval Church capitalized it in pilgrimages, and the mediaeval universities in their free exchanges of wandering students. Primitive society was wiser yet, for blunderingly and grudgingly it at least accorded the wandering life an important place in the scheme of things . . . and so eventually must we, if we would save the springs of our racial health from running dry.'

The second and principal part of the Report profoundly analyzes crime through all its varied immediate causes, such as the struggle of humiliated self-

esteem, the terrible frictions of forced intimacy, the tempests of passion that unsound bodies invite and cannot withstand, down to that bedrock cause of almost every crime — monotony, conformity, and the disastrous tyranny of the clock, combining as they do to produce 'the deadly sense of boredom in the suffocating heart.'

The last part of the Report takes up the mighty historical rôle that the nomadic life has played. The nomadic life, it points out, is the only 'fully manly life possible for many to engage in, in which the consciousness of time has ever really relaxed its strangle-hold upon man, since prehistoric times. . . . So long as nomadry was respectable, — was indeed a rather saintly and exalted mode of life, — so long there was an outlet, if not for the average man's spring fever, which craves a temporary wildness, at least for that exaggerated and enduring spring fever of the born nomad.'

'Buddha, Moses, Zoroaster, Jesus, Mohammed, Augustine, Waldo, Francis, Livingstone, Tolstoy,' the Report concluded, 'all were wandering men. Socrates, who had no forest, roamed the streets.'

It is usually said, in the histories, that the Commission on Repressed Human Nature issued a Report which helped to make possible that Revival of Nomadry now generally considered the chief accomplishment of the twentieth century. Most of the histories content themselves with stating this fact. I find it interesting, on the other hand, to analyze for myself the way in which the Report accomplished its end. It interests me to notice that they did it by first flashing into the average man's heart a gleam of sympathetic understanding of his own least comprehended and most neglected experience, spring fever; and then used that rapport to which they had come

with him, to entice him into sympathizing with the same kind of experience in other men's lives, whose avocations misfit them far more glaringly than his own — at times, at any rate — misfit him.

'And as the best cure for lust,' the Report said, 'is not the hair shirt and stone floor of a cell, but an exulting, free, and happy love, the fulfilling of the heart's profoundest wish, so the remedy for this moral wanderlust, this adventurousness, that has forced its outlet in some social disturbance or other, is not the steady ache of a settled occupation, but a large and fruitful roaming in solitude, the open pasture for the human spirit.'

How wisely the great Report had been conceived, the next months showed. By one of the most dramatic coincidences of all history, the aged Lord Eastcathedral died that autumn. He died possessing one of the last — and probably the largest — of the three or four huge old British estates remaining unbroken. Death duties had swallowed up all the others, and turned them over, in one form or other, to the Commonwealth. By a new will, dated almost immediately after the issuance of the Report, the entire estates of Lord Eastcathedral were turned into a Nomad reservation, of which all Englishmen craving a nomadic life were to take possession; and they were to draft their own rules, 'with the advice of one recognized Forester, one competent Health Officer, and one of the Sycoan Commission' who had signed the Report.

Before the Rules — drafted almost immediately — had been posted twenty-four hours, there were a hundred tents set up in the Reservation. But everybody knows the story: how a tract in lower Siberia was next set aside, and then great forest-tracts in New Zealand; and then, by Interstate agreement, the curious long winding

Reservations connecting the National Parks in the United States, so that nomads could wander from one corner of the United States to the opposite one across the country, with scarcely a day's travel outside the Reservations. And then the Himalayan ones, and then the vast reservations of Scandinavia. Everybody knows, for our histories all tell the tale, how fast the cities dwindled in population, how the inhabitants spread out, first into breathing-room, then into elbow-room, and lastly into comfortable spaciousness. All our histories tell how the Canadian nomads first, and then the Himalayan, took over the Forestry Departments of the Governments, and organized their fire protection, and the designation of lumbering tracts. Or if everyone doesn't know or remember all this, everyone at least knows the romantic story of Peter Whales, the multi-millionaire syndicator of cotton mills, who had been convicted of employing child labor: how he jumped the bail he was out on, pending a second trial, and lost himself in the forests of northern Europe, and then from his unknown hiding-place, invited the tuberculous children of the world to come into the woods and get well; and how he was internationally pardoned.⁵

Yes! the romance of the twentieth

⁵ The first pardon issued by the International Pardoning Bureau, after the All-Nations Declaration of Interdependence in 1968.

century certainly is this, how the tramps and convicts and ne'er-do-wells of the world have raised the health of the world so high in one generation by their children's camps, or what the community doctors of Edinburgh so well call the Tree Nurseries. Who that ever saw — as I was taken in my childhood to see them — the little hammocks swinging from the trees, will ever forget those sleeping faces? I saw one mother visiting her three delicate children in the camp; I saw her kiss the hand of Peter Whales. . . .

What will the romance of the twenty-first century be, if not the fruit — in some great spiritual advance, comparable only with the mighty social advances of our own century — of that revival of Nomad Prophecy which is already arousing the wonder of the listening people at the Sunday evening choral feasts? We sent broken men and women into the noble natural sanatorium of the woods, and they came back with the live coal of prophecy on their lips. Will the lifetime of the children born in this decade, which ends our blessed century, behold a Prophet, or a race of Prophets, rising on the world as compellingly as the Hebrew Prophets rose in their own circumscribed little nation in the ancient days? If so, they will have come from the same source — from wandering in leisure and solitude where thoughts are long and brooding.

SOLACE OF APPLES

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

'Now just why,' queried my father, wandering here and there about my room, 'why this portrait of Voltaire?'

'That is easy,' I replied: 'he loved apples and good literature.'

'Enough! I am here for the same reason,' glancing at his photograph on the table; 'but where then are John Adams and Francis Parkman and Robert Browning?'

'Coming, since you miss them, Apple of my Eye.' My voice trailed after him as he moved out on the upper porch and picked a Northern Spy from the more than century-old apple tree planted by Johnny Appleseed. He returned, peeling his apple cleverly from bud to stem, and handed me back the peel. Without a word I twirled it three times around my head, dropped it on the floor, and we both bent over to read. 'Russet!' said he. 'Rambo!' said I, — to which duet we munched the apple.

Yet I know families in which the apple plays no magic part, recalls no glamorous childhood, stirs no epicurean palate, visualizes no fruity books, moves no remembering heart. I disagree with the second of the two sets of people in the world — those who think the world is divided into two classes and those who don't; for to me the world is made up of apple-lovers and anti-apple-lovers. There is no middle ground. Says the piece of sophistication in *South Wind*, 'American women eat too many apples. Sour potatoes I call them: makes them flat as boards. Apples ruin the figure, perhaps sour the character.'

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That was his way. All I have to offer is my way of thinking about apples: the sound of them, the scent of them, the look of them, the feel of them, the taste of them — the five senses sensed; also another, that of perception of distance. All children get the distance between themselves and a visible apple, especially, in Yeats's parlance, 'that apple on the bough most out of reach.' We youngsters had a core-tree at which we nibbled like giraffes, not bothering to sever the apple from the parent stem, but clambering up, each child to its individual apple. Cores were as scores in less arboreal stunts. We anticipated John Farrar who pitched his tent

beside a wall
All apple trees within;
And if the apple did n't fall,
I should n't hesitate at all,
I'd climb — and sin.

Non peccavi, though, since the core-tree was our special property, as much ours as the path and the little wicket at its end which Lord Baring formally gave his five-year-old son Maurice, and our only sin was decorative — brown cores against a blue sky, which possibly irked our parents, although delighting us. Lord Melbourne felt and outflanked distance by always taking two apples at table, laying one in his lap while he ate the other. When Queen Victoria asked if he meant to eat it, he thought not, but he liked the full power of doing so. Another wise one has summarized the test of the right size for an apple thus: 'Can you put it in your pocket? can you bite it? will it lie clasped in the

palm of your hand?' Sense was not hand-sense, however, with the little Esquimau boy who declared that his first apple had too many fish-scales in it.

As for the sound of an apple, audit the bagsful rumbling into the old cellar-bins, the crunch of a half-ripe apple between your strong young teeth, the strike of an apple on tin roof, rolling rhythmically, hesitating a moment at the eaves, and then a muffled thud on the lawn. 'Engaged!' my brother and I used to shout from our beds; and to the one who called first, the best windfall was sacred property next morning. Unless some earlier roamer retrieved it first.

Imagine my wrath in recent years when a certain canny workman, going to or from a factory night-shift, used to climb and shake and, with a wicked little laugh at my helpless outcry from the window, gather up the apples that had played their coda on my outraged lawn. One such prowler passed from culprit to criminal by ferreting out a long pole hidden under a porch and working it at dawn exactly where I could, from my bed, watch it jiggling among the finest apples in the very top of the tree. Nor was he the Irishman against whose maraudings A. E.'s apples were better guarded by the ghost of a dog than by a real dog. Finally, apple-sound that resolves into music wafts from the very nomenclature: Stayman's Winesap, Hubbardson Nonesuch, Wealthy, Delicious, Red Astrakhan, Maiden's Blush, Rome Beauty, Gilliflower, Northern Spy, Blenheim Orange, Pippin, King Falwater!

When Azrael holds to my nostrils (pardon Omar!) an apple from the Tree of Life, the subtle scent registers delight; but Montaigne 'had seen those who have run from the smell of an apple'; while Schiller required the odor of decaying apples for inspiration in writ-

ing. Dr. Johnson declared every orchard should have apples rotting on the ground under it. John Inglesant, searching his enemy in Rome during the plague, carried 'a pomander of silver in the shape of an apple, stuffed with spices, which sent out a curious faint perfume through small holes'; while the ladies of Cranford cherished clove-apples as sachets. One such apple, solidly embedded with cloves, and half a century old, I used to handle with the respect an astronomer shows for a star. Shakespeare opined that there was small choice in rotten apples; but Robert Frost shamelessly prefers them Frost-bitten.

No less a person than a president of the United States told me that of two apples equally good he always took the red one; and to judge, he ate them both. I sometimes visualize the twinkle in the eyes of the judging committee of the local agricultural society who called upon Mr. Emerson 'to examine the soil which grows such poor specimens of such fine varieties of apples' as he had sent to the fair. Assuredly he was no judge of apple quality, which enhanced his intuition in choosing apples when Day, passing his pleached orchard, offered kingdoms, stars and sky; and I resented her subsequent scorn. Pan did not scorn the little scrip which merely smelled of apples, offered by the boy Daphnis. Poets ever work with the simplest materials; and when Emerson threw over the wall an apple, a bootjack, a crown, or a volume of verse, they not only hit the mark but showed, as John Jay Chapman points out, exactly where the thrower stood.

My ancient kinsman Elyot proclaimed in his *Castle of Health* that 'rough-tasted apples are wholesome,' so I infer that he too baited time and a book with an apple. His wonderful Holbein portrait hangs above Voltaire's on my appleside wall, and I frequently

salute them by tossing up an apple before them. They discriminated, as could not one of my friends who, entering unannounced and seeing a heaped-up plate of green-apple remnants, exclaimed in horror, 'Have you eaten all those?' (A negative method of judging many human enterprises.) When the apple is unblemished, I yield to none in neatness and thoroughness of consumption. Naught but the stem and the shucks of the seeds remain. Seedwise speaking, I pale before the idea of the countless orchards I have myself devoured. With an apple of medium size nothing compares to eating it out of hand, burying the teeth in its texture — native teeth.

One of my friends tells me a family (Appleton, by the way) tradition, about the Reverend Francis Parkman visiting in the house, and being observed before a long mirror, swearing repeatedly. His shocked hostess asked what he was doing. 'I am trying to pronounce the name of my Redeemer without whistling!' He had recently installed false teeth. One of my kin lately confided to me that he could never see what was funny about Dogberry's 'I have my losses,' till, in one fell swoop, he lost his teeth. Then enlightenment. He too had something to talk about, losses to boast of, quite as if he had been through the war! The toothless and the artificially furnished may, of course, scrape their apples. I recall one day during a trifling ailment my mother bringing me half an apple with a short-bladed knife, and teaching me to scrape and eat. A half-hour's thrill and medicine. After which the shell, to the neatly undermined core of which a meat-skewer mast and paper sail had been attached, accompanied me to the bathtub.

Although apples are autumnal, they are *par excellence* the fruit of childhood, as Karl Anderson shows in that

exquisite painting of Youth in Autumn — the lad on horseback eyeing the apples in his mother's straw hat, and on the bough behind her; and Robinson who

lay dreaming of what things I would,
Calm and incorrigibly satisfied
With apples and romance and ignorance.

The lesson in apple-scraping antedated my fourth year, as I know by changes in the house that the apple-smashing episodes did. In these I was only an entranced on-looker: the boys it was who made the delectable, juice-charged bruises on their apples by throwing them hard against the dining-room ceiling, the softer apples sticking there and requiring the urgency of other apples, skillfully aimed, to bring them down. With the new ceiling that aid to mastication was taboo. About this period I discovered in the bound volumes of the *Agriculturist* full-size apple outlines which I humanized with pencil. All were furnished with teeth. An apple without teeth is unthinkable! though that it should be actively as well as passively toothsome was possibly an invention of my own.

The squirrels hoarding nuts in the hollows of our core-tree, — one butter-nut so started now towers far above its sponsors, — and the bluejays hammering kernels of corn into our flower-beds, were no more winter-provident than we. Some little natural hollows near a wild-apple tree were used as a cache for the small bitter fruit, blanketed with leaves, to wait a February thaw when we should mine and eat the trove.

How many petty incidents like this arouse precious memories! You can always romance about the apple trees in your old orchard — trees you have climbed and under which you have 'let the old cat die'; in the big crotches of which you read Munchausen, munching apples meanwhile; the low hori-

zontal bough under which you led the old nag, bearing some guileless guest who needed 'taking down' and got it! What tales the apples that went to school with us could have told. They served to propitiate teacher, to bribe our mathematical betters, for recuperation at recess, for inspiration behind our geographies. In the essay on Christ Hospital, Lamb writes of his friend Le Grice, who was in the habit of eating apples in school, for which he was often rebuked. One day, having pleased the master, who was himself eating apples, the latter called out, 'Le Grice, here is an apple for you.' Le Grice, who felt his dignity hurt, replied tranquilly, 'Sir, I never eat apples'; which enraptured the boys.

My apple-tree-shaded garden lies *en route* to a grade school, and my butcher Izzy's large family got the habit of dropping in, on the four daily passages. One year of scarcity I protested, mildly inquiring if they had no apples at home. 'Oh, yes, we have a bushel,' returned one, 'but we are saving *those*.'

Our public library is located in a high, wooded park in the very heart of the city, with entrances at all corners. On summer days, when I pass through, I seldom fail to see children prone on the grass or the wide wall, sitting on the steps or the benches, engrossed in books; and more than once I have carried along a basket of apples to distribute there, to complete the young readers' cup of enchantment. For in my childhood a book was a book and an apple an apple, but neither prize quite perfect without the other.

In one of my back-head convolutions, probably no bigger than a hazel-nut, I keep a museum of apple treasures. In the middle of it stands a wonderful tree with a little swing, in which from time to time sit Joan and Jermaine and Joselyn, while Martin Pippin shakes a hail of sweet apples about their heads.

This tree bears buds and blossoms and ripe apples, red and yellow and striped and freckled and water-core; and it never needs to be sprayed against scale or maggot, codlin, tussock, or mildew. And a ring of windfalls lies in the grass. One of the treasures of the museum is the rosy apple still bearing the slight dent where it hit Newton's head, and caused the law of gravitation to sprout; and another holds aloft William Tell's arrow.

Everything that mentions the apple or has been inspired by its decorative worth — woven fabrics, sculpture, paintings, carvings; such by-products as the crab-apple cane which Franklin bequeathed to Washington; and dumplings after the recipe of Charles Lamb — has place in my brain museum. Yes, even one of the 'worlds' of my childhood — a great Pound Sweeting, inked out with equator and arctic circles and rough shapes of continents, with cities marked by pins. I recall my mother soliloquizing over the inhabitants of one of these worlds, hung by a bit of string from its ancestral bough, thus: 'All the atoms running round, paying their rent, ordering butter for over Sunday, and the thirty-two teeth of them all having to be filled!'

That swinging, spinning sphere of mine, my little world, endowed with the sights and smells and sounds and stories of appledom; its fables and folklore and fantasy; its gods and heroes and devotees; its poets and painters and philosophers; its history and its fiction; its romance and utility — of Thee I sing! Yet thou hangest only from mine own tree. From millions of other boughs hangs fruit as appetizing, as personal, as richly endowed, as memorable. Friend, to your own harvest! Review, rehandle, re-taste, recall. I know of no more appetizing sport than to anthologize your Applealia!

SEVEN TO SIX—AN HOUR OUT FOR LUNCH

BY CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

I

My alarm has a knob on top that brings silence when pressed down. I struck it a blow just now, with my palm reached from under the bed-clothes, and slid out of bed. In a sort of stumble I moved to the bathroom, lit the gas-jet, — which shrieked instantly — and got my face with breathless haste into cold water. Dim figures of men with dinner-buckets were visible through a frosted window, slipping down Factory Hill, and I blinked at them through watery eyes. 'That alarm has lost another five minutes,' I decided. All hope of a shave evaporated, and I made a rapid descent of the back stairs, buttoning the last three vest buttons as I went over stone steps into the street.

Outside there was a paling starlight, and hard cold that made my limbs shrink to each other for comfort, and shot my coat collar around my ears. Down Factory Hill I went in a half-run, passing slow-paced hunkies and nervous machinists returning from the night shift at Page's. At this hour there are no noises in Martinsberg, only the faint shriek and grind of the foundry crane that runs all night. It is a sound that to me has an eerie and infernal quality in its vibrations. It suggests an ageless continuance of foundry labor: slow, grinding, uninteresting, and eternal. I toughen a weakened morale by blowing my nose, and thinking very fixedly upon breakfast.

Oatmeal — a North of Ireland land-lady — a door that blows open and won't catch.

'Come pretty near not gettin' any breakfast this morning — know that — I slept two hours last night, between four and six — I can't stand it, I won't stand it — rheumatism 's all through that side — if it keeps botherin' like this, I 'll give up boarders — I won't stand it! — Have some butter?'

The faces of several hundred brass and copper employees met every morning in the quarter-mile between boarding-house and rolling mill are unchanging. The same look and gait, with minor substitutions in walking groups — a new feller for a new girl; a girl who once walked alone, now arm in arm with three others. Those faces, empty, lined, careful, reckless, surrendered, are drawn and tinted clearer in my brain than my own cousins'; I have spent more hours of my life looking into them, and putting them into consciousness. I meet them in slightly different spots each morning, as they or I vary our leaving times, and many, with a miraculous invariability, beside the same tenement or post in the brass-mill fence. There is an old Irishman, whom I met this morning at the space where Factory Hill spreads into Main, from whom the mill must have exacted thirty- or forty-odd years of daily passage here. He is lame and as crudely clothed a man as I have ever seen. Like Cruikshank's drawings

of English laborers — shapeless baggy pants, jagged cuffs, black coat, ragged like a stage pauper's; safety-pin at the neck; black hat — felt, without band or shape. Gray hair over part of his forehead; a mill complexion, a stiffened knee. There were all the wrinkles and lines of strain, anxiety, and age in his face, coupled with a curious look of boyishness. It was as if the environment compelled his body to endure the cares and labors of a responsible life without any corresponding growth or hardening of spiritual muscle.

Greeks, Portuguese, Syrians, Russians, Poles, Italians, and Americans; laborers, skilled workmen, the whole hierarchy of bosses — the muffles' chief in the brass mill, the shipping-room foremen, the bosses of the wire mill and casting shop — moving into the mill between 6.55 and 7.

I opened my locker, and pulled out a torn newspaper to stand on with stocking feet, while climbing into army field shoes. They are joyously comfortable to stand in, and resist the mill environment better than any known footwear. I balance on one foot and draw on blue overalls, till three scalping-machine operators brush by and tumble me into a locker. The whistle blows seven o'clock.

I'm on the 'pony' rolls with Bill Hartley, roller, who is there now cutting a sample with immense shears. The blocker and helper are beside him, putting on their gloves.

I grab the end of the coil. It has already been mounted on the reel, and at Bill's nod I shove the end, with something of a lunge, between the two revolving rolls. Several thousand pounds' pressure are applied instantly, and the copper ribbon shoots through, a thirty-second thinner and flat as a strip of Colgate's. Speedily I relapse into one of the oil-swabbing automata of which there are twelve in the mill.

There's a box — a soap-box a foot-and-a-half high — that I sit on. At my right hand, hung on a wire from the roll-stand, is my bucket of roll-oil.

I dip into the oil in my pail, using a swab half the size of your fist, and streak on — not too much — upper side, lower side, of that moving ribbon. It takes fifteen minutes for this bar alone to grind through. Sweep your swab like a paint-brush on the moving metal, top side, bottom side, and then meeting — or almost meeting — the oil-smear of your last stroke.

Fifteen minutes pass. I get up from my box; my Portuguese helper, who came in ten minutes ago, slides a new 300-pound coil on the reel, lying on its side. We right it together — I know about the knee-bend now, that puts your back under the load.

Then for new oil — a green stream, finger-size, from the tap, sunlight color into it; and McCarthy's helper is behind me waiting.

'Oop!' Half a cup slithering to the floor beside his foot. He gives me a grin of white teeth, and says something in Polish English. I worked with him on Mac's rolls last month.

Back to the soap-box, — a long stroke, top-side and bottom-side, — fifteen minutes to go. I watch the grain in the metal, — stained as it is from the pickle-tubs, — thinking, How'd you like to be an inspector? Watch for blister, cracks, humps, foreign impurities, gauge — The Colgate ribbon of metal swerves a little, coming from the rolls; reels a little to this side, a little to that; what of it? Swab top and bottom — a long stroke and even.

There are four more coils in this order. In the middle of the third, the bar sticks in the rolls, stutters, jerks on for an inch or two, shrieks, and stops. I don't know why kerosene prevents sticking; but it does, and I squirt it

from an oil-can near my left hand. The stutter has waked Bill from a light nap, and he relapses into it again when the metal takes to moving. He sleeps in a tilted chair against his locker.

The sixth coil —

Swab — top and bottom — a long sweep — even but not too much —

The order is finished.

Now you're truck-horses — Bill taking the handle of the truck with all the finished coils on it, piled three high and sloping like steps of a pyramid. We push it over to the annealing furnaces to soften the coils for more rolling.

And now for a fresh order, with a quite new adjustment of the rolls, and of the guides which lead the metal in. The minutely different circumstances bring their flood of relief.

Bill helps me mount the next reel; the Portuguese has retired for a drink of water. A wrestling to untwist and bend into the guides — all your strength. Then the rolls bite; the ribbon moves through, and I resume swabbing from my soap-box. This time I look at rolls and not metal — smooth cylinders of chilled iron, evenly revolving, a foot in diameter, costing \$600 a pair. Look flat, but they're not. Covered with 'humps and valleys' — a fraction of a thousandth of an inch high or deep. A roller worth his salt can tell them by touching with sensitive finger-tips.

I apply my hand, pass my fingers over the oily tops of the rolls, and try to imagine I feel the 'humps.' Fingers get caught sometimes, 'sticker's' fingers, roller's fingers. The hand may break, either at the knuckles or the wrist. What would happen if mine caught? I think it through with a morbid intensity. Some one would run to the engineer, in the centre of the mill. The mill engine would ease slowly and stop at length — three or

four minutes, five, maybe, before the fingers ceased grinding! Drop it for the Lord's sake! — An even stroke, long — top-side and bottom.

Bill went to the drinking fountain near the clock, and coming back said quickly, 'It's seven minutes of — last bar.'

So we watched it curl through, impatiently, wishing we could speed the unvarying rate of the rolls, and hoping it would pull out by five minutes of twelve — which it did.

Kerosene will cut away grease, and we all washed hands in it, put the shears and wrench in Bill's locker to prevent neighborly thieving, and rushed for the sink. There was sullenness and cold water. I borrowed sand soap from Zalinski, an old Pole who inspects copper.

II

I wish I could tell all there is to tell about Mrs. Badger's boarding-house. But I can't for it would take a very long book, and it has only indirectly — though importantly — to do with copper and brass. It was there I learned most about Martinsberg politics and religion — the hatreds of Catholics for Protestants and Protestants for Catholics, and a good deal about people's ancestry and the complicated way they had intermarried. It was there also that I was told that Mrs. Bertran, who lived on the hill and went to Cape Cod summers, began life by 'accommodatin'.'

With Mrs. Badger's advancing age and rheumatism, she slowly cut off the heads of her boarders. She now had left Mr. Lampson, a clerk, Mr. Benny, a foundry workman, Mr. Steffens, a draughtsman, Miss Packard, a school-teacher, and myself.

To-day we had a boiled dinner, and politics.

'Why should n't the mayor sell

bottles if he wants to?" inquired Mr. Lampson.

"Because it's a disgrace for a mayor of the town to be carryin' on trade up and down the street, overalls 'n' all, while he's mayor."

Mrs. Badger invariably discussed the mayor at the top of her lungs.

"It's honest," observed Mr. Benny, but without conviction.

"What have you really got against Mayor Shane?" I asked.

"Look at him!" burst from Mrs. Badger.

"What else?"

"He's a Mick."

"Yes?"

"A dirty Mick," she continued.

"Did not his wife's sister keep a saloon once?" put in the German draughtsman.

"Besides,"—Mrs. Badger's tone grew hoarse; she had not heard Mr. Steffens's evidence,—"he's a Democrat!"

"Anything else?"

"Yes!" she concluded, her voice breaking; "he's a Catholic!"

I went down-town before they finished, to buy a can of machinist's soap, and returned to the mill by 12.50. (It seemed reasonable to enter by the 'rivet-and-bolt' door, which is just as near as the front way by the hot rolls, and I ran a chance of seeing the rivet-and-bolt stock clerk, who is the prettiest girl in the north mill. But she had n't come.)

By the time I put myself into overalls and field shoes, and the black canvas cap with green visor that I had kept over from steel days on the open hearth, gangs were coming in by the hot rolls. The men who ate out of dinner buckets were putting them back into lockers and moving with very great leisure toward their machines. On the rolls next mine, the sticker—a fat Slav—turned up

bringing a new pail of oil. He smiled at me and pointed to a supersaturated apron.

"It goes into the skin," he said, tapping his legs.

Which was a truth. I had found my own legs growing discolored since I began sticking. It soaked easily through all protections.

Bill made an adjustment on the rolls for thin metal,—a delicate job,—the squeezing of bars .015 of an inch thick down to .010.

"Plenty of oil this time."

The one o'clock whistle blew. I stood close to the moving ribbon of thin metal and drowned it in roll-oil.

There is almost a technique in rolling 'thin stuff.' Thin copper, hardly thicker than thick paper, will tear, crumple, and go crooked, if you're not considerate. As I drown the metal with oil,—this is the ninth bar,—I'll go over in my head little things caught from Bill.

Bar has to pass over several things before it goes to rolls and gets squeezed: first, a round rod—and see that it's smooth and won't scratch the copper, which is delicate. (Rub it with emery paper.) Then over a brass plate under a wooden peg. (See that they both are smooth—emery and sandpaper.)

Have the guides fit the bar tight.

Have the reel from which the bar unwinds, directly back of guides, so she won't go into the rolls crooked.

If the rolls squeeze too much, the metal comes out 'snaky,' they say. It's like a piece of cloth where the edges have shrunk and the middle has n't. Watch for that.

What else? I'll think when this bar goes through. What time is it? Early I guess—may be quarter of two.

Put on a lot of oil. Um—

Gauge every bar. Bill is doing it—

Examine edges to see they have n't been roughed up by the guides. Yes.

Look at the surface for scratches, marks, or blisters.

Finished — twelve bars of 'thin stuff.'

We push the truck to the annealing furnace, and bring a towering one back from the hot rolls. A whale of an order, 45 coils, an eleven-hour job, with nothing to it, after the set is made, but shoving a bar in one side of devouring rolls, swabbing on oil for fifteen minutes, and watching it automatically wind up on the other side.

Bill makes the set. It's guessing done with weird accuracy. The upper roll is screwed up or down, and two iron bars, sticking from the top of the stand, achieve that adjustment.

Space between the rolls widens from .010 of an inch to .175.

A short little bar is gobbled through for a try. Gauged with a micrometer. Found to be .170.

The iron control-bars are jarred a little by Bill's hand; space between rolls opens imperceptibly.

Another little bar is passed through. Gauged with the micrometer — .175. Ah-h!

First big bar. 'Shoot!' Coil is mounted on reel, end tugged up, rolls bite. I sit on my soap-box and begin on the job again: swab on oil, regular — top and bottom — not too much.

I won't watch any longer this moving belt of copper slipping by under my swab with the greenish oil dripping on. My eyes go for rest to the gang on the next rolls. A Portuguese Negro is there as sticker's helper, at this instant fishing with a stick for small coils in a great tub of blue pickle. Near him is the sticker, a man with a great stomach and a small head, who treats his metal to great slushes of oil which run off the edges to the top of his boots and the floor. By twisting I can see the roller. He is thin-faced, with glasses, a short pipe, and an

engineer's cap. With an air of incalculable leisure he gauges his bars between puffs.

The last pair of rolls are mighty ones, grinding long thick bars which take three men to manipulate. The blocker is a high-shouldered fellow in a blue shirt, who stands close and grabs the bar when it first shows an edge through the iron rolls. Over the tops of the stands I can make out a small overhead crane, moving industriously in a cloud of steam from hot tubs.

I turn back to the moving copper, and find my pail all but empty. I'll fill after this bar. Instead of half turning as I did to see the aisle of rolls, I look straight ahead at eye-level. There are 'draw benches' hauling copper through dies into special shapes. I can't see them well, and my ignorance of their mechanics is complete. A little to the left is the square box of a mill office. Through the window of it I can see a man with arms on his desk, and a head with a thin patch of hair, buried in them. The boss, Halsey. 'He sleeps all day, but by God, he knows copper.' This is what Bill says.

For some reason the mill noises break into my attention suddenly with all their different layers and divisions of sound. I have been too much given to the technique of rolling, or to the numbing regularity of a sticker's strokes, to notice them before. I listen now and hear them all. Underneath is the fundamental engine rumble and the sound of heavy machinery turning in its bearings. Above that the local grind of my own copper strip going through the pony rolls, and one of our couplings banging a loose board of the sheathing at each turnover.

For the scalping machines, buzz is too soft a word. It is a compound sound, the rapid clawing of copper surfaces by six talons of steel. Close to, you catch the individual scrape; at my

distance, the sound is still harsh but confused. And it unites with the softened *szz-zz* of belts on drums. All this is continuous incessant sound. There are a lot of intermittent ones on top. When a hundred-pound coil drops on the floor twenty yards off, you hear it vaguely; copper bars thrown down by the crane go clang. And occasionally a coil sticks for an instant in the rolls; gives a screech and a shudder, and passes through. The steam lifts that hang over the pickle-tubs scream faintly when the valves open, and trucks loaded with cakes and bar rumble in and out of hearing.

III

Suddenly the monotonous routine of the mill afternoon was interrupted. I was not aware what had happened, but was conscious that a large event had taken place. Helpers began to crane their necks toward the hot rolls, to straighten curved backs if they were sitting down, to wake up if like the rollers they had fallen asleep. I craned too, and twisted on my soap-box to sweep the aisle of rolls with my eyes, and strain them in the direction of steam-clouds and the hot rolls. The state of half coma in which I had been listening to the noises of the mill left me, and I felt alert, almost eager.

'Beeg boss come,' whispered the Lithuanian helper.

Mr. Gordon and Mr. Weller walked down the aisle of the rolls. Mr. Gordon was superintendent of the mill, Mr. Weller an officer of the company. Nobody's movements grew hurried or unnatural, but a subtle current of consciousness ran through the aisle; no heads were turned, but everyone knew that everyone else knew that Mr. Gordon and Mr. Weller were coming down the aisle of the rolls.

Through the roar of the mill a few

words filtered, jumbled and without meaning: 'a new order — radiator brass — competition — spot copper.'

They do not pause anywhere, but pass on and out of the mill through the die department, and leave speculative conversations in little groups all over the mill. I hear the roller next us say, 'Lookin' to see who they can lay off, I guess. Five fellers dropped last pay day.' But my roller, Bill, comes over to the soap-box, and remarks, 'Weller is a good scout. My uncle was a roller in the brass mill when Mr. Weller was a young college feller learnin' the business.'

For some minutes some force seemed to have cut across the drone of machines, bar-swabbing, coil-mounting, stiffened muscles, drip of oil, the interminable ribbon of copper squeezing between iron. It was possible to think vividly and pleasantly about anything at all. I recalled a hurdle race that I had won in high school, and the way the crowd blurred at the tape. I began to think about Leonardo da Vinci and about Mr. Gordon. Somebody had told me he had one ambition — to earn enough to be independent of the mill. He had worked thirty-eight years at it, they said, and was about ready to cut loose. He owned an apple farm in Massachusetts somewhere; in a year or two he would put brass behind him and begin the raising of apples.

But a little later, it became an effort, great and overwhelming, to think of Gordon any more, or of anything else. I mounted a coil —

Lifting the swab from my pail of roll-oil, putting it on in regular smears upon the thirty-first coil, watching the metal thicken on the block, winding a little to this side, veering to that —

Sometimes the numbness that a job brings is pleasant, like the sensation before sleep, or like the vagueness that rhythm gives. I have had such a

pleasant lessening of consciousness, such lulling, on an easy shovel job, or piling metal, or heaving easily on a rope, or even on this mounting of coils, and swabbing of moving metal. But at other moments, as now, repetition becomes pain, and the growing and piling monotony an exquisite torture. And there are differing elements of pain even in monotony. There is sometimes a sense of ebbing vitality, of the gradual, inevitable withdrawal of life and happy energy from every centre of nerve and mind; a substitution of lethargy, — bodily, mental, — a hopelessness with no point or poignancy to make it dramatic or bearable. There is at times a feeling in the mind and senses, half like the pressure of a weight, bearing down slowly upon you, and wholly beyond your power to emerge from or cast off, half like an unbearably stale taste, impossible to sweeten or to change.

At such times, it is either impossible to think at all, or, if thoughts do get into the mind, they find it such a smoky, stifling, and ill-smelling place, that they become dark, choked, and malodorous themselves. Even the best of thoughts.

I tried pungent ones, with rich suggestions floating and dangling from them, like my next visit home with a whole happy past to reexplore, and personalities loved but not seen for long. And I tried the idea of adapting steel inventions and instruments of production to the old-fashioned areas of the brass business — an idea which, with the optimism of ignorance, I loved to speculate upon. No luck at this time. They grow gray or twist themselves into notions of discouragement. And the fact that they seem lifeless now makes me think that they will always be valueless. I remember bitterly how I dreamed that there was life and value in them, whereas, to

speak the truth, they are without core, one-dimensional, deflated, and wholly unpromising, like existence, and like myself. They are like the mill with its dust on the slackening-out tables, and its steam rising from pickle-tubs, seen through the day-weary eye of six o'clock.

Now I try fighting it like an enemy. I resolve upon a new thought-groove, kick new muscles into play, find a new movement for my swab — short quick strokes now, to replace the long and steady. I try the same means that you try to break sleepiness, when you beat back a resistless wave of lethargy by pinching your leg, biting your hand, snapping your head and neck back in its socket. There are means of waking up through mild pain, as now — grinding my right heel into the toe of my left boot.

But an hour later, the fight itself becomes monotonous. I'm unbelievably bored, putting up a fight and failing, and bored with thinking about fighting and thinking about failing.

Areas of personality that used to get stimulus enough to keep alive seem contracting, going under water. The live part of me is an island, with salt water advancing upon its beaches, reducing the green centre of me to a coral shoal. And each hour that I repeat the colorless motions, recovery becomes more impossible, the edges of personality quite irrevocably sunk.

I have noticed other men in the mill, facing the same thing, making a fight against it, winning through or surrendering. And I am confident that the men who have gone through into more intelligent jobs have either worked at twenty things or, if tied to a routine job, have kept themselves alive only through the most heroic measures.

I stood up and kicked my legs, which were going stiff from long sitting on the soap-box. Thought hard for a

few minutes on supper — thought hard on those noises of the mill, and picked them apart. Why not speak to Bill? It seemed a gigantic, an heroic effort to raise my voice to say, 'Hey, Bill.' And what use if I did: we talked our heads empty the first week.

In ten minutes Bill spoke to me. He came over to my side of the rolls, slowly, looked at me, and looked away.

'Monday is a long day,' he said, 'always.'

He spat very carefully into the gutter that carries the oil away, and spoke with his head still lowered.

'Did I ever tell you how I met my wife the first time?'

'No-o-o,' said I.

'Feller named Compton, chum of mine, 'n' I used to go to the movies every night at Swarthmore, 'n' then dance — town hall. Worked in the Swarthmore branch then — good place too. Now listen to this. One night, we saw a couple dames come outer the theatre — good-lookin' as hell. I said to Cal, — that's Compton, —

"Let's follow the dames."

'He says, "All right"; so we followed 'em. They knew it, and were sore as hell 'n' tried to walk away, but we walked up on 'em. And off on a street where they'd turned in, we ast if they'd mind if we'd walk home with 'em. And one of 'em — who's my wife — said she didn't think so, 'n' the other girl says, "We don't know you"; but she looked as if she'd like to, so I took the one by the arm who's my wife now, and we walked the way hell 'n' gone out in the country with 'em, past fields 'n' fields, 'n' finally they ast us our names, 'n' I says Rogers. Which got me in wrong when she found out. But at any rate I went with her every night for most of that summer.'

The end of the bar came out of the rolls with a snap, and Bill went to the other side to help the blocker take

the coil off. I mounted a new one on the reel, dragged the end over to the rolls, shoved it in till the rolls bit, took up the swab, and began smearing oil again.

Bill went on. 'We thought we'd get married, 'n' we told our folks we thought we would. Her people took it all right, but my mother was sore as hell, 'n' said I was a fool, 'n' if I did, I need n't come back. She meant it all right. Father did n't care.

'So we decided to get married anyway. I took pop's car. Hell, how sore ma got over that! I thought she'd kill me. Well, I took the car, and we got married by the Swarthmore minister — Congregational. A very nice wedding; all my wife's people were there and some of my friends. About pop and ma I was sorry, but I did n't care much.'

'Of course I was scared to go home, 'n' so we stayed at my wife's folks. I was plannin' to get a rent, but they were high as hell and scarce. Finally I said we might as well go 'n' see mother and tell her about it. We went over one Sunday, 'n' tried to be nice about it, but she would n't let us in, though my father ast her to. He said she could n't make us unmarried by keeping us out. We went back to my wife's folks.'

The end of the bar passed through the rolls and wound on the block. I mounted a new coil on the reel, lugged the end to the rolls, shoved it into the bite, and took up my swab.

'It's funny the way things happen sometimes. I met my wife by following those dames. And we came together with my people in a queer way too. I'd been living at my wife's people's for a couple of weeks, when they had a fire — a darn bad one; nobody knows now how it started, but it was probably sparks on the roof — and the house burned down. They had a little insurance but not a hell of a lot. Of

course, all of us were out in the street. My wife's uncle took in her father and mother, but there was n't really room for us. I think this is pretty good; what happened was this. When my mother found out about it, she came over and ast us both, my wife and me, to come and live with her until we got a rent. So we did, of course, and my mother likes my wife now better than my father does. It 's funny the way things happen.'

After that Bill felt better, and I know I did. Most of the poisons had gone out of my mind. Of course it was only 4.30, and still hard to finish the turn; but there was nothing deadening and hopeless about the afternoon. I had lost the stale taste in my mind.

There was no fun in the last twelve bars we did, but I could get my will into it. It seemed as if there was something to push against. I liked to put one hand on the top of the reel, the other on a spoke, and with my Portuguese helper stiffen my back and legs and right the thing. I did n't like it, but I was willing. I clenched my teeth a little and was willing. Besides, 'Everybody's job is hard when he does it all day — a man goes through with it — nothing was ever accomplished in this world without hard work.' These moralities jolted into my brain.

Then there were no thoughts, but just a movement of muscles. We shoved the last coil off the gauging-table to the truck. I helped the blocker do it. Tired muscles, but a changed movement, refreshment. If you shove quickly, the coil will slide from the table flat and find the right place on the load without unwinding.

Pulling truck — no thoughts, or feelings — the mill held as if in your fist, to finish the day; the truck jolting on

an uneven floor; attention sharpened for turns and bad floor — and muscles prepared from old practice to slow down at the muffle furnace.

I walk back — ten minutes of six — slowly, muscles loosening, arms dangling. I shake them a little to relax all I can, and scuffle my field shoes through torn bits of copper in the aisle of the rolls.

'Call it a day,' Bill says.

There have been four months of it, I think; seven to six, hour out for lunch. Hardly a taste though. Harry Pickering on the 'breaking-down' rolls has been at it thirty-eight years.

Whistle: kerosene to cut the dirt from knuckles, cold water. I change into street boots, putting my oily ones in the corner of my locker.

Going out of the mill past the hot rolls, I enter the copper-mill yard and breathe suddenly a sharp winter gust. The ten hours fall away and no longer exist. Easily the mill slips off — the mounting of coils and swabbing roll-oil, the bump of the coupling against a sheathing board, and the quiver of the mill engine. Even the numbness of stiffened brain and nerve lifts as I go through the mill gate. And a glow, made up of relief and thoughts of supper, tenses every man's leg muscles and pumps his blood hard.

At the space where Factory Hill descends and widens into Main Street, I meet the Irishman with face cut into lines, disorderly gray hair, and the look of boyish bewilderment in his face. I forget my supper and for a few wasted seconds think of to-morrow's quota of ten hours and next week's.

Then I push up Factory Hill with my eyes and my mind on Mrs. Badger's side door, and on the supper, which comes on hot at 6.10.

THE MAJOR WANTS A STABLEBOY

BY JOHN ADAMS JOHNSON

No one thought of the Major as a religious man. His large frame, gray whiskers, and long coat were never seen within the walls of a church, and he was known to swear with ardor when hard pressed. Nevertheless, his philosophy of life expressed itself in religious terms. 'The Old Marster did it and He knows,' he would say. According to this philosophy all things happened as they should. It was so with the ups and downs in money matters. It was the same, and but the natural working out of the laws of life, when his children married and went away, one by one. It was the same, finally, when an old face turned on her pillow and left him alone.

Not only did all things happen for the best, but all people were doing as well as they could under the circumstances. The Major believed in all men, but particularly in the Pope family, who occupied the White House on his plantation. He believed in Abner Pope as a faithful and efficient assistant, and when the taciturn Abner came back from town on Saturday night in a talkative condition, the Major declared that it was only right and natural for a man to have a bender after a week of hard work. He likewise approved when next day Mrs. Pope bore Abner off to the Baptist Sunday School at Benson.

The Major considered that Mrs. Pope could prepare meals with the best, in spite of what some might consider evidence to the contrary.

'We are going to have fish for sup-

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per,' he would say to a guest, 'the best perch you ever ate.'

'No, Major, they ain't nothing but cat.'

'Well, I'm glad Stephen sent cat. The Arkansas River channel cat is the topmost fish food of the world. It gives strength like pork.'

The Major also believed in Zeke.

'Zeke is such a trifling nigger,' Mrs. Pope would say.

'Yes, he is,' the Major would reply.

'He's so ornery and hateful. Ther's no telling what he takes. He don't never hit the truth.'

'Yes,' the Major would agree, 'but then Zeke is a good boy. He is affectionate. He hangs around me and does everything I tell him.'

One day Mrs. Pope came to the Major, who was sitting in the open hallway that ran through the house, and said:—

'I got to get a girl. What with cooking and cleaning and milking and getting Abner off to work and darning your socks and —'

'Well, if you have to have one —'

'I can get Melissa. The only trouble is she lives over on the bayou on the back side of the place. She's got to live here. I been aiming to tell you this. You can have that room in the yard fixed up for her. It used to be a servant's house.'

'Mrs. Pope,' said the Major, good-humoredly, stretching out his legs on the chair in front, 'it's just natural for you to lie awake at night and think up some way to interfere with my plans.

I want that house for my stableboy.'

'Your which?'

'My stableboy I said. I am going to enforce the rules on this place from now on. My mules are looking bad, and there is a world of work to do before this crop is made. It is only natural for the negroes to ride them at night when they keep them out around their cabins. The mules must all stay in the barn, and I'll have a stableboy to feed them.'

'Now, May-jur,' whined Mrs. Pope, 'ther ain't no other place, and I got to have a girl.'

He was now reflecting and stroking his beard.

'You say this Melissa is a young wench who lives over there on the bayou near Zeke's daddy's, and comes by here?'

'Yes sir.'

'Well, you let this matter rest a bit, and I'll see what I can do.'

The Major walked to the front gate, his favorite place of observation. He often stood here by the hour, with his pipe in his mouth, his arms resting on the gate, looking out upon the river and the road that skirted its bank.

Presently Zeke came up, a tall lank young black.

'Zeke,' said the Major, taking his pipe from his mouth, 'I can't look out on this river front without seeing you tagging along after that negro girl.'

'Sur?' drawled Zeke, in a surprised and injured tone. His lower lip sloped like a gangway down which his words might leisurely slide.

'Oh, I've noticed you. What's her name, now?'

'Does you mean Malindy?' asked Zeke, sullenly.

'Yes — Malinda — that's her name. Now look here. I am thinking about hiring a stableboy, and I'm wondering if you'd do.'

'Yes sir, Major, I'll do.' Zeke brightened up.

'You have n't any land to work. You just help your pappy, and precious little, I venture to say.'

'Yes sir, I just helps my pappy.'

'Of course a stableboy must live in the yard,' went on the Major. 'I thought of putting you in that little house out there, and letting you eat out of the kitchen.'

'Yes sir, Major, dat'll do,' said Zeke, eagerly. He could taste the first meal.

'But then,' continued the Major, 'Mrs. Pope wants to hire Malinda to help her in the house, and she wants her to have that room. Now, there is only one room, and I don't know what to do about it.'

Zeke had no suggestion to offer, although the Major stroked his beard and gave him time, finally saying,—

'Zeke, you are nearly grown by now. You must be about twenty-one years old.'

'Yes sir, I'se bout twenty-one years old.'

'It seems to me you ought to be getting married.'

Zeke looked down and began to dig a hole in the sand with his bare toe, and then said slowly, 'I does think I ought to be gittin' ma'ied.'

'Well,' said the Major, still stroking his beard, 'Malinda is a pretty likely girl, is n't she?'

'Yes sir, she's putty likely.'

'I could put you in that house and let you eat out of the kitchen.'

'Yes sir, Major, I sees de pint.'

He looked at the ground.

'I sees de pint,' he repeated.

'Well, go on now,' said the Major, waving his hand.

On the following day Zeke appeared again.

'Well?' said the Major.

'Dat's all right, sir. Malindy, she say "uh-huh."

The Major thereupon went into the

house, well pleased with himself. He fixed himself in his chair, got out his pipe and called Mrs. Pope. She came out, flushed and corpulent, with a stick of stove-wood in her hand, the first link in the chain of getting dinner.

'Mrs. Pope,' said the Major, striking a match and lighting his pipe, 'suppose we let the stable foreman and the maid-servant both stay in that room.'

'What did you say, Major?' asked Mrs. Pope, letting the stick fall to the floor in order to give exclusive attention to the matter in hand.

'Well,' said the Major, throwing away the match that had served its purpose, 'my stableboy is going to marry your girl, and they can both live in that house.'

'Do tell!'

'Zeke and Malinda are going to marry.'

'Malinda? Who said Malinda?' Mrs. Pope grasped her stick again as if for battle. 'I said Melissa. I want Melissa to work for me.'

'Why, are there two of them?' faltered the Major, taking his feet from off the chair.

'Of course there are two of them. You don't know the gals on your own place. Malinda is Short Pete's child. Melissa is the daughter of old Uncle Joe Coleman.'

'Well, well,' said the Major, thoughtfully. 'Can't you take Malinda now?'

'No sir,' replied Mrs. Pope, emphatically. 'I would n't have that corn-field gal in this house, not for nothing. Melissa is different. She's quiet and ladylike. She's older. Malinda is too young, anyhow.'

The Major wandered to the yard, chagrined. The old setter dog came by, wagging his tail, expecting a pat on the head, but was not noticed. Mrs. Pope's little curly-headed Susan came skipping along with her puppy, but received no attention. The poor boy had trusted

him, and of course he had affections.

At this juncture Zeke came up.

'Zeke,' said the Major, mournfully, 'it looks like I have mixed things up. I told you I would do certain things if you would marry Malinda, and you have promised to marry her, have n't you?'

'Yes sir, we done fixed things up,' said Zeke, cheerfully.

'Well, now, it seems that Mrs. Pope must have Melissa to work for her instead of Malinda. Of course I have to leave such things to her. I thought it was Malinda she wanted. It breaks things all up.'

Zeke turned and slowly walked away, with his head down, while the Major looked after him sorrowfully, resolving to devise some method of righting the matter.

Early the next morning, which was Sunday, the Pope family drove off in the two-horse wagon to attend the Baptist Sunday School at Benson, leaving the Major alone on the place. He walked down to the gate. No sounds were coming from house or yard, or from the green cotton-fields, empty of laborers. Beyond the giant cottonwoods that lined its bank, the yellow river was stalking with silent tread. Only the birds were active. The mocker chose the topmost twig of the thorn tree for his pulpit, while the blue jays shrieked of Satanic Majesty, whose dominions they visit regularly on Friday nights. Negroes in Sunday clothes were now passing, in twos and threes, along the road, all going in the direction of their church, two miles down the river.

A boy and a girl came in sight. They were engrossed with each other, their play being a rough one, consisting of attempts to push each other off the high path that led along the worn-down road. They stopped their play when they saw they were observed. When

they reached a point opposite the gate, the Major said:—

‘Is n’t this Malinda?’

The girl immediately halted, while the boy politely walked on a dozen paces.

‘Yes sir, Mr. Menton, I’se Malinda.’

‘Well,’ said the Major, stroking his beard, not knowing just what he wished to say. ‘What’s this between you and Zeke?’

The words had power. The girl fairly stormed, her kinky hair almost bulging out of the net that confined it.

‘Dey ain’t nothing twixt me and Zeke. Not nothing. Not nothing. ‘Cause why? ‘Cause he’s a sneak and a rascal.’

Relieved by this outburst, her natural deference returned.

‘Scusing me, Mr. Menton, but dey ain’t nothing twixt me and him.’ She walked on.

The Major looked after her in perplexity.

After a half hour, another girl came along, neatly dressed and smiling.

‘Mrs. Pope gone to church? Please tell her, Mr. Menton, that I will be over the first thing in the morning.’

She, too, passed on, while the Major stroked his beard, in perplexity.

Shortly afterwards Zeke came up, approaching from behind, having come

to the house through the field. He wore Sunday clothes and his manner was almost vivacious.

‘Good morning, Major.’

‘Why, hello, Zeke!’ said the Major, turning around.

‘When you gwinter want us to move in?’

‘Move in?’

‘Yes sir. Me and Melissa.’

‘Melissa?’

‘Yes sir. Ain’t you heard? I’m ma’ied now. I tuk and chose — yes, sir — last night — at de church. No sir, Major, I ain’t no scoundrel, neither, scarcely. It’s dish here way: dars dish here black ‘oman and dat ar black ‘oman, who gwinter tell difference twixt ‘em?’

The Popes had heard of the wedding when they returned at noon.

‘Oh, well,’ said the Major, ‘I told you Zeke was affectionate and wanted to work for me.’

‘But Malinda?’ said Mrs. Pope, urging the wrongs of her black sister.

‘Well,’ said the Major, ‘Short Pete is a good man. I’ll let him have more land next year, and then Malinda can get a young husband to help her pappy work it.’

‘Well, if you do that,’ said Mrs. Pope.

‘It’s all for the best,’ said the Major.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY: A PLAIN STATEMENT

BY A STUDENT OF SEA POWER

I

WHEN the 'Five-Power Treaty' for the Limitation of Naval Armaments was signed at Washington on February 6, 1922, the American public assumed that the whole question of relative combatant strength at sea had been settled for a term of at least ten years. By this Treaty each of the contracting Powers bound itself not to exceed a given ratio of aggregate tonnage in the larger types of men-of-war. The future dimensions of the battle-fleets of the United States, the British Empire, and Japan were regulated on a 5-5-3 basis, and airplane-carrier strength was graded on the same scale. This arrangement eliminated all possibility of further international competition in the building of major fighting ships, a form of rivalry which had contributed in great measure to the bringing about of the World War of 1914-18.

The Treaty, however, did not apply to naval vessels other than capital ships and plane carriers, as would have been the case had the original scheme of limitation — submitted by Secretary of State Hughes at the opening session of the Conference — found acceptance. France demanded an allowance of submarine tonnage larger than the scheme provided for, and considerably larger than the British delegates were prepared to concede. Finding France adamant on this point, the British declared themselves unable to accept any restriction on the number of light cruisers and destroyers, both

of which, they claimed, were essential for the purpose of combating the submarine.

After prolonged and quite often acrimonious discussion, the clauses governing restriction of auxiliary combatant ships were dropped, since it was realized that their retention would jeopardize the success of naval limitation in any shape or form and might render the Conference abortive.

As finally approved, therefore, the treaty left each contracting Power free to build as many auxiliary ships as it pleased, without infringing the letter of the compact. The significance of this fact was overlooked at the time, for two reasons: first, because the naval experts at the Conference were unanimous in ranking the capital ship as the most formidable instrument of sea warfare, present and future; secondly, because of an impression that loyalty to the spirit of the Treaty would deter any Power from taking advantage of the loophole it afforded for the multiplication of minor naval craft. It does not seem to have been appreciated that the elimination of so many battleships, coupled with the embargo placed upon the further development of this type by fixing a limit to displacement and gun calibre, would automatically exalt the relative fighting value of all the smaller fry.

A further defect in the Treaty lay in the vague wording of those clauses which relate to the modernization of

existing capital ships. Here the phrasing is such as to suggest that lawyers, not naval officers, were the authors thereof.

Finally, there is the famous Article XIX, which establishes the status quo in respect of fortifications and naval bases within a specified area of the Pacific Ocean. This, in the opinion of most naval critics, is easily the most important section of the Treaty, for reasons which will be dealt with hereafter.

Although it is less than two and a half years since the document was signed, we are already in the midst of a lively controversy with respect to the relative standing of the United States Navy. During the past few months the Press has published many sensational statements on this subject, the gist of which is that American naval power, so far from having been consolidated by the 'Limitation Treaty,' has declined, and still is declining, both relatively and absolutely.

Here, then, is a straightforward question, which, as the writer ventures to think, admits of but one answer. Reviewing the situation as it existed in November 1921, and surveying it as it exists to-day, he has no hesitation in affirming that America's present position at sea is far less satisfactory—in every respect—than it was when the Washington Conference assembled.

II

In November 1921, the United States was at work on a building programme the completion of which would have given it, three or four years later, a matchless fleet of capital ships, all of post-Jutland design, and superior, ship for ship, to the finest dreadnaughts of every other navy. If the three leading admiralties of the world are right in crediting the dreadnaught with unique

powers of offense, the sixteen American vessels of this type under construction on the date in question would have ensured to the United States the command of the sea. As it was, eleven of them were scrapped, and two converted into airplane carriers, leaving only the Maryland, Colorado, and West Virginia as souvenirs of the greatest 'might-have-been' battle-fleet of modern times.

This enormous sacrifice, it is true, was compensated in part by reductions in the British and Japanese programmes. The British ceased work on four battle-cruisers, which, unlike the American ships, were in the very earliest stage of construction; while Japan discarded twelve capital ships, only four of which had been laid down. So far as the remainder were concerned, 'scrapping' simply meant tearing up the plans and blueprints.

As dimensioned by the Treaty, the American battle-fleet now consists of eighteen units with an aggregate displacement of 525,850 tons. To institute a detailed comparison between this force and the corresponding armadas of Britain and Japan would occupy more space than can be granted. It may be said, however, that the British battle-fleet will eventually consist of twenty ships aggregating 558,950 tons; that of Japan comprising ten ships aggregating 301,320 tons.

In weight of gunfire the U. S. fleet probably has a slight advantage, which, however, is negatived by its inferior speed. Five of the British capital ships can steam at 23 knots, five at 25 knots, and four at 29 to 31 knots. Japan's slowest ship makes 22 knots; her fastest, $27\frac{1}{2}$ knots.

On the other hand, none of the eighteen American vessels is good for more than 21 knots, and the oldest of them could not exceed 20 knots, even if reboilered and equipped for burning

oil. Yet without a good margin of speed, superiority in artillery fire cannot be exploited.

It is just here that a comparison of the three fleets in tonnage and gun-power is likely to be misleading. In modern naval warfare the fleet possessing the 'speed gauge' can take the initiative under practically any circumstances.

Since the average speed of the American fleet is at least two knots less than the Japanese and three knots below that of the British, it would gain nothing by its slight lead in weight of broadside fire, and would fight under a severe tactical handicap. An increase in the elevation of its guns would mitigate this disadvantage, but could not overcome the fatal drawback of poor speed.

Taken for all in all, therefore, the American battle-fleet is tactically inferior to the British, and considerably less than two fifths superior to the Japanese; nor is it easy to see how this disparity could be adjusted without violating the ruling of the Treaty by laying down new ships of the capital type.

At the same time, there can be no two *unbiased* opinions as to the right of the United States to modernize its older ships by endowing them with the shooting range and oil-burning facilities already enjoyed by corresponding units of the British and Japanese navies.

Objections to such a course which may be raised, officially or otherwise, in London or Tokyo cannot be sustained by reference to the wording of the treaty. As regards the spirit of that Covenant, surely its purpose was to stereotype the 5-5-3 ratio, not only in tons and guns, but in actual fighting power; and unless and until the older American ships are modernized on the lines indicated, that ratio

will remain illusory and ineffectual.

Furthermore, the writer submits that the entire discussion as to the right or otherwise of the United States to increase the elevation of its battleships' guns has been stultified by the fact that France, also a signatory to the Treaty, has in the last two years raised the elevation of the turret guns in the battleships Courbet, Jean Bart, Paris, Bretagne, Lorraine and Provence from eighteen degrees to twenty-three. Japan, too, has officially announced her intention of effecting similar improvement in the main armament of her earlier capital ships.

Why, then, should the United States alone be inhibited from taking similar steps?

As regards the substitution of liquid for solid fuel, there is every reason to believe that Japan has already made this change in two of her battle-cruisers of the Kongo class, and is now preparing to convert the other two coal-burning ships of the class to oil-fuel.

Improved protection against plunging gunfire, air bombs, and torpedoes is expressly allowed for in the Treaty, an addition of 3000 tons to the displacement of each ship being permitted for this purpose. According to the statements by the English service journals, many British battleships have been equipped with new bulge protection against torpedoes since 1921, the Royal Oak being the latest vessel so treated.

Yet every suggestion that American ships should be similarly fortified against the deadliest form of underwater attack is met by protests from quarters where, apparently, the view prevails that the 'Limitation Treaty' was designed to keep the United States Navy permanently in a state of subjection, and must be rigidly interpreted in that sense.

III

Turning from capital ships to airplane carriers, the position from the American viewpoint is far from reassuring. In this type, as in capital ships, tonnage parity as between the United States and the British Empire is allowed for by the Treaty, with a three-fifths allotment for Japan, the respective figures being: U. S. A., 135,000 tons; British Empire, 135,000 tons; Japan, 81,000 tons. At the present moment, however, the American fleet is dependent on a single carrier of obsolete design — the Langley, a converted navy collier — which would be practically useless for war operations. Whereas the efficient airplane carrier should be at least six knots faster than the swiftest unit of the fleet with which it is operating, the Langley is five knots slower than the slowest American battleship.

A big margin of speed is necessary in order that the carrier, having dropped astern to retrieve the planes she has sent out to scout or to engage enemy machines, shall be able to resume her place in the cruising formation without compelling the rest of the fleet to slow down. But any fleet to which the Langley was attached would have to reduce its speed to $14\frac{1}{2}$ or 15 knots, and, if she dropped behind to fly off and recover airplanes, would have to dawdle along at 8 knots until she had rejoined. This leisurely rate of progress would be impossible in war, to say nothing of the risk of submarine attack, to which slow steaming ships are particularly subject. Matters will be improved when the ex-battle cruisers Lexington and Saratoga, now being transformed into airplane carriers, are ready for service, but unless the appropriations are largely increased these ships will be held up for several years.

Meanwhile the British Navy has six

fast and efficient carriers in commission or completing, and Japan three, all of which will be available by the summer of 1925. If a war should develop at any time during the next year or two, the American fleet would put to sea without a single efficient airplane carrier, which means that it would operate under a fatal disadvantage.

For this state of affairs we must blame not the Limitation Treaty, but the legislators who have consistently ignored the demands of the Navy Department for funds wherewith to complete the two big carriers already authorized. It is to be hoped that no sudden emergency will arise to drive home the lesson that one ship at sea is worth three on the stocks.

We come now to the question of light cruisers, which has figured so prominently in recent discussions. In this class of vessel, which plays a highly important part in modern fleet operations, the United States is so far behind Britain and Japan that scarcely any basis for comparison exists. Fast cruisers are essential for scouting ahead of the battle-fleet, screening it from torpedo-boat and submarine attack, leading destroyers against the enemy flotillas, patrolling the ocean routes for the protection of friendly commerce, and, if need be, for raiding the enemy's lines of communication. Ships allocated to any one of these duties require to be very fast — with a speed of not less than 30 knots — well-armed, with good sea-keeping qualities and a wide radius of action. As the Washington Treaty permits the construction of cruisers up to 10,000 tons, armed with 8-inch guns, this very powerful type is coming into universal adoption. Taking cruisers less than ten years old from date of launch, including those building and authorized but not yet complete, we find the position as in the following table: —

OCEAN-GOING CRUISERS

UNITED STATES	10 ships, 7500 tons displacement, speed 33.7 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
GREAT BRITAIN	4 ships, 9750 tons, speed 30 knots, armed with 7.5-inch guns.
	5 ships, 10,000 tons, armed with 8-inch guns.
	2 ships, 7600 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
<i>Total</i>	<i>11 ships</i>
JAPAN	4 ships, 7100 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 8-inch guns.
	4 ships, 10,000 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 8-inch guns.
<i>Total</i>	<i>8 ships</i>

FLEET SCOUTING CRUISERS

UNITED STATES	<i>None</i>
GREAT BRITAIN	33 ships, 3750-4750 tons, speed 29 knots, armed with 6-inch guns.
JAPAN	17 ships, 3500-5570 tons, speed 33 knots, armed with 5.5-inch guns.

This gives a grand total of 44 modern cruisers for Great Britain, 25 for Japan, and only 10 for the United States.

Exception may be taken to the above table on the ground that it lists the ten American cruisers as 'ocean-going,' whereas they are officially designated 'scouts.' On the other hand, their displacement of 7500 tons entitles them to be placed in the former category, and the prolonged 'shake-down' cruises which several of them have undertaken in the past twelve months have fully demonstrated their ocean-going qualities. For all practical purposes we may safely rate a cruiser of 7000 tons as an oceanic ship.

As a matter of fact, ships of much smaller displacement are able to make deep-sea voyages of long duration. The British light cruisers now steaming around the world with the Special Service Squadron are of less than 6000 tons in displacement, and the Japanese 'Kuma' class, of 5500 tons, have a steaming range of 11,000 nautical miles. Nor should it be forgotten that the German cruiser Emden, the most successful commerce-raider of the World War, was a puny craft of no more than 3650 tons.

The present ratio of cruiser strength for the three leading Powers is approximately: Great Britain 5, Japan 2.5,

United States 1. This glaring disparity is, or should be, a matter of profound concern to the American people. It means that the fleet is desperately short of units which have a tactical and strategical value second only to that of the dreadnought. It is impossible to visualize a naval campaign in which this dearth of cruising ships would not impose an almost crippling handicap on the American fleet. In Nelson's day the cry of the admirals was always for 'more frigates,' which corresponded to the modern light cruiser. More than a century later the Allied sea commanders were calling incessantly for additional cruisers, and in spite of intensive building the demand was never adequately met. Yet, thanks to public apathy and the short-sighted policy of Congress, the United States Navy is left to-day with only ten cruisers, or barely one fifth of its proper complement.

In the event of war, heavy penalties would be exacted for this neglect. Little or nothing could be done to check the activity of hostile commerce raiders. The value of American property destroyed in one month would probably exceed the cost of a whole squadron of new cruisers, which, had they been completed betimes, might have kept the sea routes safe from

attack. Many people seem to think that the deficiency in cruisers, as in other naval types, could be made good after the outbreak of war by rapid construction. This is a delusion. To build and equip a cruiser of the modern class in twelve months would be a remarkable achievement, and the writer has good reason to doubt whether it could be done. Those who suppose that the United States Navy can be adequately reinforced *subsequent* to the outbreak of war are living in a fool's paradise. Meanwhile it is an open secret that the lack of cruisers is gravely impeding the preparation of defensive war plans by those who would be responsible for controlling Navy operations in a time of national crisis.

The outlook, bad enough before, has changed for the worse since Japan embarked on the construction of heavily-armed cruisers. Four of these ships — Kako, Furutaka, Kinugasa, Aoba — now building, will each mount a battery of six 8-inch guns, according to an Admiralty statement to the British House of Commons on April 16. Two larger vessels, Nachi and Myoko, also building, will carry eight 8-inch guns apiece, and two further ships of the same type are to be laid down next year. An artillery duel between one of these ships and an American scout of the Omaha series would almost inevitably result in the defeat of the latter, judging from recent war experience; for the 8-inch gun, with its 250-pound shell, can far outrange the lighter 6-inch piece, whose projectile weighs only 105 pounds. In the writer's judgment, reached after an exhaustive survey of all available data, a programme of fifteen 10,000-ton ships, all to be completed by the end of 1927, is the absolute minimum required. The building of these ships would not bring the Navy up to its treaty strength in cruising types, but it would tend to

ease a situation which all American naval students view with the deepest misgiving.

Great play is made in Congress, and equally by foreign naval critics, with the fact that the United States possesses nearly three hundred destroyers of fairly modern construction, thus giving it a definite superiority over all other Powers in this type of fighting ship. It must be remembered, however, that the majority of these boats are laid up at various navy yards, where, in spite of every care, they are probably deteriorating in structure, machinery, and equipment. Moreover, they are outclassed in size and armament by the newest British and Japanese destroyers, which embody war lessons to a greater degree than the American 'flush-deckers.' The American Navy does not as yet possess a single flotilla-leader, or super-destroyer, though the General Board regards such craft as indispensable and other navies have built them by the dozen. Our numerical lead in destroyers is admittedly an advantage, but it is a trump card of too small a denomination to win any important trick in the game of naval strategy.

IV

Owing to its persistent misuse by Germany in the late war, the submarine has lost caste in the eyes of the American public. It has been vilified — not always by disinterested foreign critics — as a murderous weapon which no decent seaman should handle. This is sheer camouflage. Irrespective of its employment as an assassin of women, children, and other noncombatants, the submarine performed legitimate service of incalculable value during the world conflict. To none of the belligerents was it more useful than to Great Britain. The famous 'Bight Patrol,' which enabled the British commander-

in-chief to maintain close touch, day in day out, with the movements of the German fleet, was maintained entirely by submarines. So valuable was their reconnaissance work that orders were actually issued forbidding them to attack German warships observed to be coming out of the Heligoland Bight. In fact, it is as a fleet scout and an ocean patrol, not as a torpedoer of merchant ships, that the long-range submarine is now prized so highly by naval strategists.

Modern submarines fall under two heads: sea-going and ocean-going. The former may have a displacement of anything from 600 to 1000 tons, and a cruising radius of as much as 12,000 nautical miles. In practice, however, their range is circumscribed by the health of the crew, which suffers if the boat remains at sea more than a few weeks. Narrow, badly ventilated berthing accommodation and restricted deck space for exercise soon tell on the physical and mental fitness of the personnel. For this reason, the so-called sea-going submarine would be of problematical value in an oceanic campaign where the belligerents were separated from each other by a distance of several thousand miles.

According to the latest returns, the United States Navy contains 126 submarines, built and building. This seems a formidable total when compared with Great Britain's 68 and Japan's 77. But when the American figure is examined more closely, it is found to convey an erroneous impression. In the first place, no less than 70 boats are of a pre-war model which later developments have rendered practically obsolete, and of these 70 all displace less than 600 tons. They are, therefore, 'coastal boats,' useful enough for such short-range work as harbor defense, but of exceedingly limited value for any duty which in-

volved oversea cruising operations. It is worthy of note that nearly all submarines of corresponding size and power in the British Navy have already been scrapped. In the 'sea-going' class we have 50 boats designated by the letter 'S.' They, also, were designed during the World War, before its technical lessons could be fully digested. They average 900 tons in displacement, their best surface speed is 15 knots, and the class as a whole has been unfortunate in respect of machinery trouble. Nevertheless, these 50 boats form the backbone of the American submarine service, and upon them would fall the brunt of all wartime underseas work which had to be performed outside coastal waters. In the 'ocean-going' class we have only the three 1106-ton boats of the 'T' class, completed in 1920, and which, when last heard of, were tied up at Hampton Roads owing to defective machinery. Three larger boats, V-1 to V-3, of 2025 tons, are under construction. This analysis reduces our sea- and ocean-going submarine force to 56 units, built and building. The British Navy indulged in such ruthless scrapping after the war that it now contains only 68 submarines. Nine of these are large ocean-going boats, 31 are sea-going craft of a very efficient model, and the balance consists of small coastal boats. Compared with Great Britain we are fairly well off as regards submarines, though that country is believed to meditate a big programme of new construction when the experimental types, such as X.1 and O.1, now building, have been tried out.

Japan was the first Power to apply herself energetically to the development of the submarine as soon as the world war was over. Since the armistice she has despatched several expert missions to Europe to study the latest improvements in the design, machin-

ery and equipment of these boats. Technical committees were appointed to examine and report upon the seven ex-German submarines which were delivered to her in 1919, and close touch has been maintained by Japanese agents with German designers who claim to have evolved new principles of submarine construction, stability, and armament. On account of the impenetrable veil of secrecy behind which the Japanese naval authorities carry on their work, it is impossible to state with confidence precisely how many boats, and of what type, they have launched and laid down within the past four years. A British Admiralty estimate, published last March, credits Japan with 44 submarines built and a further 33 built or projected. This figure has been generally accepted as accurate, though the writer prefers to treat it with caution.

Our definite knowledge is limited to a few facts, which may suitably be recorded here. First, the present Japanese submarine flotilla consists almost entirely of boats completed since the war. Most of the old vessels have been scrapped, which accounts for the circumstance that the total remains more or less constant, despite the completion of new boats at the rate of eight to twelve every year. Secondly, Japan in the post-war era has built only sea-going and ocean-going boats. Of her forty-four completed units, the majority are craft of 800 to 1000 tons, with a cruising range disproportionately large to their displacement. A few are of the 1500-ton ocean type, which also forms the bulk of the other thirty-three boats building or projected in the spring of this year. She is constructing, in addition, several experimental submarines of very large dimensions, variously reported to be of 2500 to 3500 tons, designed from plans acquired in Germany. The build-

ing of these vessels is believed to be proceeding under the supervision of German engineers, a party of whom is said to be employed at the Kure arsenal.

We shall be well on the safe side if we assess the number of Japanese ocean-going submarines at thirty-five. Every boat of this class would be capable not only of making the round voyage across the Pacific on one load of fuel and stores, but of remaining for some time in the vicinity of the American seaboard, where its presence would doubtless interfere with the movements of shipping and create alarm in the coastal cities, which would be liable to bombardment by shell fire. Certain of these big submarines are probably equipped with high-powered engines, in which case they would be able to accompany the battle fleet in the capacity of scouts and submersible destroyers. The comparative figures as to ocean-going submarines are: Japan 35, Great Britain 9, United States 6. Such vessels would be of supreme value in a Pacific campaign on account of their extensive cruising range, and if American naval policy was governed by sound principles a liberal program of fleet submarine construction would long since have been put into effect. As it is, the three fleet boats and the three minelayers recommended by the Navy Department have been stricken from the current building scheme.

V

Since it is true that 'men fight, not ships,' the question of personnel is the all-important factor in gauging the war-readiness of any navy. At the present time the United States Navy is undermanned. The authorized establishment of 86,000 enlisted personnel is a purely arbitrary figure,

bearing no real relation to the minimum requirements of the fleet in case of mobilization. Worse than this, it does not suffice to provide full complements for the ships now in commission, few of which, if any, are up to their full strength in officers and men. On paper, the American personnel is slightly larger than that of the British Navy, owing, among other reasons, to the inclusion of the Marine Corps. In fact, however, the British personnel *trained for sea-going duty* is larger by several thousands.

Since the Washington Conference Japan has released 12,000 officers and men; but this notwithstanding, her personnel remains considerably above the 5-3 ratio. Early in the current year there were 69,000 officers and men on active duty in the Japanese Navy. In view of the steady growth in the number of new cruisers, submarines, and so forth, this figure is more likely to be increased than reduced. Behind the Japanese first-line personnel stands a large reserve, estimated to number at least 40,000, including 4000 officers. All these men, having served afloat for a long term of years, would be available for active service with the fleet very soon after the outbreak of war. Great Britain, too, has at her disposal a great body of trained naval reservists, liable to be called up for duty in time of crisis.

While no precise figures can be given to show the present strength of the U. S. Navy Reserve Force, it is well below the proportionate strength of the British and Japanese reserves. There are not now on the books of the Navy Department sufficient reservists, officers and men, to provide crews for the laid-up ships which would have to be commissioned in the event of a threat of war. That no difficulty would be met with in enrolling the requisite number of personnel was made evident

by the response to the Navy's call in 1917; but untrained men, however zealous, are useless in a modern fleet, and it would take many months of intensive training to mould these 'green' recruits into passable seamen. Finally, there is the crucial problem of length of service for the enlisted men of the Navy. Enlistment is now for a period of four years, and while this is a distinct advance over the two- and three-year terms which were in vogue until recently, it is not long enough to turn out thoroughly efficient man-of-war's men. A six- to seven-year term of service is the least that would provide for that long and continuous training which alone can weld the naval personnel into a thoroughly efficient fighting organism. There is a popular notion that the average American youth is so much brighter mentally that he requires less training for any job, ashore or afloat, than the young men of other nationalities. To this the Navy replies, through the mouth of one of its officers: 'Other Powers have six- and eight-year service periods. Is it not somewhat fatuous to believe that we can do as much with our recruits in four years?'

The British naval seaman enlists for twelve years, the Japanese for six years, and there is no reason to suppose that drill and instruction in either of those navies are conducted on a system less practical or less intensive than in the American service. Moreover, it is well known that a majority of the Japanese personnel consists of men in their second period of enlistment. Hence we are entitled to infer that the enlisted men of the Japanese Navy are better trained and more proficient at their work than the non-rated men of the United States Navy. In the writer's opinion, the adoption of a six-year term of service is of infinitely greater importance than the laying down of new

ships, urgently as these are needed.

Naval policy is, or should be, based upon a frank recognition of hard realities. A navy is not maintained for show: it is far too expensive to be kept up merely as an ornamental appanage of the State. The United States Navy has definite functions to perform, chief among which is the safeguarding from foreign aggression of the national territories, properties, and interests. This task — let us face the fact quite frankly — has been rendered much more difficult than before by the restrictions imposed by the Washington Treaty. The Navy of to-day probably is capable of defending the Continental seaboard of the United States, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, from serious attack from any quarter whatsoever. It is equally capable of guarding that vital artery, the Isthmian Canal, from dangerous assault, provided the local defenses of the Canal Zone are renovated and strengthened in accordance with the advice of the War and Navy Department experts who have submitted recommendations on this head. So much for what the Navy can undertake to do with reasonable prospects of success.

What, in its present state of personnel and material, it cannot undertake to do is (1) to guarantee the safety of the more distant oversea territories of the United States; and (2) to afford adequate protection to American shipping and seaborne trade. Consequently, the Navy is not strong enough to perform an important, not to say a vital, part of the task allotted to it. By renouncing their right, under Article XIX of the Washington Treaty, to develop major naval bases in the Western Pacific, the American people gave hostages to fortune which most strategists believe to be irredeemable. Be that as it may, the problem of how to

overcome the drawback of nonexistent bases in the Philippine and the Mariana Islands in the contingency of war with a strong Asiatic Power is one which has hitherto baffled the keenest brains in the War College. It can be solved, however, provided the very modest demands of the Navy Department in respect of material and personnel reinforcement to the fleet are conceded by the nation, which has a much greater stake in the maintenance of American sea-power than the average citizen appears to realize.

The whole philosophy of armed preparedness is epitomized in a speech which an eminent British soldier, the late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, made to his countrymen a few weeks before his death in 1922, and which I shall venture to paraphrase as follows:—

'It has always seemed to me that the primary duty of a Navy is to prevent war. I know no cheaper way of conducting the business of a State than that of conducting it in a profound peace. One of the ways of doing this is to have a Navy sufficiently strong to prevent war. But if a State cannot, for reasons of policy, prevent a war, then the next duty of a Navy is to win the war. To win a war is a terribly expensive thing, both in men and money. Therefore, it is infinitely cheaper to have a force which will prevent a war rather than to have a force which, if it has to go to war, could even win the war. But there is a third possibility: which is, to have a Navy not sufficiently strong to prevent war, nor yet sufficiently strong to win the war — but one just sufficiently weak to lose the war.'

That, in the writer's estimation, is precisely the kind of 'third Navy' which the United States is maintaining to-day.

THE SENATE: NEW STYLE

BY GEORGE H. HAYNES

FOR many years William Jennings Bryan had been an ardent advocate of popular election of Senators. By a happy coincidence it fell to him, as Secretary of State, to make official announcement that the Seventeenth Amendment had become a part of the Constitution. On May 8, 1913, Mr. Bryan declared: 'I will proudly attach my signature to the statement that this epoch-making reform has arrived.' Then came upon him the spirit of prophecy, and he foretold: —

We will find that instead of having the Senate filled up with representatives of predatory wealth who use their power to oppose the things that the people love — we will find that the honor of a position in that body will be reserved as a prize with which to reward those who have proven themselves capable of the discharge of public duties and men to be trusted with the people's interests.

To be sure, the purist did not fail to notice that this was not a mere forecast of what was to result, but that the repetition of that phrase — 'we will find' — indicated a fixed determination to find the representatives of predatory wealth eliminated from the Senate, and their places reserved as prizes for those who seek 'the things that the people love.'

There were those who doubted whether Mr. Bryan was warranted in implying that the signing of that proclamation was to mark the moment when 'this epoch-making reform has arrived.' By direct primaries, by primary elections, by pledges exacted from

candidates for State legislatures, the legal election of Senators by the legislatures in many of the States had been reduced to as much of an empty formality as the choice of President by the Electoral College. The people pressed the button; the members of the State legislature did the rest.

Into the Senate came an increasing number of members who recognized that their real electors had not been the legislatures. Their presence there was evidence of the growth the movement was making, and their votes overcame the Senate's resistance. Four times the House had passed a popular-election amendment, but the Senate had not allowed it to come to a vote. At last the Senate yielded to the inevitable and gave its concurrence. By such slow degrees, through a score of years, had this epoch-making reform arrived.

Nevertheless, that proclamation did set up a milestone of some importance. It determined that in form as well as in fact the process of election under which had been chosen the men who had made the Senate the most powerful upper chamber in the world was now to give place to the process identical with that by which governors and congressmen are chosen.

The Senate of the Sixty-third Congress was the last Senate all of whose members, in form at least, had been chosen by the process which the States, by their ratification of the Seventeenth Amendment, had discredited and discarded.

I

What manner of men filled that Senate? It may prove of interest, as a basis for comparison, to review certain easily ascertainable facts as to the personnel of the last Senate elected by the process ordained by the framers of the Constitution.

In making such a comparison, it is to be remembered that a single decade is a very brief period in the life of such a great historic legislative body as the Senate. Furthermore, this particular decade has brought revolutionary changes: woman suffrage, doubling the potential electorate and introducing puzzling variables among the assumed constants of politics; the World War, with its upheaval in economic conditions, in industrial methods, and in political thought; and the inevitable reaction from the autocratic tendencies developed under war stress. Differences which may be noted between the Senates of to-day and of ten years ago may be merely sporadic and transient. In a decade of such kaleidoscopic change, none but the merest tyro will expect to discover clearly marked tendencies which can confidently be attributed to the arrival of that epoch-making reform which Mr. Bryan took such pride in proclaiming.

The shifting of politics has given us a Senate to-day made up of 51 Republicans, 43 Democrats, and two Farmer-Labor members, in contrast with the 43 Republicans, 52 Democrats and one Progressive in the membership in 1914.

Ku-Kluxers may be relieved to know that in the present Senate all but three (as compared with five in 1914) are natives of the United States, the exceptions being Senators Couzens (born in Ontario), Gooding (born in England), and Magnus Johnson (born in Sweden). Less migratory conditions

within the United States may be indicated by the fact that 51 (as compared with 45 in 1914) are sons of the States that they represent. Ohio, as in 1914, leads as the 'Mother of Senators,' with seven of her 'jewels' in the Senate. Pennsylvania has six; Massachusetts and New York, five each; Maine, Illinois, Virginia, and Kentucky, four each. There is a striking contrast in this matter between the Senate of to-day and that of 1897, when, according to McConachie, 'thirty-six [members] were of Southern nativity, twenty-eight from the Atlantic group north of Mason and Dixon's line, nineteen from the Northwest and the West.' No such proportion now holds true, nor does the following generalization appear to retain its validity: 'The South not only reared her own Senators but cradled those of the new frontier States, which one by one enlarged the Union.' Of the twelve States that have no sons in the Senate, all but three (New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Florida) are States of the Far West. In further contrast between the different sections, it may be observed that in the section made up of the New England, the North Atlantic, and the North Central States only two sons of States outside that region were sent to the Senate; the eight South Atlantic States chose no Senator bred outside that section — five of them sent only their own sons; on the other hand, of the sixteen Senators from the great Mountain region, twelve had been born outside its borders, and half the Senators from the Pacific States were born in the Mississippi Valley.

The average age of Senators to-day, as in 1914, is a trifle over 57 years, but the extremes are not so far apart: there is but one who is under forty, and but one who has reached his eightieth year.

In the matter of education — to

judge from the very inadequate data available — the Senate makes a rather better showing than ten years ago. Although several have thought it good politics to stress in the Congressional Directory the fact that they have had the advantage of only a common-school education, seventy-six out of the ninety-six members have attended some university, college, or normal school. Yale heads the list of universities, having seven of her sons in the Senate; Harvard, five; University of Michigan, four; University of Virginia, three; and the Naval Academy, one.

As to the callings from which Senators are drawn, the most striking thing is the heavy preponderance of lawyers, — sixty, as compared with sixty-nine in 1914. Several others have had years of legal training. Nineteen of the present Senate have been prosecuting attorneys, in offices ranging from county attorney to attorney-general of the State. Two have been deans of law schools, and two others have been professors of law. Six have held judicial office, including one justice of a Federal Circuit Court, and one chief justice and two associate justices of State Supreme Courts.

The distribution of these lawyer-Senators presents interesting contrasts. Of the sixteen from the South Central States, everyone is a lawyer — although Senator Heflin tells the world that when first elected to Congress (twenty years ago) he gave up the law practice and since that time has devoted his time to the study of public questions. That may explain much. In the entire section south of the Potomac and west to include Texas and Oklahoma, of twenty-eight Senators all but four are lawyers. On the other hand, from the States north of the Potomac and the Ohio and west to include Wisconsin, of thirty-two Sena-

tors only seventeen are lawyers; while in the great Mountain section, from Montana to the Mexican border, only half the Senators are lawyers. The contrast in distribution between parties is not less pronounced: 86 per cent of the Democratic Senators are lawyers, while only 45 per cent of the Republicans are of that profession. The explanation seems to be partly a matter of tradition and of the relative diversification of industry. In the North and in the newer States of the West more varied careers present themselves for the young man's choice, while frequent party overturns make politics seem a far less constant object of devotion than in the South. Racial preferences or aptitudes may have something to do with the matter. An Irishman's allegiance to the Democratic party is proverbial, and he takes to the combination of politics and the law as a duck takes to water; a man of Scandinavian descent, on the other hand, may take to politics quite as naturally, but not so inevitably by way of the law, and he usually votes the Republican ticket.

Apparently the proportion of lawyers in the Senate is lessening and the type is changing. In the days when there were giants in the senatorial land, probably three fourths of them were lawyers. Such were Webster and Clay, Benton and Calhoun; but their experience in the law and their point of view as lawyers in the Senate were apparently very different from those of many of the lawyers in that chamber to-day.

Of other callings, agriculture claims the largest number of Senators. Five put themselves down as plain 'farmers,' though only two of them have felt it necessary to establish their title by engaging in milking contests before reporters' cameras. Stock-raisers and planters raise the number of this unofficial agricultural block — not *Bloc*

— to about fifteen, not including those whose work has been in organizing or in journalizing the tillers of the soil. Including the teachers of law mentioned above, there are at least eight Senators who have been college or university professors, two of whom have been college presidents. There are five journalists or publishers, four bankers, two physicians, and one dentist, and two men whose principal activity has been the management of 'public utilities.' Perhaps the most unexpected calling represented is that of the well-driller.

Long continuity of service has been one of the causes which has most contributed to the power and prestige of the Senate and to the influence of individual Senators and of the States which they have represented. There come to mind the many six-year terms of Morrill and Frye, of Webster and Hoar, of Sherman and Allison. If the comparison be made between the two houses of the present Congress, it is found that the percentages of members of the Senate who have served during the terms of three, two, and one previous Congresses are 41, 57, and 75, as compared with the percentages of members of the House who have served for these same periods — 41, 56, and 71. In other words, although the elections of the Representatives come three times as frequently, thus multiplying the chances for change in that branch as compared with the Senate, the proportion of men who have served six, four and two years in the House is almost exactly the same as that of the men who have seen the same length of service in the Senate.

While it seems evident that the biennial 'labor turnover' in the Senate is decidedly on the increase, one important modification must not be overlooked. Not less than thirty of the members of the Senate had been

'graduated' into that body, after having served from one to ten terms in the House of Representatives. It is no mere coincidence that most of the Senate's expert parliamentarians and many of its ablest debaters had received long courses of training in the more strenuous arena of the House. Very striking is the contrast in the security of tenure of the men from the South and from the other sections. In the Mountain section, only two of the sixteen Senators had served in the House, and neither of these had there completed more than three years before entering the Senate. The Southern States have seven Senators who have served from ten to twenty years in the House — an average of fourteen years.

Of the ninety-six Senators, thirty-six before going to Washington had taken a 'preparatory' course in politics in the legislatures of their several States, the larger proportion of such men coming from New England, the South Atlantic States and the Mountain region. A considerable number had seen service as members of State constitutional conventions, delegates to national conventions, or presidential electors. Eight — most of them from the Southern States — had been mayors of their home cities.

More significant is the number of State Governors who have become Senators. In 1881 and in 1897 the percentage of Senators who had been Governors was 16; in 1914, it was 27; in 1924, it was 26. This 'gubernatorial' element seems to be shifting: in comparing the Senate of 1924 with that of 1914, the number of former Governors from the New England and North Atlantic States rose from three to six; from the Middle States, from four to eight; from the Western States, from seven to eight; but from the Southern States it fell from ten to five.

Of the twenty-six former Governors in the Senate fourteen have come directly, in many cases resigning the governorship to take the present position. It is a safe forecast that this element in the future will increase, particularly from the industrial and commercial States. Now that election to the Senate is by direct vote of the people from all over the State, the governorship is the one office in which the would-be Senator can most effectively display the qualities that may not necessarily best fit him for service in the Senate, but those which will best command the attention of the voters who can send him thither.

The Senate used to be called a millionaires' club. It is to be expected that under popular suffrage the 'merely rich man' will not prove a good vote-getter. Yet the party-manager is peculiarly susceptible to the charms of a candidate 'with a barrel,' and American voters have no objection to a man of great wealth in high office — note the Democratic nomination of octogenarian Henry Gassaway Davis for Vice-President and the frequent efforts to induce Henry Ford to become a candidate for various offices.

Years ago Mr. Bryce remarked that some men were in the Senate because they were rich and others because they meant to be rich. The former may be of great service; the latter — however appealing may be their pose as friends of the common people — are a grave menace: a moral pointed by the recent history of ex-Senator Albert B. Fall.

For many years there probably has not been a time when so few Senators have been helped to their seats by a record of military service. As late as 1914 the Senate still contained five veterans of the Union Army, five of the Confederate Army and five who had seen service in the war with

Spain. Of the Civil War veterans alone remains Senator Warren, who was an officer in the 49th Massachusetts Infantry. Eight Senators fought in the war with Spain, and five were officers in the World War, two of them having been commissioned officers also in the war of 1898.

Twenty years from now it may confidently be expected that the proportion of World War veterans will be greatly increased, not only because the rank and file of its soldiers will then have reached the normal age for senatorial service, but for the less pertinent reason that, as actual service rendered becomes shrouded in the mist of tradition, the political influence of veterans' organizations, now largely exerted in pressure for the bonus and various other preferences, will then be seeking offices and pensions.

Progress toward a seat in the Senate is doubtless furthered by bonds of fellowship formed outside of politics. One is not only known but helped by the company he keeps. Accurate data as to Senators' membership in fraternal orders are not available, yet from their own biographical sketches it is clear that more than one in five of them are Masons. There is also a considerable number of Odd Fellows, Elks, Red Men, and Woodmen. The champion 'joiner' in the entire Senate is probably Senator Owen, who describes himself thus: 'An Episcopalian; Mason, 32°; Mystic Shrine; Knight Templar; A T Ω; Φ B K; Elk; Moose; M. W. A; etc.' But the largest zoological collection embodied in one man seems to be Senator Edwards, who is not only a Mason but at the same time an Elk, a Moose, and an Eagle.

More than one Senator is reputed to be on intimate terms with the Ku Klux Klan, though none avows membership in that masked and robed band.

II

In the Senate, March 15, 1924, while there was under debate the proposal so to amend the Constitution as to give to the people of the several States the power to ratify or reject future amendments, the debate took an unexpected turn. The Senators found themselves led into a discussion of the success or failure of what Mr. Bryan called 'this epoch-making reform.' A delicate question, that — for the Senate Chamber!

Said Senator Fess: 'I sometimes question the wisdom even of the change effected by the Seventeenth Amendment. Whether or not we have elevated the standard of this body by the change in the manner of the election of Senators is still an open question.' Pressed to state whether he had been in favor of that Amendment at the time of its ratification, he replied: 'Originally . . . I was a believer that the change proposed by the Seventeenth Amendment would be a benefit to the country. That was when the Amendment was adopted. Since then I have come to have serious doubts as to whether or not the change has been beneficial.' Another Senator gave as one reason 'why the Seventeenth Amendment is not a success' the fact that 'so small a proportion of the citizenry takes advantage of the opportunities that it gives,' and added: 'I think on the whole the Amendment has not worked anything like as well as we had hoped.'

That in the Senate such doubts should have been expressed by some of its most intelligent members as to the 'wisdom' and 'success' of the Seventeenth Amendment is significant. The men who took most active part in this debate were Senators from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Montana. Yet the history of senatorial elections in their own States affords ample evidence on

one point. The Seventeenth Amendment has made a closed chapter of such scandalous legislative elections as those of Payne (Ohio, 1886), Quay (Pennsylvania, 1890 and 1899), and Clark (Montana, 1899 and 1900). So far as its effect upon conditions within the States is concerned, the record of the Seventeenth Amendment is for the most part 'to the good,' and that part of its record deserves full recognition in making up the final account of success or failure.

But whether we have elevated the standard of this body (the Senate) by the change in the manner of the election of Senators is — as Senator Fess says — still 'an open question.' No one believes that a seat in the present Senate has been bought as seats were bought by Clark and Stephenson. There are men of great wealth in the Senate, but none whose presence there finds its sole explanation in the fact that he is a Croesus. Past-masters in the arts effective in manipulating State legislatures, like Gorman and Platt, like Quay and Penrose, do not find their exact counterparts in the Senate Chamber to-day. The candidate who is obviously backed by a railway or a trust stands little chance of election, but, during a six-year term, unsuspected fealty to such masters may develop. Obstructionists like Hale and constructionists like Aldrich are reluctant to take their chances in a popular election.

But these are negative results or tendencies. What of the positive ones? The Senate is apparently becoming more like the House, both in type, or personnel, and in the rate of rotation in office. Men are now coming to the Senate with less of law-making experience than their predecessors had had in State legislatures or in the national House of Representatives.

There seems to be a distinct tend-

ency to turn from men wise in council to men with more dramatic and executive qualities. The spellbinder, the eloquent prosecuting attorney catches the applause and the votes. An aptitude for getting things done—or promising to get things done—often makes a stronger appeal to the voter than does a capacity for deliberate—often, perhaps, too deliberate—study of what it is wisest to do. It is going to be harder for a Senator of independence in the future to hold to a course that does not square with the opinion of the day, for his chance of reëlection will be largely determined not by whether his acts have been wise but by whether they have been popular.

A decade of experience with the popular election of Senators still leaves the doubt whether in our exultation at the supposed banishment of the 'reactionaries,' of Mr. Bryan's 'representatives of predatory wealth,' and other 'belated survivals,' we have not reason for concern lest the Senate has lost something of the distinction of manner, the real as contrasted with the spurious 'courtesy of the Senate,' the poise of judgment, and the pride in coöperation to *get the Senate's normal work done*, which characterized Senate leaders of an earlier generation. Men who have watched Senators come and go for the past thirty years say, 'Now, it's every man for himself!'

Popular election of Senators has brought 'costs'—by no means money costs, alone—which were not fully appraised in advance. In the first place there is the cost of the election, itself. It must be recognized that the shifting of the election of Senators from the State capitol to the ballot booths has enormously increased the output of money and of energy necessary to make the candidate's qualification known throughout his state-wide constituency.

A second cost is in the necessity of the Senator's keeping in touch with his constituency, while at his work. Under the new system this necessity constitutes a serious strain which many Senators evidently feel. They think they must justify their senatorial existence in their huge constituencies by speeches mainly for 'home consumption' and by votes that appeal to the mass. Partisanship, 'bloc' loyalty, and sheer demagogic have certainly been encouraged by popular election.

A third cost is found in the impairment in his work caused by his campaigns for election. What chance has a Senator for reëlection, if he sticks to his desk in the Senate Chamber, while his opponents are attacking his record before the voters in every county in his State? Nor is it alone his ambition for reëlection to the Senate that distracts him from his task. The story goes that some years ago a Senator was asked: 'How many candidates for the presidency are there in the Senate?' More anxious to seem modest than truthful, he replied: 'Ninety-five!' As long ago as 1835, John Quincy Adams commented that the Senate was becoming a breeding place for presidential candidates, and that at that moment it contained four aspirants for the presidency. But Benton and Calhoun, Clay and Webster aspired before the days of presidential primaries. It is a safe guess that never before have so many presidential bees been buzzing in the Senate Chamber as during the present session, and these ambitions for higher station, like those for reëlection to the Senate, apparently lead to greater truckling to popular favor in the aspirant's speeches and votes, and certainly cut scandalously into his actual service in the Senate.

The open season for primary campaigns began about February 15. From that date to April 10 there were

75 roll calls and 33 yea-and-nay votes. Of four Senators seeking reëlection, the record during that period was as follows:—

	<i>Roll Calls</i>	<i>Votes</i>
A. ELKINS	19	7
B. FERNALD	1	0
C. MCCORMICK	13	4
D. STERLING	10	2

Of two presidential aspirants, the record was:—

	<i>Roll Calls</i>	<i>Votes</i>
E. JOHNSON	4	1
F. UNDERWOOD	14	4

The rules of the Senate still require that 'No Senator shall absent himself from the service of the Senate without leave.' Yet in recent years it is not a rare occurrence for a Senator to absent himself from the chamber for many consecutive weeks while he plays golf in Florida or politics in some State a thousand miles away. In most of the above cases the Senators had provided themselves with 'general pairs,' and, when attention was called to the absence of one of these Senators, that fact was at once and indignantly advanced as a complete vindication.

How remote is this point of view from that of earlier days is seen from Benton's statement that in his thirty years' service in the Senate he had never there seen an instance of 'pairing off,' although he knew that it had since been introduced. When for the first time in 1840 a member of the House gave as his reason for not voting that he was 'paired off' with a colleague whose affairs required him to go home, Benton writes: 'It was a strange annunciation, and called for rebuke. . . . John Quincy Adams immediately proposed to the House the adoption of this resolution: "Resolved, that the practice, first openly avowed at this session of Congress, of pairing off, involves on the part of the members resorting to it, the violation of the

Constitution of the United States, of an express rule of this House, and of the duties of both parties in the transaction to their immediate constituents, to this House, and to their Country!"'

The securing of a general pair is little else than a meaningless gesture of compliance with the Senate rule or with the Senator's oath of faithful service. During the present session there have been before the Senate two proposals for amendments of the Constitution, bills for farmers' relief, for immigration restriction, and for the abatement of twenty-five per cent on the income-tax levy of 1923. Not one of these was essentially a partisan measure; each called for discriminating discussion and modification. Yet underlying the general pair is the assumption that on every question that may arise in one Senator's absence, his vote will be offset by that of his pair, and that thus his absence is justified. Half a great State's share in the work of the dominant branch of Congress is embodied in that one Senator. How does a general pair, covering weeks of sport or of fence-mending, square with so great a public trust?

III

At any time the tracing of the effects from a single change in political institutions is a dubious enterprise. A more unfortunate time than the present session of Congress could hardly be chosen for attempting any estimate of the effects wrought in a decade by change in the method of electing Senators. In the first place, this Congress began its session on the eve of a tumultuous election campaign, in which not a few Senators were distracted by their presidential aspirations, while nearly one in three of its members was perturbed over problems relating to his own reëlection.

In the second place, the advent of a third party in the Senate and the readiness of the self-styled 'Progressive Republicans' to join with the Democrats in every manner of obstruction, though not making common cause with them in any constructive programme, have made effective team-play impossible. The month-long struggle, resulting at last in the election of a minority member as chairman of the only committee in which a contest was attempted, was the curtain-raiser for a session of uncertainty, disorder and delay.

In the third place, the Senate has developed an unprecedented passion for investigations. The distractions of these sideshows have become so great that the main circus is left with very scant attendance. The other day, when the presiding officer's gavel fell, to open the regular session, the Republican whip was the only other Senator in the Chamber. One member suggested in debate that in order to secure the presence of a quorum in the Senate Chamber, an investigating committee be assigned a meeting-place in each of its four corners. Each committee is coming to designate its 'Prosecutor' — a title novel and ominous in Senate development. The Constitution ordained the Senate to serve as a high court of impeachment, not as a grand jury. Nor would any reputable prosecuting attorney in the presence of a grand jury allow himself such riotous licence as one and another of these notoriety-seeking 'Prosecutors' has introduced into some of these hearings.

Not only do formal reports and recommendations come from these committees to the Senate, but the newspapers' reports of the most irrelevant testimony and gossip daily become in turn the text for Senate debate. Early disclosures cast grave suspicion upon former Secretary Fall and other

high officers of the present administration. Those charges deserved to be followed without fear or favor to the very end, and where guilt could be proved, the punishment should have been swift and condign. But the freedom of debate, which the Senate has always been so reluctant to curb, has been most grievously abused.

Up to date, the present session has a record notable for stalled legislation. The minority leader delights to say that responsibility for the inaction rests 'on the majority, which has no programme.' The taunt is unjust, for the fact is that the real majority is made up of the Democrats, the two Farmer-Labor members, and the LaFollette senators who persistently join with the Democrats in practically every act that can weaken or embarrass the Republicans thus left in the lurch. For obstructive tactics this alignment is ideal; for orderly doing of the day's work of the Senate it is impossible.

There has been little deliberate filibustering, perhaps because few measures have yet been advanced to the killing stage. But there has been enormous waste of time. John Adams once described the Senate over which he presided as 'a select council of statesmen, true to their duties, not ambitious of logomachy, and not making their honorable station subsidiary to other objects.' *Not ambitious of logomachy!* There comes to mind that speech on Soviet Russia — a speech running through the better part of the sessions of three days; a speech, be it said, which contained much of valuable information and evident attempt at fairness of judgment, but prolix, repetitious, apparently planless, and read from proof sheets in dreary monotone; and that other speech, on the power of removal — a speech of three times the length and one third

the substance of the masterly one in which the subject had been covered on the previous day by Senator Borah. These are but samples. Have our Senators forgotten that Edward Everett was the 'orator' on a certain memorial occasion at Gettysburg, when Abraham Lincoln also delivered an address?

Will the partisan haranguer, the self-advertiser and the long-winded orator force the Senate to adopt a workable closure? As experience proves, such a step would be taken with great reluctance. Such abuses of freedom of debate as the present session has witnessed may perhaps be more salutarily corrected by the slower process of education in the electorate. The forecast that popular election will fill the Senate with men who will fight for 'the things that the people love' sets one pondering on Love's proverbial blindness.

IV

In this first session of the Sixty-eighth Congress the Senate, which has made such halting progress in doing its own part in the essential work of a legislative body, has made startling encroachments in other fields of governmental activity. Three resolutions have been introduced, requesting the President to call for the resignation of high officials in his Administration. Hitherto, controversies over removals between the Senate and the President — with a single exception, as far as the writer recalls — have been over the attempt of the Senate to *prevent* the President's making removals for personal or partisan reasons. In 1910 a resolution was introduced in the Senate, calling upon President Taft to request the resignation of the Secretary of the Interior, but it never was brought to a vote. By what Senator Reed has characterized as 'a cheap and

nasty method,' the Senate forced Secretary Denby out of office; the resolution against the Attorney-General was modified, and the request for his removal was eliminated; the third resolution, aimed at Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, still hangs fire. In the resolution calling for court action to cancel the 'oil leases,' the President was authorized and 'directed' to employ special counsel, and members of the Attorney-General's staff were specifically excluded from such service. In authorizing investigation of the work of the Attorney-General, the Senate elected the committee, instead of providing for its appointment by the President *pro tempore*, as is the usual practice, and virtually allowed the Democratic proposer of the resolution to place himself upon the committee and to name as its chairman one of the most vociferous members of the Farm Bloc — a convincing illustration of the utter breakdown of party responsibility. Day after day, by arguments that seem to convince only the sponsor for the resolution and one or two others, the Senate has been forced to listen to an attack upon the legality of Mr. Mellon's holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. In a committee authorized to investigate the Division of Internal Revenue, after it had virtually completed its task as at first planned, a resolution was passed by Senator Couzens and the two Democratic members, — the proposal not having been before suggested to the chairman or to the other Republican member, — authorizing the employment of one of the country's most sensational criminal lawyers as the committee's 'Prosecutor' in a field of inquiry not in contemplation at the time the committee was raised, this 'Prosecutor' to be paid out of the pocket of the multimillionaire who had

instigated the appointment of the committee, and whose personal controversy with the Secretary of the Treasury had for months been a matter of national notoriety.

The sequel to this sharp practice within a Senate committee is of recent memory. The chairman of the committee sought to have the committee discharged from its task, and the President sent to the Senate a message transmitting a letter of protest from the Secretary of the Treasury together with a vigorous assertion of the duty of the Executive to resist unwarranted intrusion by the Senate, and the admonition: 'It is time that we returned to a government under and in accordance with the usual forms of the law of the land.'

In the Senate debate over this message there was not the slightest attempt made to justify the action of the committee in authorizing the employment of a Prosecutor to be paid by the private funds of a Senator with a grievance; but several Senators professed to find in it a grave affront to the dignity of the Senate. The attempt was made to torture the President's words into a condemnation of all the Senate's investigating committees and a refusal for the future to submit to its committees the documents or information necessary for their work. One Senator declared that only by express disavowal of intent to criticize more than the Prosecutor-hiring by that one committee could the President be 'acquitted of sending to the Senate of the United States as arrogant a message, I undertake to say, as since the days of the Tudors and Stuarts was ever sent by the Executive to a parliamentary body of English-speaking people.'

But it is hardly necessary for Democratic assailants of the President to turn back the pages of history to the

days of the Tudors and the Stuarts. They will find interest and pertinence in the context of these two passages from special messages addressed to the Senate by two great Democratic Presidents: —

It is now . . . my solemn conviction that I ought no longer, from any motive, nor in any degree, to yield to these unconstitutional demands. Their continued repetition imposes on me, as the representative and trustee of the American people, the painful but imperious duty of resisting to the utmost any further encroachment on the rights of the Executive. . . .

Compliance with such demands would ultimately subject the independent constitutional action of the Executive, in a matter of great national concernment, to the domination and control of the Senate; if not acquiesced in, it would lead to collisions between coördinate branches of the Government, well calculated to expose the parties to indignity and reproach, and to inflict on the public interest serious and lasting mischief. (ANDREW JACKSON, *Message to the Senate*, February 2, 1835.)

The requests and demands which by the score have for nearly three months been presented to the different departments of the Government, whatever their form, have but one complexion. They assume the right of the Senate to sit in judgment upon the exercise of my exclusive discretion and Executive function, for which I am solely responsible to the people from whom I have so lately received the sacred trust of office. My oath to support and defend the Constitution, my duty to the people who have chosen me to execute the powers of their great office and not to relinquish them, and my duty to the Chief Magistracy, which I must preserve unimpaired in all its dignity and vigor, compel me to refuse compliance with these demands. (GROVER CLEVELAND, *Message to the Senate*, March 1, 1886.)

Both of these assertions of Executive independence were called forth by Senate resolutions asking for papers and other information upon the basis

of which the President had removed certain officials. In each case the President maintained his right to refuse information the transmittal of which in his opinion was not essential to the performance of a constitutional function of the Senate. In neither case would compliance with the Senate's request have meant such a derogation from the dignity of the Executive nor such an interference with the responsible carrying-on of the Executive functions as would have been involved in acquiescence in a millionaire Senator's paying from his own purse the fees of an inquisitor to go scandal-hunting through the files of a great Department of the Government.¹ It is well to recall that in these former controversies public sentiment strongly sided with Jackson and with Cleveland in their resistance to what was deemed the Senate's 'unwarranted intrusion.'

V

'The Kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation.' It may be that thus the Seventeenth Amendment's 'epoch-making reform' is stealing upon us, without our full discernment of its coming. In State elections and in State legislatures the gains due to that Amendment are obvious. 'But whether or not we have elevated the standard of this body by the change in the

¹ May 6, 1924, on motion of one of its minority members, the select committee charged with investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue, after long debate *but without a record vote*, was authorized to employ counsel. So it is to be assumed that the aforesaid lawyer, Francis J. Heney, will be employed, but that he will be paid for his researches by the United States instead of by Senator Couzens.

manner of the election of Senators is still an open question' — a question to which the record of the past five months contributes little that will weigh for an answer in the affirmative. The patience, persistence, and skill with which some exhaustive investigating was pursued in the early weeks of the session well deserve the high praise they have received. But sensational disclosures bred a love for sensation, and the partisan and the self-advertiser leapt to their opportunity, until the Senate Chamber often was filled with 'sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

From the niches on its walls look down the busts of a score of Vice-Presidents, beginning with John Adams, under whom the Senate worked out its first precedents, and Thomas Jefferson, whose *Manual* is still the authority regulating much of the Senate's procedure. Nothing has disturbed the calm of those pale faces. But if, during the present session, those ears could have been unstopped and if those lips could have uttered the thoughts that arose in those twenty former Presidents of the Senate, what would have been their comments? Many a time I have found myself wondering if John Adams would have turned to his next neighbor, Thomas Jefferson, with the comment which he confided to his wife, one hundred and thirty years ago: 'I have not been absent a day. It is to be sure, a punishment to hear other people talk five hours every day, and not be at liberty to talk at all myself, especially as much that I hear appears to me very young, inconsiderate and inexperienced.'

THE ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN FRANCE

A NEW SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been written about the political situation in France, about French diplomacy, and even about the financial position of the country, very little attention has been paid to the extraordinary economic developments which have taken place. These economic developments will, in the end, prove to be the permanent factors. They are in reality much more important than the disputes about Reparations or even than the immediate difficulties which France experiences in balancing her budget.

When a short time ago I contrasted the financial weakness with the economic strength of France in a paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, I received a number of letters urging me to write at greater length of the industrial and commercial enterprise of France. It is, indeed, a subject which has been insufficiently studied. The only contribution of consequence that I know of is an official report prepared by Mr. J. R. Cahill, the Commercial Counsellor at the British Embassy in Paris, and his 'Report' is naturally for private circulation only. It is, however, exceedingly useful, and I am myself indebted to it for many of the figures which I shall give.

This Report was an eye-opener to those whom it reached. Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that because France finds her currency falling and has not yet managed to obtain

budgetary equilibrium, the country is therefore poor. The contrary is the case. In my opinion, France is not only potentially but actually one of the richest countries in Europe, and it may well be that in a few years she will be the very richest of them all.

There has been, since the war, a trade depression which has had grave consequences in European countries, and even at one period in America. England particularly has suffered; Italy, too, has passed through deep waters. The industrial population of Germany has experienced trying times; Russia has, of course, been afflicted with famine. But in France there have been practically no labor troubles in spite of the upheaval of the war, in spite of the depreciation of money — for the simple reason that there have been no unemployed. There has been more work to do than the man power of France could accomplish. Instead of the laborer seeking work, the employer of labor has been handicapped because he could not find sufficient men; so much so that large numbers of foreign workers have been imported and, in addition, the manufacturers have been compelled to introduce more and more machinery.

This machinery, at first bought abroad, is now being made in France. France, which was regarded chiefly as an agricultural country before the war, now deserves the name of a highly industrialized country. Something like a

transformation has been effected. A remarkable impetus has been given to all branches of activity. France is equipped as never before. If in the devastated areas there are still houses to be built, the industrial reconstruction is practically completed, and the output of the coal mines which were destroyed or damaged is being rapidly increased, partly on account of improved technical equipment. The textile factories which were blown to pieces have been restored on a larger scale than before, and better and more modern machinery has been installed. This is true of the woolen and the cotton trades, and is also true of the chemical and engineering trades.

At times there have been protests, both in France and abroad, at what was described as the excessive expenditure on reconstruction. It was urged that the war victims had inflated their claims, that the French Government had paid without strict investigation, and that in consequence the demands on Germany had been swollen beyond reason.

Into these charges it is not my purpose to go at this moment. It would indeed have been surprising had not more been asked than was absolutely necessary, when the whole spirit which prevailed at the time of the Armistice was that Germany was able to pay and could be made to pay. These hopes have doubtless been falsified, and the French exchequer is too heavily burdened.

The morality of it all may be doubtful, but in the circumstances such exaggerations were inevitable. Moreover, from the national point of view, a fairly good bargain has been made. At the price of temporary financial difficulties, France has replaced old and inefficient factories by new and improved works. Eventually, even though individual firms may have profited unduly, it will

be France as a nation which will profit. Since there had to be restoration, it would have been foolish to have restored the bad as well as the good. It would have cost as much to put up buildings similar to those destroyed as it cost to put up better buildings. It would have been absurd to look for antiquated machinery when up-to-date machinery was available.

In any case, without minimizing the sufferings of France, it is fair to say that, in the long run, France will have gained; for not only has the industrial North been improved, but many factories which were erected in other parts of France as an emergency measure will continue to produce.

Nor has agricultural reconstruction been delayed. The production is already about equal to that of the pre-war days, and superior agricultural methods have been adopted. The farmer has been taught to employ machinery. In the old days the French farmer had somewhat primitive conceptions; he lagged behind the farmer in other European countries. This was doubtless partly due to the system of small holdings. But now, thanks to intensive propaganda, a co-operative spirit has been fostered even in the smallest villages, and the farmers are learning to club together for the purchase of agricultural instruments.

At the same time, the State has been quietly at work and, while the politicians have been chiefly clamoring about German recalcitrancy and the possibility of a German *Revanche*, the authorities have been organizing the resources at the disposal of France. Ports and waterways, railways and roads have been made, and schemes of all kinds have been under consideration. Indeed in many instances, their execution has begun. There has been a systematic utilization of water power — and perhaps it is in this respect that the future

of France is most hopeful, since, if France is short of coal, she has plenty of rivers and waterfalls from which she can obtain all the electric power she needs.

The recovery of Alsace-Lorraine gave France new resources in coal and in iron ore, in potash and in oil, and increased the metallurgical, the engineering, and the textile industries of the country.

But perhaps the most striking advance that has been made in the industrialization of France is the new organization of the great basic industries on the model of this German Trust system. The large firms have concentrated and consolidated, they have even reached out beyond the frontiers and have purchased many undertakings along the Danube and in other parts of Middle-Europe. There is an interlocking of interests, especially in metallurgical groups, which is perhaps the most astonishing of the post-war phenomena.

I

When one considers the progress that has been made in the ten *départements* which constitute the Liberated Regions, one is impressed with the resourcefulness of France. The occasional scandals of which one hears, and which have been vastly exaggerated for political purposes, are comparatively unimportant.

The chief complaint of Socialist agitators is that the big firms have received compensation, while a large proportion of the people are still living in temporary dwellings. There is an excellent demagogic appeal in revelations of this kind, and it is not to be doubted that those who were best able to look after themselves and to push their claims, received preferential treatment. That is in the nature of things. But considering the immense character

of the undertaking, considering that it was necessary to set up machinery of an altogether novel character and that the task was vast and complicated, it is absurd to speak of the blunders that have been made in administration as a new Panama scandal.

For my part, I have nothing but admiration for the successive French Governments which have encouraged the restoration of the North and, without financial means, have succeeded in a few short years in reinstating a large majority of the total pre-war population. The figures show that two million people have returned to their homes, and that the population of the North is only a few thousands less than it was in 1914. There were altogether three-and-a-quarter-million hectares of land devastated; well over three million hectares have now been cleared. There were about two million hectares of agricultural land devastated; and well over a million-and-a-half hectares are now under cultivation again. There were 3500 communes occupied by the enemy and in many cases completely annihilated; municipal organizations have been re-established in 3250 of these communes.

Before the war there were 7298 elementary schools; there are now 7008. There are actually more post-offices open than in 1914. All the main railway-lines have long since been restored, and there remains little still to be done in the reconstruction of local lines. Practically all of the water-ways are navigable, and the roads are available for traffic. Many districts were denuded of live-stock; there is now no scarcity. Wheat and sugar, which are the principal crops, are grown on the same scale as in 1914. Out of 22,000 industrial establishments, over 20,000 have been rebuilt, and, as already stated, many of them are considerably modernized.

Generally, the industrial efficiency of the North which was the chief centre of trade, has been greatly increased. If the coal output of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais departments is compared with the coal output of 1919, it will be found to have increased nearly fifteen-fold. It is true that the task of rebuilding dwelling houses is far from finished, but it must be remembered that the number of houses destroyed was three hundred thousand, while one hundred and fifty thousand were seriously damaged, and three hundred and fifty thousand partially damaged. Obviously it will take some years before the inhabitants can be given something more than the temporary wooden houses which were run up; but it should be noted that not only the authorities but the minor companies and other employers of labor have promoted great housing schemes. The Lens Mining Company alone has built nearly 70,000 houses, and other companies which could be mentioned have built five thousand here and three thousand there. It is estimated that altogether the expenditure of the French State, in default of Germany, on the ruined North will be about one hundred milliard francs.

Not only have the necessary funds been raised by loans through the Crédit National, but the municipalities and other public authorities have in many cases issued loans, while groups of manufacturers, also,—whether engaged in the mining, the metallurgical, the sugar, or the textile industries,—have raised capital for reconstruction purposes, their loans being based upon their assets, and upon their claims on the French Government. Coöperative organizations have rebuilt churches which had in some cases been razed to the ground during the war.

Altogether it would seem that,

taking all the circumstances into consideration, remembering the utter devastation that was caused in those departments in which before the war, industry was almost completely concentrated, the efforts that have been made are highly creditable, and France deserves something better than reproach for the inevitable anomalies and particular grievances that have arisen. The State may have been imprudent from the strictly business point of view in accepting full responsibility for the restoration of the North, and in pledging its own credit before it was really ascertained whether Germany would pay; but it cannot be denied that morally the State owed this reparation to the inhabitants and that, despite financial difficulties, the State will eventually reap its reward.

II

When we examine the general industrial situation in France, we find that the attempts that are being made to develop the resources of the country are amazing. Formerly no one thought of France as an industrial country, although as matter of fact the transformation of French manufacturing equipment had begun before 1914. The war itself helped to accelerate the process. It will be remembered that when the North was overrun by Germany, it was found necessary to transplant industries to various parts of France. Paris itself saw an astonishing increase of factories; Lyons, which had the ablest of mayors, M. Edouard Herriot, became still more highly industrialized; Marseilles, Bordeaux, St.-Nazaire, Rouen, and many other centres provided new factories and workshops; and these factories and workshops were not scrapped at the Armistice.

In the Pyrenees, in the French Alps, in the Central Plateau, there was a

veritable metamorphosis. It was a metamorphosis that will have considerable influence on the future of France. Considerable in itself, it seemed to set in motion fresh forces — a hitherto unknown desire to create goods on a vast scale, to make the most of French riches, to become as far as possible self-sufficing, and even to compete with the nations that were regarded as the industrial leaders of Europe. This spirit of emulation once awakened has grown tremendously in France.

It would take many pages merely to enumerate the plans that have been prepared, often under the auspices of the Minister of Public Works, M. Le Trocquer, who, after remaining at his post under successive Governments for more than four years, recently went out with the Poincaré Cabinet.

It is not in France alone that these developments are taking place. In spite of her colonial possessions, France had never shown any particular aptitude for colonization; but since the war the newspapers have been filled with accounts of the wonders and possibilities of Indo-China, of Algeria, of Morocco, and of other places in which the French influence is felt. This is not mere idle propaganda. Substantial works have been undertaken, and France will within the next decade undoubtedly add to her overseas riches as well as to the riches of the metropolitan country.

But, for the moment, we are not so much concerned with what is happening under French guidance in Africa — where roads are being made and ports constructed — in the Near East, and in the Far East; it is the industrial organization of France at home that is probably the most notable feature to be observed.

If I may quote from the Report of Mr. Cahill, the most conscientious of officials, it will be seen that something

entirely new has come into French life.

'As in the other principal producing countries,' he says, 'the keynote of France's recent reconstitution has been a consolidation, whether along horizontal or vertical lines, and the regional developments in these directions have tended to become national, and even international, in scope. This movement has been peculiarly conspicuous in the great metallurgical and engineering industries, but its operation has been visible in a whole series of other industries, and it has been attended by enlargement and superior equipment of the units.'

Examples could be given in profusion. The great metallurgical groups are those of Schneider, the Compagnie des Forges et Aciéries de la Marine et d'Homécourt, the Société des Mines de Longwy, La Société des Aciéries et Forges de Firminy, and other concerns which are interested chiefly in Lorraine. Mutual interests exist between many of them. Schneider and de Wendel and the Marine et d'Homécourt (better known as St.-Chamond) have interwoven their interests and have connected up with Belgian works in Luxembourg.

These companies, for the most part, have not only secured control of the sources of their chief raw materials, but have obtained control of the concerns which utilize their products. The Schneider Company has some participation in coal and ore mines, in iron and steel works, in shipbuilding firms, in firms which manufacture electric machinery, guns, dredges, machine tools, boilers, optical, and scientific instruments. Schneider cannot be located in one district, the firm spreads out all over France — at Paris, Creusot, Bordeaux, Cherbourg, Caen, Havre, and so forth.

The St.-Chamond Company, while still existing in St.-Etienne, has im-

portant establishments at Bayonne, in Lorraine, at Maubeuge and Hautmond.

Further, these enterprises have extended to Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Rumania and Poland. It is sufficiently well known that the purpose of the great iron and steel manufacturers of France has been to enter into some kind of collaboration with the German magnates of the Ruhr. If their interests were joined, as without doubt they will be some day, and if the process of amalgamation continued, the French and the German coal- and iron-masters would become the most powerful force in the whole of Europe.

III

Although the potential strength of France in metallurgy is so remarkable, it does not follow that the country has been able to avail itself immediately of the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. Circumstances have conspired to reduce the output. The occupation of the Ruhr, whatever may have been the political interest and whatever may be the ultimate economic result, made it incumbent on the ironmasters of France to close down many of their blast furnaces for want of coal. Until some arrangement is reached with Germany, there will be considerable wastage. All that can be said at the moment is that the French industrialists are perfecting their plants and are elaborating the economic machinery, which one day will run smoothly.

In 1913 France had an output of over twenty-one million tons of iron ore, ranking third in the production of ore, following the United States and Germany. With the deposits of Lorraine, she should have doubled her output, while the German output should have been more than halved. Lorraine in 1913 yielded over twenty-one million tons, that is to say sixty per cent of the

whole German output. Yet France does not, as might have been supposed, produce over forty-two million tons to-day. The returns show that very little more than the pre-war production has been obtained. The increase is only about one-and-a-half million tons. The figures for cast-iron and for steel are very much what they were in 1913.

Germany managed to import high-grade ores from Sweden and Spain, and the lower-grade ores of Lorraine, which will hardly bear transportation on account of the cost, could not be worked on the spot. Unless France can obtain a constant supply of coal and coke, there is a sense in which the acquisition of the Lorraine mines is a handicap; for against the demand for coal and coke for the blast furnaces, there are no corresponding home supplies. It is precisely this dependence of France on foreign coke which makes it inevitable that, sooner or later, a bargain between the French and the German industrialists will be struck.

Before the war the French production of coke met only about half the French requirements. This shortage is greatly increased by the addition of the immense ore fields of Lorraine and the diminished output of French coke. But these are temporary conditions which will in time pass, unless both the French and the German industrialists, each side with its advantages over the other, attempt to obtain too much and, instead of reaching a peaceful agreement, provoke armed strife.

It is not only in the coal and iron industries that the consolidation to which we have called attention applies. Particularly in the electrical trades, which are developing enormously, there is a tendency to combination. The number of firms engaged is small, and they are all more or less interlocked. This is true not only of the producing companies, but of the distributing

companies. In dye-stuffs there is one dominant company; in what is called the heavy chemical trade there are two concerns which control most of the factories.

The movement is not so pronounced in the textile trades, though it is still to be remarked. There are, indeed, few branches of industry in which it is not true either that a small group of powerful firms predominate or that a number of companies have a working agreement. In transport this policy is particularly to be noted; the railway systems consult with each other and have unified their freight rates. Even in Paris the various services — tramways, omnibuses, and others — work together. The shipping companies have in the same way abandoned, to a large extent, competitive methods. All this is comparatively new in France and betokens a desire to imitate the example set by Germany and other industrial countries.

It would be tedious to show in detail the expansion of industries which have hitherto languished in France, such as engineering of all kinds and especially the building of motorcars; but it may be said in a phrase that the trading returns are all extremely favorable.

Among the public works which are destined to augment the economic force of France is the construction of new stretches of national road. Much money is being spent on this object as well as on the improvement of rivers and canals. On the Canal du Nord, boats of six-hundred tons can pass; there is a canal which will establish direct water-way communication between Upper Alsace, the region of Paris, and the North; the Rhône-Rhine Canal is being completed. There is a Marseilles canal scheme involving the piercing of the Rove tunnel which will cost 220 million francs, and which will connect the port with the Étang-de-Berre. It is

held that this particular improvement will not only alter shipping conditions but encourage the building of many important factories. Indeed, most French sea-ports have been, or will be enlarged, and such inland ports as Strasbourg will be entirely reorganized at considerable cost.

The handling of cargoes has been improved out of all knowledge. Before the war, the French mercantile marine took fifth place among the fleets of the world. To-day, with its four million tons, it takes third place, coming after Great Britain and the United States. In 1914 France owned a fleet of 2,488,000 tons, of which 1,115,000 tons were lost during the war. It is extraordinary that France has managed to make up these losses so quickly. It is possible that she has somewhat overdone ship-building, and that the best is not being got out of her mercantile fleet.

In civil aviation great enterprise has been shown and there are services to every part of Europe which have their centre in Paris. In addition, there are air lines from Toulouse to Morocco, and special attention is being given to connecting up Northern Africa with Eastern and Equatorial Africa by aeroplane. The State contributes handsomely toward the expenses of the air companies.

IV

In nothing is the economic progress of France demonstrated so clearly as in the utilization of water power. It is believed that the available resources of France in water power amount to nine million horsepower. No less than one third of this amount will, it is hoped, be used within the next few years, and there are great schemes for the even fuller exploitation of the rivers and the waterfalls of France.

Enthusiasts see in these schemes the possibility of making up for the short-

age of coal. The electric power which can be obtained within a short space of time will be equivalent to twenty-four million tons of coal a year. Trains can be run, electric power conveyed to the most remote villages, not only for electric lighting purposes, but for the working of agricultural machinery. This means that labor, too, can be saved. A large outlay of capital is needed, but in the long run France will greatly benefit.

The programme is to be carried out through the co-operation of public authorities and of private capitalists. The public authorities have promised their assistance to four great schemes, those of the Rhône, Dordogne, the Truyère, and the Rhine.

In the case of the Rhône scheme, the various departments which will be affected are participating in the capital of 360 million francs, while Paris and Lyons are also to give their help. Sixteen stations are to be constructed, with a total of nearly a million and a half horsepower. This is the largest of the schemes, but others are extremely important.

Moreover France is experimenting in the possibility of obtaining power from the tides. In this she is a pioneer. There is being constructed at Aber-Wrack an experimental tidal-power station which it is hoped will provide a constant minimum of 1600 horsepower. At the same time, since the power stations are usually remote from the centres of consumption, a careful estimate of distribution is being gradually worked out which will enable practically every commune in France to obtain electric energy.

The French railways have seen the desirability of introducing electric traction, and three large companies — the Midi, the Paris-Orléans, and the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée — are putting into execution a plan which affects

5625 miles of railway. In the Basque country and in the neighborhood of the Pyrenees, there are abundant evidences of the work now proceeding to install electric traction by employing the 'white coal' furnished in the Pyrenees. It is estimated that it will take fifteen years to realize the whole project, but beyond the present project there is another much vaster plan which is being prepared in association with the Ministry of Public Works.

The P.-L.-M. began to electrify its lines as long ago as 1893, but progress until recently has been extremely slow. It now hopes at an early date to electrify lines from Lyons to Geneva, from Lyons to Grenoble and from Lyons to Marseilles.

As for the Paris-Orléans Company, it is electrifying a third of its system, obtaining power largely from the Auvergne Mountains, though partly it will be generated near Paris. Next year, it is expected, an electric line from Paris to Orléans will be opened.

V

Many other facts could be given, but these will suffice to show that France has not only recovered herself but has done much more than was necessary to get back to the starting-point of 1914. She has done this in spite of the gravest preoccupations, political and financial. About her future, as I see it, there can be no doubt if she is permitted to work in peace and obtains some kind of relief by the payment of Reparations. There are practically no social questions which are likely to shake the country. The population — unfortunately inferior to the pre-war population — is as content as any population ever is. The taxation, in spite of grumblings, is not heavy. The cost of living has increased fivefold (as expressed in francs), but wages have mounted fairly

rapidly, and the eight-hour day has been introduced.

Since the short and ill-fated railway strike of 1920, there have been no industrial disturbances. There is work for everybody who will work. There are, of course, many problems, such as the housing problem, which cannot be solved for years to come. But, on the whole, the conditions are favorable, and it seems to me impossible that the franc can fall much lower than it is at present, unless the French politician is even worse than the average politician.

The country is sound and prosperous and, moreover, it is much more consciously organized than before. Its industrialization does not mean that agriculture is being neglected; on the contrary, industry and agriculture are being encouraged together, and France in respect of wheat and vegetables, and indeed most commodities, is practically self-supporting. All this is in spite of the fact that every young Frenchman is compelled to serve in the Army and is thus unable to render productive service to his country for eighteen months. The maintenance of such a conscript army is undoubtedly a handicap, but France does not yet feel herself free from danger. It is precisely this danger, or fear of danger, that may upset the prophecy that, within a few years, France will be recognized as in a material sense perhaps the strongest country of Europe.

If wise counsels prevail on both sides of the Rhine, the outlook will be bright for France, for the financial difficulties can be conjured; but if a foolish policy is pursued, either on the part of France or on the part of Germany, and war again becomes a possibility, no man can foretell the dreadful consequences.

But, as I see it, subject to this warning, no anxiety should be felt about a country in which there is no

social agitation, in which there is practically no misery, in which there is an undoubted forward movement in industry and in commerce.

France has sloughed her old conservative methods. She has come into closer contact with the world and has been fired by the spirit of progress. A few years ago French business men were content to vegetate; they rarely thought of developing their enterprises; they preferred to carry on in the old safe manner. As far as possible, they kept their business in the family. The interlocking of companies frightened them. They had little conception of industry and commerce on the grand modern scale; they declined to accept more responsibility than they could properly carry; and were even opposed to natural expansion. They liked to retire from active life as early as might be.

But all this seems to be changed. Citroën, who has adopted the methods of manufacture of Henry Ford, may be taken to be in some respects the most representative of the new generation of Frenchmen. But the Schneiders and the de Wendels, who have modeled themselves upon the Stinnes and the Krupp families, are thoroughly representative, though one hears so little of them.

This at least the war has done for France, though whether it be altogether good or altogether bad is debatable: it has given Frenchmen a greater spirit of daring and of enterprise; it has made Frenchmen look beyond their own frontiers; life has become more intense, and France is determined to keep up in the race. In some literary and artistic manifestations of recent days there is much which one deplores, but the keynote of these manifestations is not a fiercer nationalism, as is sometimes pretended, but a cosmopolitanism.

Cosmopolitanism is, when one comes to think of it, the outstanding feature of French art and literature, and, curiously enough, it is the outstanding feature of French economic life. France has suddenly begun to borrow ideas from the business men of other countries; she is imitating them, striving to enter into accord with them, and reaching out beyond her borders to

attain economic control and to enjoy economic influence in many lands.

It may well be that France, which tended to become narrowly nationalistic and to shut herself up in a watertight compartment will, in spite of certain superficial, and chiefly political, signs be led by the war to take a fuller part in the common economic activities of the world.

OUR NATURAL RESOURCE PROBLEM

BY GEORGE H. CUSHING

I

THE proper disposition of our natural resources raises one of the largest public questions which has been discussed in a half century. One might as well try to describe the course of a sailing ship as to write a connected history of the debate. It seems to have gone on a different tack with each shift of the political wind. And yet, although our discussion has pursued an erratic course and has been fitful and indifferently sustained, it remains true that it seems to have been headed toward a known goal. That fact justifies a present discussion which strives at impartiality, even though the whole subject may be embroiled in national politics long before this article can possibly reach its reader. The fact that this paper is written a considerable time before any platform declaration on the subject should serve to lift it out of the zone of politics and place it upon the higher plane it is designed to occupy.

I hope we may avoid any possibility
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of confusion by agreeing at the outset upon a definition of what shall be included in a proper classification of natural resources. I do not recommend my definition to the lexicographers but I trust it will serve admirably the purpose of this article while leaving others at liberty to expand its scope to serve their own purposes in their own discussions. What I mean by a natural resource is: 'A product extracted from beneath the surface of the earth; something which is not reproductive in character — our extractive industries, so-called.' Thus, my definition embraces all minerals, coal, and oil. It excludes water power, which is the resultant of persistent creation, and timber, which over long periods is reproductive. It excludes, obviously, all farm and animal products as they are essentially reproductive in character.

Confessedly, my definition will prove far too narrow to suit many. Even so, I believe it safe to draw my line between those things which afford but one

crop in the lifetime of a race and those other things which yield a daily, an annual, or a periodical crop throughout the life of a race, no matter how long. Certainly, to put such a limitation as I have done upon the definition, serves to intensify the issue because it confines the discussion to those things the supply of which must steadily grow less and the problem over which, assumptively, must become more acute with the passage of time.

The matter of a definition having been attended to, the whole of the resulting question may be brought quickly before the lay mind by reciting what the late Secretary Lane understood to be the point of view on natural resources of the late President Wilson. Mr. Lane seldom would trust his memory so far as to indulge in direct quotation. I never heard him quote the President. His charm lay in his ability to give to one his impressions from what he had heard. When in such a mood, his pictures were prone to be vivid because he heard all that anyone had to say to him, saw situations clearly, and had a peculiarly graphic way of phrasing what he meant. The impressions he gave me concerning Mr. Wilson's views on natural resources were to this effect:—

Political expediency or ambition may have furnished the excuse, many times, for the world's wars, but nearly all of them were bottomed on sterner stuff; each had some sort of an economic base. Thus, in the earlier periods of civilization, the great struggle was to obtain sufficient food to sustain the expanding population. Food products were to be found, of course, in abundance only in the fertile valleys. And the most fertile valleys were to be found generally along the larger streams. Therefore, the wars of earlier periods were fought, for the most part, to gain control of rivers. In time, these

rivers became the objectives of nearly every plan of expanding military strategy.

As we elaborated our industry, by expanding more and more into manufacturing, the struggles between peoples became more concerned with those things which supply the raw materials of our manufacturing enterprises. Thus one nation could never feel quite comfortable or secure so long as it was dependent upon another nation for the raw materials necessary to its commerce and industry. The very reaching out for a controlled supply of these things affords the key to the whole of the world's colonization schemes by the advanced nations. And it was this competitive search for raw materials which caused those bickerings which have led, through political channels, to war.

Mr. Wilson was, of course, devoted unreservedly to the cause of universal and continuing peace. To make that peace secure, he was eager to remove the most potent cause of war. And as the most effective means to that end, he was constantly contemplating the project of arranging, ultimately, an international pool of raw materials.

Mr. Wilson employed a far broader definition of natural resources than mine. He included wool and a few other things which, I believe, fall properly within quite a different classification.

Mr. Wilson's critics are prone to say that his ideas existed in his masterful rhetoric but not elsewhere; that he talked much and beautifully about many things but never did any of them. My experience with this particular subject leads me to believe quite differently. I am convinced that Mr. Wilson gave, by the proposal just outlined, a drift to our discussion of natural resources the end of which we have not heard, and which those of us who

are now alive may never hear. In addition, he did much to put his ideas into practical effect, — perhaps as much as could have been done, — and progress along his line is steady and considerable.

In detail, Mr. Baruch, representing Mr. Wilson's War Industries Board, went to Europe in the summer of 1918 and effected, not without some difficulty, an actual world pool of natural-resource raw materials, for the period of the war. In his report Mr. Baruch tells of the resistance he had to overcome. Then he adds, naïvely, that Great Britain consented to his programme when its leading men became convinced that they could get our natural resources on no other terms.

It seems evident that Mr. Wilson realized that before a world pool of anything could possibly be effected, — before we could have international control, in other words, — a form of national control must first be exercised. That is, many nations could hardly bind themselves to an equitable division of the world's natural resources until each controlled what it proposed to share with the others. Even to avoid war, no nation could undertake to practise that peculiar kind of self-denial which gave away the private property of its citizens. This was never Mr. Wilson's idea nor was it that of his principal advisers. Instead, he contemplated a speedy acquirement of national control of everything which he included under his classification of natural resources.

Thus, in September 1919, on the eve of one of his messages to Congress, I was informed that Mr. Wilson was about to recommend the nationalization of our coal industry. I at once went to Mr. Lane, his Secretary of the Interior, and asked him to go with me to see the President to discuss the whole matter. I learned then that the pro-

gramme contemplated partial but growing control of one resource at a time. On Mr. Lane's eleventh-hour recommendation, the nationalization of coal was not then proposed. However, it seems to have been held in abeyance rather than abandoned. It soon became evident that action was postponed until a far more pretentious project could be debated and, possibly, carried into effect.

II

It seems to have been in furtherance of this larger project that in May 1920 Dr. Garfield, who had been a member of the War Industries Board, formally presented to the National Coal Association a proposal that an industrial cabinet be established. His plan provided that each member of this new kind of cabinet should have control of some natural resource. He proposed that, first, a small cabinet only should be formed — preferably of five members. The members of this cabinet should meet with the House but should report directly to the President. They were, thus, to effect a direct contact between the Executive and Congress.

As we discussed it prior to its formal announcement, Dr. Garfield was particular to explain that these were not new ideas. He told me that he and Mr. Wilson had worked them out together when both were still at Princeton. Indeed, he said plainly that the whole of the elaborate war machine was but putting to a test their academic theories previously arrived at. And this experiment was designed to test their general efficacy. He believed the experiments had worked quite well and that a solution had been found for problems which disturbed the country in times of peace.

Knowing as much as I did of the Wilson history in connection with natural resources, I found it impossible to escape the belief that Mr. Wilson's

idea had dominated the action of the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, which met in Washington in December 1921, and which made disposition of certain oil resources of Asia theretofore controlled temporarily by Japan. I have found it impossible not to believe that the Wilson idea was carried into the 'Disarmament Conference' by Mr. Hoover, who had been a member of the War Industries Board and who was, at the time, a member of Mr. Harding's Cabinet. The point of contact seems too close to ignore, especially when the accomplished fact is so closely akin to the original theory.

Also, it now seems quite clear that Mr. Wilson's plan for the government of certain backward countries by the more advanced nations, under mandates from the League of Nations, was directly in the interest of international control of any natural resources which these backward countries might possess. This last fact is mentioned not because it has any immediate bearing upon our own problem but to indicate the tremendous sweep of the theory as it lay in Mr. Wilson's mind. Obviously, as Dr. Garfield said, this was no new plan — no overnight growth. It was a matured project.

Naturally, it is asking too much of the average layman to expect that he shall grasp so much of the philosophy of history as to understand Mr. Wilson's theory as to the direct relationship between the struggle for natural resources and the outbreak of widespread wars. Mr. Wilson, with his persuasive phrasing, might have aroused in the great mass of people, a temporary sentiment for international domination of such things. But the permanent residence of any such an abstract idea is naturally in the minds of statesmen rather than in those of the public. It was clearly out of the question to keep popular sentiment alive

longer than was necessary to create the machinery to do the real work. Thus, when Mr. Wilson retired and when men of less capacity tried to carry his theory into practice, they had to re-design the programme to make it fit within the scope of their own limited capacities and the mediocre actions of popular government. The immediate effect was that the discussion lost the whole of its spiritual significance. Then, through five years, it has descended from one plane to another until finally it has gravitated into 'practical politics' without much to lift it above the level of the sordid.

That is to say, when the War Industries Board was disbanded, its residuary legatee, so to speak, became the Council for National Defense — an exchange of five ardent crusaders for the Wilson idea for five overworked Cabinet officers, which resulted in the delegation of the work to habitually indifferent bureaucrats. The Council lived a precarious life for a year or two and, disappearing, passed the project on to a subdivision of the Department of War. Since the personnel of the latter changes rapidly, the great spiritual formula, with which the project began, had to be reduced to a code which would fit into a card index and a set of Army regulations. Thus the purpose changed quickly from a great international movement to prevent war into a mere departmental means of mobilizing the nation's resources in event of war. Because the compilation of reports and records involved considerable expense, which had to be justified, an immediate use had to be found for the information. That search resulted in a decision to carry over into our peace-time organization two of the devices which had been found most useful to our war machine, namely, the standardization of equipment, and the efficient use of our man power. Then, as the fiscal

difficulties of the nation grew, these major efforts at physical reform developed a companion, namely, the determination to commit the Government to the stabilization of all of its industries.

This seemed, at first, to have no other purpose than to enlist the Government in the service of our business men for the utilitarian purpose of increasing the profitableness of our industry. The practical effect, however, was precisely what Mr. Wilson and Dr. Garfield had in mind — it tended to bring our natural resources more and more completely under government control. Thus we have arrived at the present stage where the whole question is being paraded to serve personal political ambitions — a natural consequence, perhaps, the instant the subject had fallen from the pedestal upon which Mr. Wilson had left it.

Two developments served to keep the whole question alive even in the doubtful zone in which it had come to reside. The U. S. Coal Commission last September completed its investigations and immediately submitted to the Congress a long series of reports in most of which the coal industry was criticized severely. These reports were scanned by a nation which had been wearied with coal's recent eccentricities and was turning to other sources of heat and power — oil in particular.

At that interesting moment, the whole method of transferring from public to private hands that oil which underlies the public lands became involved in a lively scandal. The nation's reliance upon oil for lubricants, the fact that half of the population now rides regularly in vehicles propelled by an oil product, and the increasing use of oil for fuel made of this a question which easily challenged the public interest.

What did not appear on the surface,

in the discussion of either question, was the fact that about half of the nation's coal, and probably more than half of its oil, underlies land half of which is owned by the Federal Government. The fact that these two natural resources had challenged public attention, and that a fourth of our total deposits is owned by the Government, caused these subdivisions of the whole natural-resource subject to be discussed earnestly by our public men.

It is too much to expect, of course, that either the censures of the coal industry by the U. S. Coal Commission or the details of the oil scandal can be kept alive long enough to make them serviceable as issues in the impending election. However, both incidents must serve to emphasize the old and generally neglected question: What final disposition are we to make of our natural resources?

III

A general policy touching these things has proved annoyingly elusive for the reason that conditions differ so radically. That is, we have so much coal under our soil that while satisfying all demands for it for more than a century, we have exhausted less than one half of one per cent of it. Coal in the ground is so abundant that it is a serious problem to maintain a solvent coal industry without depriving many owners of coal-land of the right to develop their deposits. However, the situation with respect to oil is almost precisely the reverse. Our oil supplies — those reached by wells and produced by natural-gas pressure — are so limited that although we have been working them intensively for only fifty years, we have exhausted about 42 per cent of the known deposit. And when a deposit is once opened and the oil produced, our disposition seems to be to waste it — by such processes, for

example, as burning it for fuel. At least with respect to oil we face the possibility of an early exhaustion of those deposits which are produced cheaply. On the contrary, our storehouse of coal will easily outlive the dependence of the race upon it.

These two items in our catalogue of natural resources represent the extremes of the whole subject. For that reason they best illustrate the difficulty which attaches to any effort to find a national policy which can apply to the whole problem. As indicating something more of the complexity of the subject, manganese might properly be introduced into the picture. One group believes that we possess it in quantity — if we can but find it. Congress has been importuned for several years to impose a tariff — to be paid by our steel industry — to furnish an incentive for discovery and development of this resource.

Because the whole subject is far too complex for such treatment as is given to any theme in the political arena, only the more obvious aspects of the question are ever raised for public discussion. That is to say, the tendency is to debate only the kind of control which should be exercised, leaving for determination elsewhere, if at all, the larger subjects of our national policy concerning them and our international relations growing out of them. Any discussion of the form of control discloses three methods of procedure, one of which must be elected.

The programme which once had the largest number of adherents, having been followed from the beginning of modern industry, demands private ownership and private development of all such things. The result of protracted adherence to this plan is that nearly every great industrial corporation rests upon some natural resource. Those who believe that this arrangement should

continue are prone to declare that the proposal for a change of policy threatens the whole institution of private business.

Because it throws some light upon this phase of the question, I shall revert momentarily to an exchange of views between Dr. Garfield and myself at the time he was advocating the creation of an industrial cabinet. He had proposed that each of the cabinet should control some natural-resource raw material. I asked him if it were not true that if anyone should actually control any raw material he must automatically control everything which grows out of it — as one who controls the roots of a tree must control its trunk, limbs, branches, and fruit. He admitted that such must be the case. I then asked if it were not true that if the Government should control the natural resources, it must, in the end, control all business. He believed that that would be the logical result. Seeing how much, assumptively, is involved, a considerable controversy is started the instant it is proposed to dissociate natural resources and private business.

A second and growing school of thought embraces those who believe in a modified system of private tenure. If the adherents of this school could be described in terms of political administration, they would be found among those who believe inherently in monarchy but who, under pressure, accept the limited monarchy as exemplified by Great Britain. Since they operate in America, they attach themselves to that finality of Federal authority which is coming to find expression in our growing commission form of government. They concede the form of private business, but insist that the policies and even the prices shall be dictated by a Federal commission. They espouse the theory — exploited in England some years ago — that natural

resources should be held by the Government as trustee for the labor and capital involved. They concede that the actual development should be done by private parties, but insist that they shall work under lease and licence by which not only sovereignty but domination of procedure is retained by the Federal Government.

President Roosevelt was the author of this theory and justified it by his assertion that the proper development and conservation of such resources required large capital. He was disposed to encourage large capital but believed that the powers of government should be employed to hold its charges and practices within reason. It was, incidentally, the operation of this very plan — one might almost say the perfect exemplification of it — which led to the oil scandal of last winter. When this method of controlling our natural resources is proposed, one can imagine how intense becomes the debate.

The third school of thought embraces those who hold what are called the more extreme views. Their belief is that natural resources are the common possession of all the people; that they should be owned by the Government, and developed only by the Government in the interest of all of the owners. It is, I believe, no longer a secret that those who attacked the oil leases did so, primarily, for the purpose of demonstrating to the public the correctness of their view that only public operation should be permitted in future.

When we thus have, seemingly, three great beliefs supported by three great groups of partisans, no possible useful purpose can be served here by espousing any one cause. Instead of trying it, I prefer to confine my endeavors to such a clarification of the real issues as will allow an approach to the truth. The logic of everything that has here been said reduces the whole

discussion to two beliefs — not three.

First: The greatest good of all springs naturally only from keeping open the door of opportunity to the individual. The parable of the talents condenses the whole of this philosophy into a few words. Possession and development of property is a means by which the individual expresses himself. Property is local. Government is local. If the essential character of both is recognized, the simplest method is found when the individual is allowed the greatest opportunity and when the nation is content to reflect the massed wealth and power of its citizens.

Second: Natural resources are the common endowment of all. Their monopolization by individuals, states, or nations, subverts the essential purpose of creation. They should be held in trust by those nearest to them, for the benefit of the entire race, and should be so administered.

Thus we are confronted by a need to choose only between private control and ultimate internationalization. That emphasizes Mr. Wilson's contention that our natural resources should be considered as a primary cause of war and should be so administered as to remove the likelihood of war. Opposing his theory are those who contend stoutly that our natural resources should be used to promote the power and the glory of the nation which possesses them, through the indirect channel of the assured welfare of its individual citizen.

While this battle is raging between the extremists, a third group suggests that we modify the international point of view down to national supervision, and modify private control by introducing Federal regulation. Their suggestion is purely a compromise and leaves the big question open. The real battle is between private ownership and ultimate internationalization.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'THE HARDSHIP OF ANTICLIMAX'

JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE, in a paper, 'Of Luxuries and Hardships,' tells graphically of the tangible difficulties for which young missionaries are assiduously prepared by those who have preceded them, and those who have not. 'But,' says the writer, 'the last thing such a one looks to see is a reed shaken by the wind. And yet there you are — the woods are full of them — reeds shaken by the wind! And this is the hardship of anti-climax!'

'The hardship of anti-climax' is a phrase to conjure with. Or, rather, it does the conjuring, and will not quite let one go. The words seem widely applicable. They may describe most poignantly a problem faced by young missionaries in foreign fields shut off largely from their own kind. Certainly the words are also to be applied to most of us wherever we be.

Of all the explanations, from the war to 'jazz,' of the younger generation and its apparently erratic behavior, what could be more smoothly said than that it can't stand 'the hardship of anti-climax?' It simply must be leaping from climax to climax like the traditional mountain goat. Unlike the mountain goat, it does not choose its peaks with unerring discretion. It seldom measures the distance between them. Dancing becomes anticlimactic. Youth adds an after-dance supper, the much-talked-of after-supper automobile ride, and then perhaps a country-club breakfast at six-thirty, before it 'calls the night off.'

Nobody ever prepared the younger

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generation at play for anticlimaxes any more than young missionaries are prepared. The climaxes — oh, yes! these have been talked bare, worn smooth by many tongues. They have been explained and discussed. They have been proscribed and prescribed, diagnosed, and analyzed. Take scientifically dissected 'love, the original thriller.' Anyone who has his second teeth knows all about it, how it attacks and gets in its work even as the 'flu' germ. But we are not so well instructed in regard to the time when it seems banished by the antitoxin of poverty or worry, of temporary boredom or the 'desire to snap into something different' — the anticlimax, when all the best one can do is to 'sit tight' and hang on. One wonders if any of us know much about how to manage that, even the all-knowing youth.

There is teaching. Most earnest teachers do have dreams of accomplishing something real. They leave normal schools keen for the children who are their responsibility. Then, one Friday night, they are very apt to find that children cease to be children. They have become, for the time being, papers to mark, tests to prepare, attendance records to make out. The human rapport is *not*. The high purpose on Friday night has become — an anticlimax. Methods, subject-matter, theory and practice, they know in varying degrees, but this insidious hiatus between them and accomplishment is not accounted for in any normal-school curriculum. Like engines, these teachers on this Friday night have reached the dead centre, all unprepared.

There is also the boy home from the front — the World Climax. Training camps made him ready for it. Governments equipped him for it. Continents cleared their tracks, and oceans were swept free, that he might reach it. He did. Then he returned. There is waiting for him a wire cage in a bank, a job in a garage, a field to plough. After the home-coming is over, he is forgotten in the round of daily living. Over there they are lighting the fuse of the Ruhr, and putting Greece and Italy in the ring like a couple of game-cocks — without him. Over here they are canning peaches in the kitchen and putting new gutters on the porch roof — without him. He is nothing — who was the Hope of the World. He does not face an anticlimax. He *is* one. No one ever drilled him for this. 'Strange that young men are so restless these days!'

There are young women at work, yes, millions of them. Youth and hope and coquetry, loyalty and instability, behind counters, operating typewriters, doing an endless number of things. They are in differing measure trained for their work, or they could not hold positions. But the end of a clamorous day, the night in a small room, boarding-house meals, — an endless number of nights in a small room, of boarding-house meals, — no one has nerved them for these. 'The temptations they lead to' — what we don't know of them! Literature is infested with them, with directions for and against. But the quality of anticlimax which these things *are* is a factor little known. The young women meet it in the dark.

Even motherhood and fatherhood do not seem exempt. 'Holt' will tell just how to feed a baby and will answer all known questions; but one is told that even Holt cannot always maintain the morale of parenthood. Life's immortal fulfillment does, at

times, seem such a full schedule of bottles, such a scant schedule of sleep. Rapture becomes daily care, close to the round of other daily cares. At times it is even — an anticlimax. This, in spite of the fact that what old maids know about infants to-day mothers never knew in the world before. Maiden ladies read of the latest Yale-lock safety-pin in the newspaper advertisements at breakfast. Bachelors, smoking late into the night, learn all about 'buttonless undershirts for the newcomer' from the same source. What a mother must know is encyclopaedic; but that a baby can descend to the daily norm of existence, and even pull on her nerves like a telephone bell that won't stop ringing, seems to be a fact for which she is totally unarmored.

There is no one who welcomes these periods of anticlimax unless it be he who has been battered and shaken and bruised out of his senses by some real tragedy. For a time he may lie gasping in relief at any cessation of necessary reactions. But just let him stagger to his feet, and his taut nerves will clamor for a new experience, different in character, but above all one that is big enough to fill his enlarged capacity for living.

Of all the anticlimaxes, old age seems the most cruel and complete. Millions of recipes have been given for winning the battles of maturity, but very few for enduring the long bivouac that follows. Preparation, college and professional training, is planned for work in the world, none for the time when that work is no longer possible. I have known one or two people, and these earth's wisest, who have so consistently schooled themselves in vital introspective possibilities that, when physical limitations inevitably set in, they could fill the vacuum with richness. On the whole, man shrinks like a whipped dog from the lessening of his powers.

The hardships of many an anti-climax lie before everyone, a long gray road. Like most roads, you can walk it better if you know it is there. Doughboys say they have walked roads they could not feel beneath their feet — so gone were they for sleep. They stumbled over every rut. Awake, they could have swung along jauntily. Perhaps a sign for youth, for all, 'The Road is There — Wake Up!' might help. And if that long straight pull were stressed more and the climactic hills given less publicity, the results would, at least, be interesting.

Crises one meets with the sum total of one's fibre, nerved and, to a degree, exhilarated by the newness of the experience. The daily lack of crises wears out that fibre unless one is geared for the pull. One wonders where the mechanician in human adjustments is, who can help with the gearing. Probably that goes back primarily to one's self. Not one's job, one's friends, one's room or country- or boarding-house — one's self. Possibly it consists in the cultivation of one's own personal interests, so that they can be spread out, however thinly, along the monotonous places of living. This cultivation could hardly be for cultivation's sake or art's sake, or society's, but simply toward the definite end of making it possible for the individual consciously to see that he is ready for a clearly realized difficulty — 'the hardship of anticlimax.'

CARLYLE, CINEMATOGRAPHER

'Of all the innocent diversions known to cultured humankind,' remarked a Wise Person once to me, 'the most dangerous is a discussion of Carlyle's style.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Because,' replied the Wise Person, 'there are so many of them.'

'Styles or discussions?' said I.

'Both,' said the Wise Person, and left me to mull over the matter at my leisure.

But I believe I have made a discovery in regard to Carlyle's style: and oh, the difference to me! Until I made it, I found the *French Revolution* very uphill reading, mountain-climbing reading. But since, being able now to adjust my mind to what I conceive to be Carlyle's purpose, I progress rapidly and with some enjoyment.

Here is the secret: Carlyle is a cinematographer. What I mean is that his method is the moving-picture method. The *French Revolution* is a glorified scenario.

I find him, and it, cinematographic in four respects. First, in form; second, in treatment of related incidents; third, in treatment of character; and fourth, in retitling.

Philosophers have puzzled over Carlyle's form. Explained cinematographically, it is quite simple. There are a quantity of minute pictures following one another in such logical order that the whole thing, run off rapidly, gives the effect of motion, smoothness, and unity. Would it be stretching the simile too far — or seem a case of *lèse majesté* — to say that each book is a reel? At any rate one may safely say that each chapter, each paragraph, each sentence almost, is an individual picture. And the pictures are interspersed with appropriate comment; but of that — more later.

What masterpieces of picture-making art are the scenes of Louis XV's death, the procession of the elected of France, the attack on Versailles, and the King's going to Paris! What stirring drama in the trial scenes!

I remarked that these incidents were arranged in logical order. That does not necessarily mean chronological order. No! Carlyle is too great an

artist to follow slavishly the exact historical sequence of events. Being a cinematographer, he understands and uses to advantage the device known as the 'flash' or 'cut-back.' At the time of the taking of the National Oath, he flashes back suddenly to the Oath of the Tennis Court. In the trial of Marie Antoinette, he cuts-back to her departure from Vienna.

Another device — for depicting character, and for heightening and vivifying the picture — is that known technically as the 'close-up.' In this Carlyle excels. See how skillfully he brings the individual out from the group, describes him, characterizes him, fore-casts and recapitulates, and then sinks him back into his group — all in a moment. Thus we meet and know, not once but often, where opportunity best offers — as in the Procession and in the National Assembly — the features of Necker, of Mirabeau, of Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Cazales, Lafayette, Bailly, and Dr. Guillotin.

And now I come to that which I consider the summit of Carlyle's excellence — his mastery of the fine art of titling. His pictures stand alone, are comprehensible in and by themselves; but it is the author's comment, the titles, which unites them into a work of art. Titles should illumine, not explain; and this distinction is admirably achieved by Carlyle. His titles — which I separate into two varieties: philosophic comment and chapter headings — are brief, to the point, and packed with meaning.

As an example of the first, here is his comment on the King's going to Paris: — 'Poor Monarchy! But what save foulest defeat can await that man who wills, and yet wills not!'

All Hamlet in one sentence.

As examples of the second type, I list a few of the chapter headings: 'Astrea Redux without Cash'; 'Burial

with Bonfire'; 'Arrears and Aristocrats'; 'The Day of Poniards'; 'The Night of Spurs'; 'The Gods Are Athirst'; 'Lion Sprawling Its Last' — what moving-picture artist of the present day, titling thrillers, could do better?

There are advantages in this cinematographic method of writing. It is, I think, the best way that has yet been invented for saying a variety of things in a variety of ways. But there are also disadvantages. Suppose the reader is a patient, plodding, and somewhat dull animal, and not an imaginative, responsive creature like me. What then, Carlyle? Ah, then your fine words go all for naught: which is a shame.

So I am passing on my discovery to whom it may concern. For I like Carlyle and his picture-play, and I should hate to see him neglected.

THE PERSONALITY OF A PAIN

It was an elusive creature enough, winged rather than possessed of ordinary feet, the first time that it came. It flirted lightly by once or twice and brought hardly the consciousness of a presence. It was even pleasant to realize it; comfort is more comfortable when it is flecked with pain.

The second time it had achieved substance: it was cloud instead of vapor. But still it was impossible to think that an actual enemy, and an enemy vigorous enough to be formidable, could be embodied in the owner of such brushing footsteps.

After that it gained personality with every visit. It was as moody as a woman, and as cruel. I grew to watch for it, to anticipate its whim of the day by the feel of the air that whisked about it as it drew near. I waited for it with dread ridiculously tinged by interest; the fact that it was endowed with the always redeeming virtue of incon-

sistency made me greet it with something less than hostility. Indeed, to-day, now that it is gone, I recall its versatility with more amazement than its unkindness. After all, it was true to type, it fulfilled its destiny, it was as essentially torture as it is possible for a mere pain to be. At the least it was fascinating, at the most it overwhelmed my mind, my self, my very soul; while all the time some small bit of speculative ego sat calmly apart from me and analyzed.

There were days when it crept up lightly as a river-mist, tiptoeing across my temple, and perching on my eyebrow with its feet swinging. It had dainty pointed feet, which touched very slightly each time they swung. Their rhythm of vibration was hardly more painful than the pricking of a pin in a finger numb with cold. Usually, in a little while, it stole away again, elfin and unobtrusive.

Then there were days when it came with the suddenness that marks the awakening from a pleasant dream. There would be a rudeness about it that gave warning, a jocular haste indicating malice aforethought. And my soul would cringe! It brought deadly intent to its task. Like a girl paid for the number and swiftness of her steps in a dance, it jigged madly down my optic nerve, bounded from branch to branch of the trigeminal, and flung in perfect abandon along the facial. To the wild music that sang continually in its own head and echoed in my ears, it invented a thousand and yet a thousand whirls and pirouettes. Even handsprings and an occasional somersault were born of its wanton fancy; and every step, every touch, of its faëry feet or thin fingers, was consummate agony. It was inexhaustible and merciless, mocking at persuasion, at pleading, at anathema, and at aspirin. When it had played sufficiently on my

capacity for suffering, it subdued the measure to *ritardo* and *dolce*, and finally, with a backward kick of its foot and a swirl of red skirts, it vanished.

It had coquettish days, days when it would come and pretend uncertainty, tilting and rocking on my forehead for a moment, flitting away, returning with a sudden skip, and at last flying with the wickedest flicker of a smile. And sometimes it was as gloomy as a black witch: it would brood for an hour, huddled into a corner close against my optic nerve, sullen and motionless, and at length, with a gesture of hatred and desperation, move slowly away and disappear.

Last in its range of feeling came the glorious omnipotent mood when it played Satan in a small and individual Hell. Seated somewhere on my head, it would swell to magnificent proportions, its finger pressed on my eyelids, its weight and bulk increasing every second, till I was a puny Hercules with the sky sinking down upon me. That was a feeling where pain was so utter that it transcended pain and became pure wonder at the perfection of suffering,—a sort of vicarious pleasure,—and Satan defeated the Devil.

But indeed, as pleasure recollected may be largely pain, so pain remembered can be almost wholly pleasure. A pain with a personality justifies itself by the fact that it is unique. Even when it so plays the harlot with sensation that it sublimates suffering to a kind of delight, it is hard to think of it afterward with positive distaste. For contrarily enough, though he may curse it and dread it and hate it when he contemplates it as he lies helpless, a man will never forget a pain, and of his conversational foster children it will always be the favorite. And perhaps of all men it is most true, that 'Poets act shamelessly toward their experiences; they exploit them.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FROM the vantage of an elevated Literary Society, and with a far-sighted historical appreciation, **Samuel McCord Crothers** has watched the fashionable procession of books and their authors. From his view he has drawn some whimsical and sagacious comparisons to the effect that poets and critics, however modern in appearance, must perforce find their likeness in the past — a likeness sometimes not altogether flattering. ¶We believe that **Burnham Hall's** question will unlock a store of sympathy and understanding. His evidence shows how difficult it is for any set of rules to provide with justice a settlement for any deeply human problem. The article brings many new thoughts to the point and raises as many new questions. ¶What is the meaning and efficacy of Prayer? **Kirsopp Lake**, Winn Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Harvard, declares that 'prayer means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession,' and, continuing, he prophesies the efficacy of prayer of the future. At variance with this doctrine, **Glenn Clark**, professor of English at Macalester College, affirms his faith in petition and exemplifies a technique of prayer which will offer practical aid and comfort to many people. We should like to quote from the letter which accompanied Professor Clark's manuscript.

I wish that I lived nearer Boston so that I could have a little conversation with you and relate some of the amazing answers to prayer that have come to me in the past two years. When I say that I have had one hundred answers to prayers in the last six months, I am putting it very conservatively. . . . One unique thing about my experience is that not only do answers come, but in many instances I know beforehand just what way. . . . Another unique thing about this new method of praying is that I am brought instantly in touch with all knowledge, when the need of that knowledge is apparent, or when the seeker is in earnest and comes to me with faith that I can answer him. . . .

Of course, you understand that I don't pretend that this little method of prayer is the only method or even the best method. . . . I merely put it forth as a combination of 'exercises' that should appeal to this physical-culture age and which, if followed, will bring amazing, miraculous, and marvelous results. This method releases the self and lets God work. Any other method which does the same is equally good.

* * *

Edith R. Mirrieles is Professor of English at Leland Stanford University. Her professor's predicament is so vivid and comes so close to home that we can imagine many readers shuddering in their chairs and instantly planning to invite the janitor out to lunch. **Christopher Morley**, poet, novelist, and lover of New York, has left the charming din and confusion of the 'Bowling Green' for the dreamy seclusion of the Normandy coast. ¶Everyone knows of **Agnes Repplier**, so that it will not be difficult for her to persuade us to respect a national inheritance which is too generally squandered. ¶Without the pale of caste for twelve years, **Dhan Gopal Mukerji** returned, as a Brahman should, to Benares, the Holy City, that he might once again take the dust from the feet of his Holy Man. Other episodes of Mr. Mukerji's beautiful home-coming have appeared in the June and July *Atlantics*. **A. Edward Newton** has recently returned from a pilgrimage, devout and different, to his holy city — London. This marks the fortieth anniversary of Mr. Newton's first arrival at Euston Station, during which time London has altered her appearance, but neither her climate nor her attraction.

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Entirely accurate as to the facts, **Nelson Collins's** account of 'His Boy' is another instance of the truth that human nature is never average or normal. We may add that the 'Boy' returned from his voyage to

India and is now serving an apprenticeship in the printer's trade. ¶In this number, we are publishing the third and fourth 'Interpretations' of those astonishing social changes which are likely to influence our coming years. These Interpretations and the earlier ones which appeared in the June *Atlantic* have been thoughtfully edited by Sarah N. Cleghorn from the pages of a future contemporary. ¶Many readers will enjoy the thoughtful beauty of Archibald MacLeish's poem, whether or not they have come under the influence of the classics or the moon. ¶May we be pardoned for saying that Lucy Keeler's essay whets our appetite for the autumnal orchards? Charles Rumford Walker, who was formerly a member of the *Atlantic* staff, has been working from seven to six — with an apple for lunch — as managing editor of the reinvigorated *Independent*. Mr. Walker has also experienced hard work in steel and copper mills. John A. Johnson writes us: —

As a 'gainful occupation,' I am working in a commercial laboratory. I expose agar plates, examine the germ colonies I have entrapped, and so report on the sanitary condition of factories. . . . Although I am getting along very well with the bacteriological work, I suspect that I am not a thing of cement and stone, and when I think of a row of cypresses on a bayou, I get restless.

* * *

With exceptional access to officials and their statistics, the *Student of Sea Power* has investigated the present naval situation and, ignoring those 'causes for alarm' which have been so loudly advertised, he has concluded his provocative estimate with the intimation that, although the United States machine itself is inadequate, there still remains a good measure of efficiency. George H. Haynes, professor of economics and political science at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, is at present engaged in writing a comprehensive history of the Senate and its practice. ¶An article by Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent on *Christian Science Monitor*, on the industrial and commercial present of France is welcomed at a time when politics have obscured the more essential elements of her future history. ¶In his paper on 'Our

National Resources,' George A. Cushing makes public for the first time several pages of hitherto unwritten history. During the war Mr. Cushing served under the National Food Administrator, and then and later he participated in these various movements which he has recorded.

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In behalf of Archer Wall Douglas we wish to thank those readers — now numbering in the hundreds — who have written to express their appreciation of his paper, 'The Art and Nature of Graphology,' which appeared in the March *Atlantic*, and to regret that it is physically impossible for Mr. Douglas to answer their sincere and interesting questions.

* * *

This was not the fault of the secretary, the proofreader, or the typesetter.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY,
CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

In the June *Atlantic* Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji is said to be a graduate of the University of California. He is A. B. Stanford, 1914. Please do not deprive us of the glory reflected from our ablest Hindu graduate — philosopher and poet.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

* * *

No longer need we 'be seen but not heard.'

HARMON-ON-HUDSON.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In 'The Preacher's Handicap,' Mr. Horwill indicates the disadvantage to which many preachers are put because of the various preliminary features of a church service that precede the sermon.

There is, however, a major handicap which is borne with marvelous patience by the occupants of the pews. I refer to the necessity, under the present system, of the listeners having to sit quietly through a discourse filled with positive statements, which may or may not seem reasonable, without having a chance to talk back. The preacher may make the most unbelievable and dogmatic statement which a listener may be thoroughly convinced could not be substantiated with plausible evidence; yet this hearer has no recourse but to remain dumb in his pew. I do not infer that the minister's position is necessarily wrong in all such cases or that the pew-holders

are always right. Perhaps the minister could prove a point in question beyond the shadow of a doubt. But if he does not know of the doubts in his parishioners' minds, the situation is not cleared up. Perhaps both the preacher and the church-goers are in entire agreement but only appear to be at odds either because the speaker has not made his points clear, or because the listeners have not heard correctly. Just a few words of general discussion might readily demonstrate their mutual accord. There is a practical way of overcoming this handicap in church relationships. It is called the forum idea. There is nothing unique about it. Having had some experience with the forum in the Twenty-third Street Branch of the New York City Y.M.C.A., I suggested to the pastor of the church in our small community that a forum meeting be substituted for the Sunday evening service, the attendance at which was gradually decreasing.

Said he, 'Good! I'll do the talking at one Sunday service and let my people have their say at the other.'

As the idea appealed to him strongly, it was soon put into effect. The people came. The attendance doubled, then trebled. The young folks predominated. A blackboard was put into commission. Practically everyone had opinions to express on the topics discussed and all were glad to see the main points pro and con listed on the board. They did some real thinking and enjoyed the experience.

The minister occupied a pew as one of the congregation and marveled at the thoughts some of his parishioners expressed. They gave him material for many sermons and better ones also, since he had only one to prepare each week instead of two. As various people took part in these meetings much hazy thinking was cleared up. Statements by the minister were challenged and better understandings were reached. And the members thought more of their church because it gave them an opportunity to think out serious questions.

E. A. HUNTERFORD.

From the sermon barrel to the radio.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Will you allow me, as one who has been for over a half-century the minister of city and suburban churches, to express my appreciation of Mr. Horwill's article on 'The Preacher's Handicap'? What he describes as the boredom of waiting for nearly an hour before the sermon begins accounts for much of the somnolence of the people during its delivery. Old people and tired people have already used up their power of attention, while that of young people has been

dissipated by the holy mélange of hymns, chants, anthems, solos, responsive readings, long prayer, notices and incidental appeals.

These criticisms of the service of worship and of the sermon suggest a still more important one: Are our ministers, under present-day exactions of their office, fitted to preach sermons to the edification of a modern audience? The late Dr. Richard S. Storrs, once said to me that no man could effectively handle more than one sermon-subject a week. What then can be expected from an ordinary preacher? He must prepare and deliver, if he is located in a city or town, on the average two sermons a week, one or two midweek addresses, perhaps a funeral talk, irrespective of the numerous parish obligations.

A recent summer experience has given me a suggestion. Several miles from my bungalow was a small country church without a settled pastor. The congregation held what they called deacons' meetings Sunday mornings. The best reader in the neighborhood selected the best sermons of the most distinguished preachers and delivered them. Storrs, Beecher, Phillips Brooks, Gunsaulus, Spurgeon, and even old Massillon and Fénelon, ministered to that little community. The result was that people flocked to the church. They were informed and stimulated by what they heard. No preacher whom they could have hired could have filled the bill. Why should our smaller and poorer churches be further reduced by inferior ministerial guidance? Why not install a radio, and leave the minister free-handed for his pastoral work? I am not surprised that people do not throng the churches when, with whatever spiritual inclination, their souls find better nourishment in the books and periodicals in their sitting-rooms at home.

JAMES M. LUDLOW.

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In the May *Atlantic*, Bruce Bliven presented a broad review of agriculture's distress. The 'frightened farmer' according to one reader had better read Coué and so cure himself.

LARKSPUR, COLORADO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the old days the farms were self-supporting units. Their contact with the outside world was almost nil. It was a great life for the bashful, but it bored the more adventurous youths, who consequently migrated to the cities. By a long drawn-out process of inbreeding, conservatism was intensified and fixed as a dominant characteristic of the farmer. The war enabled him to buy Fords and ready-made clothes without increasing his ability to cope with new situations.

The present slump, however painful, will prove a most efficient method of eliminating these unfit. In the course of a few generations we shall have evolved a new type of farmer whose business ability will be on a par with his city brothers. To do nothing sounds like a cruel cure, but such a major operation will decimate the ranks of the agriculturists. Production will automatically be cut down till the demand exceeds the supply, and farming will again be a profitable pursuit.

Your interested reader,

JEAN LAMONT.

* * *

In the days when boys 'went down to the sea in ships' —

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —

How can I impress a seasoned man of letters sufficiently to convey the thrill that was mine when I read Charles Boardman Hawes's 'A Boy Who Went Whaling'?

My father was graduated from college in '69, at eighteen years of age, and with only his father's half consent, he fled to New Bedford and off on a whaler for the Indian Ocean. When my grandmother heard of it, she hastily gathered several changes of underclothes for him and sped from her Long Island home to New Bedford, to find on her arrival that my father had put to sea under the name of 'George Wheeler' — a family cognomen, his own being George Sidney Tuthill. 'That's my son,' exclaimed she, as she pointed to the name on the company's register; 'and not a hair of his head is to be harmed; you must send a message for his return immediately!' She must have used forceful argument for a message did go on the next ship!

That vessel was the Lancer, and it bore a letter to my father's captain to return George Sidney Tuthill, *alias* George Wheeler, to his family as soon as possible. The Lancer overtook my father's ship in the Indian Ocean, one year and a half after my father had left New Bedford. The Captain called George Wheeler to him and looking steadily at him, said, 'Young man, I have a letter for one "George Sidney Tuthill," from his mother. Do you happen to know such a person?' My father admitted his identity and with his seaman's chest went over the side of the vessel, homeward bound. But he had had his adventures; he had been lost at sea for three days and nights in a whaleboat with a Portuguese and a black man, subsisting on hard-tack and grog; he had caught a dirk, intended for another, in his

shoulder — he bore the scar all his life; he had stood waist-deep in the carcass of a whale, lashed to the side of the vessel; he developed a muscle like iron, his skin grew dark as mahogany, and his vocabulary became enriched by a choice collection of Portuguese oaths — luckily soon forgotten. He left New Bedford a stripling, overgrown and not over strong. He returned, after three years of a rigorous life, a bronzed, muscular man with a beard.

When I read Hawes's tale, it seemed as if my father lived again as the lad, Len Sanford; and I wished, oh so fervently, that I could have read that story to him.

MARY EDITH TUTHILL.

* * *

Figuratively speaking, the *Atlantic* is not the only measurable source of amusement.

SILVER CITY, N. M.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Edwin B. Hill, pays the *Atlantic* a well-deserved tribute when he tells us of the appreciation shown by the forest ranger in Arizona who 'fell upon it (the *Atlantic*) as one starved.' The writer has had the honor of being one of the Government's forest rangers in both Arizona and New Mexico, and for fifteen years has been a reader of the *Atlantic*.

Mr. Hill however, is woefully in error when he writes of 'the utter desolation of a ranger's life.' There are few days in the year in which the average forest ranger is not in close contact with his fellow man and naturally so, as he is the Government's representative in closest contact with the people who reside on, or within close proximity to, the national forests. With these people he must take up innumerable details relating to the grazing of stock, the survey and examination of lands, issuing permits or selling timber, protecting the wild game and stocking the fishing streams, giving information to tourists and, above all, eternally guarding the forests from fire.

They tell of the ranger on a national forest in New Mexico who was called in by a rancher to measure his wife for a corset, the order going to a well-known mail-order house. Even in the remote districts of the national forests, the rangers are far from living a life of utter desolation. On the national forest of which the writer is in charge, there are seven forest rangers employed, twelve months in the year, and the *Atlantic* goes to each of them in turn.

FREDERICK WINN.

